THE
ORIGINAL WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING.

VOLUME II.

THE ORIGINAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM KING, LL. D.
ADVOCATE OF DOCTORS COMMONS;
JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY AND KEEPER OF THE RECORDS IN IRELAND, AND VICAR GENERAL TO THE LORD PRIMATE.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED INTO THREE VOLUMES:
WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, AND MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Certes he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane though keen;
Turning the night to day, and day to night.

LONDON,
PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR; AND SOLD BY N. CONANT,
SUCCESSOR TO MR. WHISTON, IN FLEET-STREET.
MDCCLXXVI.

THE TRANSACTIONEER;

With ſome of his

PHILOSOPHICAL FANCIES:

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Firſt printed in the Year 1700.

Ὄνος ἄγων μυσήρια. Adag. ap. Eraſm.

"Nugis addere pondus." Hor. Ep. I. xix. 42.

"Nothing wounds ſo much as jeſt: and when men once become "ridiculous, their labours will be ſlighted." Wotton.

"Since the world abounds in the nobleſt fields of ſpeculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius, to be wholly converſant among inſects, repticles, animalcules, and thoſe trifling rarities that furniſh out the apartment of a Virtuoſo. There are ſome men whoſe heads are ſo oddly turned this way, that, though they are utter ſtrangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to diſcover the ſex of a cockle, or deſcribe the generation of a mite, in all its circumſtances. They are ſo little verſed in the world, that they ſcarcely know a horſe from an ox; but, at the ſame time, will tell you, with a great deal of gravity, that a flee is a rhinoceros, and a ſnail an hermaphrodite. I have known one of theſe whimſical Philoſophers, who has ſet a greater value upon a collection of ſpiders than he would upon a flock of ſheep, and have ſold his coat off his back to purchaſe a tarantula.—I would not have a ſcholar wholly unacquainted with theſe ſecrets and curioſities of Nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of ſo much higher contemplation, ſhould not be altogether fixed upon ſuch mean and diſproportionate objects. Obſervations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us ſerious upon trifles; by which means they expoſe Philoſophy to the ridicule of the witty, and contempt of the ignorant." TATLER, No 216.

PREFACE.

BY the following Dialogues it is apparent, that by induſtry alone a man may get ſo much reputation, almoſt in any profeſſion, as ſhall be ſufficient to amuſe the world, though he has neither parts nor learning to ſupport it. The perſon who makes the chief figure in them has certainly nothing but a buſtling temper to recommend him; and yet has gained ſo much upon many people, that they will ſcarce believe the evidence of their own ſenſes; but it is probable that thoſe who are not paſt cure may now be undeceived.

I have treated him under two characters: as an Author and an Editor [a]. In the former I have conſidered his own perſonal

[a] Dr. Hans Sloane was the Editor of the "Philoſophical "Tranſactions," from Nov. 30, 1693, when he entered on the office of Secretary, to Nov. 30, 1712, when he was ſucceeded by Dr. Halley; and the volumes which were publiſhed in that period (though ſome particular treatiſes might juſtly furniſh a fund of ridicule to a Humouriſt) are monuments of his induſtry and ingenuity, many of the pieces being written by himſelf. In the ſame period he publiſhed his famous "Catalogus Plantarum," which proved another ſource of pleaſantry in the hands of Dr. King.—Dr. Sloane, it is univerſally allowed, was a great Phyſician and Naturaliſt, and poſſeſſed many amiable qualities; it is on the ſcore only of *credulity* and *vanity*, that our Author has leveled his attack.—He was born, April 16, 1660, at Killileagh in Ireland: but a deſire of perfecting himſelf in Phyſick led him early to London, where he ſtudied Botany at the famous garden at Chelſea, and cloſely attended the public lectures of Anatomy and Phyſick. After four years hard ſtudy, he went to Paris, and ſpent a conſiderable time in the ſame laudable purſuits. He returned to London in 1684, to ſettle in his profeſſion; and was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society in January following, and of the College of Phyſicians in 1687. The ſame year he attended the duke of Albemarle to Jamaica, where he made his moſt aſtoniſhing collection in the ſhort ſpace of fifteen months. He

perſonal capacity: in the other, his judgement in the choice of his friends, and of the diſcourſes that he publiſhes.

I know it may be ſaid, he writes in a hurry, and has not time to correct and finiſh it. But then who obliges him to write at all? what occaſion is there for it? or what is the uſe of it? Beſides, he publiſhes notes forſooth, and pieces of no more than five, ſix, or perhaps eight lines; and what time can there be required for the compoſal of ſuch? It is plain a man that is himſelf once poſſeſſed of any ſubject can expreſs it to another, if he has but language. If his head be clear, and the things rightly digeſted in it, there can be no difficulty in the conveying of them thence. But where a man has no real parts, and is maſter of only ſcraps picked up from one and from another, or collected out of this book or that, and theſe all in confuſion in his head, it is obvious what a Writer he muſt needs make. No, our Tranſactioneer ſhould have kept to his old way of buſtling, vying with Dr. Salmon [b] at auctions, muſtering up books for a ſhew, and

was Secretary to the Royal Society, as we have ſaid, from 1693 to 1712; and was frequently conſulted as a phyſician by Queen Anne. He was created a baronet, April 3, 1716; and appointed phyſician general to the army. He was choſen Preſident of the College of Phyſicians, Sept. 30, 1719. In 1721, he ſettled the Chelſea garden on the company of Apothecaries, on condition only of their preſenting, yearly, fifty new plants to the Royal Society, till the number ſhould amount to two thouſand. In 1727, he was appointed phyſician in ordinary to king George II; and the ſame year ſucceeded Sir Iſaac Newton as Preſident of the Royal Society; the duties of which reſpectable office he performed till 1740, when, at the age of fourſcore, he determined to retire to Chelſea; where he died, Jan. 11, 1752. His valuable cabinet of rarities he bequeathed to the publick, on condition of twenty thouſand pounds being made good to his family, though the full coſt of it exceeded fifty thouſand. The parliament, accepting the legacy, fulfilled the conditions, by an act paſſed in 1753; and thus laid the foundation of that invaluable repoſitory the Britiſh Muſeum.

[b] William Salmon was an early pretender to phyſick; which he practiſed, with various ſucceſs, for a long courſe of years. He publiſhed a conſiderable number of medical books, the principal of which were his "Seplaſium;" "The Complete Phyſician;"

and of acting by ſigns, ſcrapes, and wriggles. Half-ſentences and broken phraſes, with theſe aſſiſtances, paſſed pretty well upon ſome. But he muſt appear in print, ſtript of them, and now all is out; the world having got at length the true meaſure of his abilities.

Perhaps it may ſeem ſtrange, that I, who am no Member of the Royal Society, ſhould deal ſo freely with the perſon and ſome correſpondents of one who is ſlipped into the poſt of Secretary to that illuſtrious Body. But I am moved by the reſpect I have for Natural Studies, and a fear leaſt thoſe men who have made ſuch great advances in it, and thereby gained the applauſe of all the learned world, ſhould loſe any part of it by the trifling and ſhallow management of one who wants every qualification that is requiſite for ſuch a poſt. All who read his "Tranſactions," either in England or beyond the ſeas, cry out, "That the ſubjects which "he writes on are generally ſo ridiculous and mean; and he "treats of them ſo emptily, and in a ſtyle ſo confuſed and un-"intelligible, that it is plain he is ſo far from any uſeful know-"ledge, that he wants even common grammar." This is ſo notorious from every line he has publiſhed, that his own words will be the beſt proof of what I ſay: and I have been ſo careful in producing them, that I defy him to ſhew he is once miſrepreſented. Nay, there is ſo little need of that, that I challenge any man, with all his art, to imitate the bulls and blunders which he ſo naturally pours forth.

"ſician;" a large "Herbal" in folio; and "Polygraphice." He had a great library, which was *far more copious than valuable*; and the ſame may be ſaid of his compilations. He was a great *vender of noſtrums*, which was, and is ſtill, a much better trade than that of book-making. He died, wealthy, in the middle of December, 1712; and his great library was ſold by auction, by T. Ballard, in November, 1713. Dr. Garth plainly hints at this Author in his Diſpenſary:

"Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
"And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head."

See Granger, vol. IV. p. 25.

His correſpondents are moſt of them ſo like himſelf for learning and underſtanding, that a man may almoſt ſwear they were caſt in the ſame mould: indeed he has had a very lucky hit in the choice of them.

I am ſorry to ſee that excellent Society in any hazard of being eclipſed by the wretched gambols of theſe people. Learned men abroad have ever very juſtly had a vaſt eſteem for the Engliſh Society: but I find that now like to decline; they having no other way of judging of it but by the "Philoſophical Tranſactions." The world every where looks on them as a kind of Journal of the Royal Society, though there is no ground for that opinion; for they were begun by Mr. Oldenburg [c], who all along declared the Royal Society were not concerned in thoſe Tranſactions, but that they were a work of his own and ſome friends. At that time they were carried on in ſuch a manner, that they met every where with approbation, and were of real uſe. But, ſince this new Secretaryſhip, all agree a more uſeleſs paper no where appears; and I was concerned that ſuch a one ſhould paſs for a work of the Royal Society.

It is their vindication that has drawn me to undertake this; and if I can but diſabuſe the world by it, I have my end. I can truly ſay, that I have no perſonal prejudice to the preſent Tranſactioneer or any of his friends; for I am but little known to any of them: and if they now think I have no deſign to recommend myſelf to their acquaintance, I fancy the Reader will not believe they are miſtaken.

[c] This learned German philoſopher was born at Bremen; and, ſettling at Oxford, was one of the firſt Fellows of the Royal Society; he was choſen Aſſiſtant Secretary to Dr. Wilkins, and began the publication of their Tranſactions, which he continued till N° 36. He died in February, 1678. The Tranſactions were continued by his ſucceſſor Mr. Grew.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE I.

BETWEEN

A GENTLEMAN and a VIRTUOSO.

VIRT. PRAY, Sir, what philoſophical news have you heard of late amongſt our friends? and what new diſcoveries or improvements have they made?

GENT. Truly, Sir, I have ſcarce enquired after philoſophical news, ſince Dr. Plot [d] and Mr. Oldenburg [e] were taken from amongſt us; not but that there are a great many men of learning and merit ſtill remaining, who bear not only the titles of Virtuoſi, but really deſerve them.

VIRT. And are not the improvements they make worth enquiring after?

GENT. Yes, Sir. But, thoſe are only communicated to friends; and, ſince they have thought fit to conceal them, I know not whether I may take the liberty of divulging what is kept as ſecret by the Authors.

VIRT. Nay, whatever hath been communicated as a ſecret, I ſhall not deſire you to divulge; though methinks it is a pity any thing ſhould be kept private, that might be of public uſe, and promote natural knowledge. But may I take the liberty to aſk you why they are unwilling to publiſh them?

GENT. Since you deſire me to tell you the reaſons, I ſhall acquaint you with them as far as I am able.

VIRT. Sir, I ſhall eſteem it a ſingular favour.

GENT. Then you muſt know, Sir, theſe Gentlemen have that vaſt opinion of the preſent "Philoſophical Tranſactions," and the papers communicated therein, that they are unwilling to publiſh their poor diſcoveries or improvements amongſt ſubjects ſo noble in themſelves, and ſo accurately written.

[d] He was born in 1641; was elected one of the Secretaries to the Royal Society in 1682, and publiſhed their Tranſactions from No 145 to 166 inclusive. He died April 3, 1696.

[e] See above, p. 6.

VIRT. Truly their caution is but requiſite: for, in the late Tranſactions, moſt of the ſubjects are indeed moſt prodigiouſly ſublime, and penned too in a wondrous manner: ſo that it is a hard matter for the generality of Virtuoſi, who imitate Bacon, Boyle, or men of that character, to write in the language obſervable in moſt of thoſe papers; for there the expreſſions are ſuitable to the ſublimity of the ſubjects, and conſequently mighty myſterious, and above the reach of theſe Gentlemen.

GENT. Yes, Sir. The ſublimity of the ſtyle makes it inacceſſible to thoſe that are not accuſtomed to ſuch flights.

VIRT. Why, it is no wonder; for you muſt know the "Phi-"loſophical Tranſactions" come through the hands of one, who takes care that every thing be nobly and clearly expreſſed, and by his own writings, which ſo plentifully adorn thoſe papers, one may ſee, is abundantly qualified for the taſk he has taken upon him.

GENT. Pray are not the "Philoſophical Tranſactions" then publiſhed by direction of the Royal Sociery?

VIRT. No, no, Sir; far from it: that lies all upon one man's head; and it is happy he has ſo good a head-piece.

GENT. May one be ſo bold as to aſk the Compiler's name?

VIRT. I ſuppoſe you cannot but have heard of one who is ſo famous, and keeps correſpondence with ſo many learned men: his name is ſufficiently known amongſt the Learned.

GENT. If I gueſs right at the man, I muſt needs ſay, I have heard a great many mighty things ſaid of him—very fine things indeed—and much to his renown!

VIRT. O, Sir, he is a great man; for, beſides his wonderful ſkill in phyſick and philoſophy, he has a ſtrange talent at *ſtyle*: his knack at that is admirable. To convince you of this, I ſhall refer you to the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," N° 252. p. 188; where you will find the following "repreſentation of a lime-"ſtone marble found in Wales, when poliſhed;" ſo his Intelligencer phraſes it.

GENT. Admirable indeed!

VIRT. Why! there lies the rarity of the thing: for an ordinary Reader would think it was poliſhed before it was found. But, Sir, the Tranſactioneer himſelf far outſtrips him, in his Note upon this remarkable piece; take it in his own words: "This "ſtone is a ſort of coral, and the *Lapidis Aſtroïtidis, ſive ſtellaris "primum*

" *primum genus*, Boet de Boadt; or *Aſtroïtes*, Worm. Muſ. It " grows in the ſeas adjoining to Jamaica; it is frequently found " foſſile in England. I have ſome of it found here that will poliſh " as well as agat, which was many years ſince found out by Mr. " Beaumont. There are many other things growing in the ſeas " adjoining to Jamaica, and not to be found in theſe parts, which " are frequently dug up in the inland parts of England, and elſe- " where, where they do not naturally grow."

GENT. Pray, Sir, let me deſire you to give the meaning of what you have related in plain Engliſh; for the ſublimity of this way of expreſſion is above my mean capacity.

VIRT. The dignity of the ſubject will by no means admit of it. Beſides, it will be an injuſtice and leſſening of the Author's performance.

GENT. However, for diſcourſe ſake, pray let me aſk you, what he means by that propoſition this " ſtone is a coral ?"

VIRT. O, Sir, his meaning is very apparent. It is as much as if one ſhould ſay, " this elephant is an apple-tree." Now I hope it is plain! There are ſome tattling people likewiſe that ſay, they cannot tell what he means by *Aſtroïtidis* neither. They ſay, there is no precedent of any ſuch word; but, if they look into the Jamaican Catalogue, they will find thouſands of like kind. Why a perſon of his figure may make precedents, man! For what follows, one poor ſimple fellow that read it thought it had been a charm.

GENT. Very like! But pray, Sir, how are we to interpret him, when he ſays, the " lime-ſtone marble," that was " found in " Wales," and was " a coral," and the " Lapidis," and the Lord knows what, " grew in the ſeas adjoining to Jamaica?" Beſides, what he has about its being " found" and " found again" has almoſt confounded me, I muſt confeſs. His Intelligencer ſays, it was " found in Wales." He, that it " grows in the ſeas of " Jamaica:" that " it is frequently found foſſile" (mark the phraſe) " in England;" that he " has ſome of it found here, " which was many years ſince found out by Mr. Beaumont; " that there are many things found in the ſeas of Jamaica, not to " be found in theſe parts (i. e. in England), which are frequently " to be dug up in the inland parts of England, where yet, after " all, they do not grow." This, in my ſenſe, is, to ſay it was " found in Wales," but " grew in Jamaica." It was " fre-

" quently

" quently found in England;" and, by way of reinforcement, it was " found here," and " many years ſince found;" and that " there are many things growing in thoſe ſeas, not found in theſe " parts of England, which are frequently dug up (or found) in " the inland parts of England, where yet they do not grow, or " are not found." This to a man of ordinary underſtanding is pretty odd! What would the drift of this be, did the Author put it into Engliſh?

VIRT. I ſee, Sir, you are altogether a ſtranger to the language of our Author's writings, and the preſent " Philoſophical Tranſ- " actions;" otherwiſe you would eaſily have known the meaning of all this. Had you read them as often as I, our way of expreſſing ourſelves would have been a little more familiar to you: therefore have but recourſe to them, and your difficulties will vaniſh. Mean while, to proceed to other inſtances of the excellency and perfections of our Author's ſtyle. N° 237, p. 52, we are informed, that " the herb taken by Dampier to be Jew's-ear " is the *Lichen terreſtris cinereus* deſcribed by Mr. Ray; and " grows in moſt barren places about London, and all over Eng- " land."

GENT. I thought barren places had not been ſo well ſtocked with herbs!

VIRT. Strange! what it is to be unacquainted with a modern ſtyle! You altogether miſapprehend the Author's peculiar way of expreſſing himſelf.

GENT. I muſt confeſs, I do not well underſtand it; for I thought that, ſince they grew in barren places and all over England, the Author had thought all England barren.

VIRT. No, by no means: all England is not barren. But I ſhall leave the Author to explain himſelf. I ſhall rather proceed to other inſtances of our Tranſaction-writer's great abilities. I ſuppoſe you have heard of Jamaica pepper. See " Tranſactions," N° 192, p. 464.

GENT. Yes, Sir; every kitchen-girl about the town knows Jamaica pepper. But why do you aſk me that queſtion?

VIRT. Becauſe, if you had not heard of it, I ſhould have given you a fuller account of it. But, ſince you know it already, I ſhall entertain you with a copy of verſes upon it, written by our Author;

" Myrtus

" Myrtus arborea foliis laurinis aromatica: ſivé
" Piementa, Jamaica Pepper, or All-ſpice-tree.
" This tree hath a trunk as thick as one's thigh,
" Riſing ſtreight for about 30 foot high."

GENT. Moſt excellent Poetry indeed!

VIRT. Yes, Sir; it is a mixture of deſigned Poetry and accidental Poetry.

GENT. Pray what diſtinction do you make betwixt deſigned and accidental Poetry?

VIRT. Why, the two firſt verſes were deſigned for verſes; but the third and fourth were written for proſe, and happened to be poetical—according to our Author's genius.

GENT. In what parts of Jamaica does this tree grow?

VIRT. " It grows on the hilly parts of the Iſland of Jamaica, " but chiefly on the North ſide thereof; and wherefoever theſe " trees grow, they are generally left ſtanding when others are " felled; or they are ſometimes planted where they never grew, " becauſe of the great profit from the cured fruit."

GENT. The truth of the matter is, theſe gardeners are generally politicians in their way; for, if I miſremember not, the ſame meaſures are generally taken in England: for apple and cherry-trees are generally left ſtanding, and planted ſometimes " where they never grew, though other ſort of trees are felled " down and burnt, and not otherwiſe regarded." But now you talk of gardening; if I remember right, I have heard that this ſame learned gentleman is a great Botaniſt.

VIRT. An extraordinary one! N° 192, he gives the following juſt account of the *Arbor baccifera, laurifolia, aromatica, fructu viridi calyculato ramoſo.* " The bark conſiſts of two parts, one " outward, and another inward."

GENT. That is common to all Barks; for I know none but what hath an out-ſide and an in-ſide.

VIRT. But you miſapprehend; this bark is different from all others, for it is two Barks; our Author uſes *parts* and *barks* as ſynonymous terms.

GENT. But how will your Author make "the bark" TWO BARKS?

VIRT. This he does by dividing the word *bark* in two parts, and then calling each of thoſe parts a bark; for, ſays he, " the " outward bark is as thin as a milled ſhilling, the inward bark being " as

"as thick as a milled crown-piece." Mark the aptneſs of the ſimilies. But the excellence of our Author in deſcribing plants will be much more evident if we look upon what follows: for a little after he adds, "The ends of the twigs are branched into "bunches of flowers, ſtanding ſomething like Umbels, each of "which hath a foot-ſtalk, on the top of which is a Calyx, made "up of ſome Foliola, in which ſtand five purple Petala, within "which is a large Stylus."

GENT. Pray where lies the excellence of all this? The ſtyle is ſo lofty, I am not able to diſcern it.

VIRT. The excellence! Where ſhould it lie, but in the Umbels, the Calyx, the Foliola, and the purple Petala; theſe are high-flowing words, and not common Engliſh. But to proceed: "To theſe follow ſo many calyculated berries."

GENT. Pray what is the meaning of "calyculated berries?"

VIRT. It is only a term of our Author's.

GENT. And is the phraſe "to theſe follow" your Author's too?

VIRT. Yes, yes; a peculiar phraſe of his own.

GENT. Indeed he is a happy man, in forming new phraſes, and in coining of words.

VIRT. Our friend Mr. Ray[f], Sir, is every whit as happy at invention; for, No 221, in his account of our Author's "Cata-"logue of Jamaica Plants," he not only tells us, that the Doctor "reſolves many doubts and difficulties in it" relating to the "Toddy-tree," the "Sower-ſop," the "Bonaviſts," and the "Dildoe;" but, to make it more uſeful and entertaining, has added this very learned note of his own: "Cæterum Dildoe nonnullis "Priapum fictitium ſignificat, quo effrænis laſcivæ mulierculæ "abuti ſolent, ad nefariæ quoddam libidinis genus ſeu coïtum

[f] Mr. John Ray was born at Braintree in Eſſex, Nov. 29, 1628; and educated in that town: whence he was ſent to Catharine Hall, Cambridge, and afterward removed to Trinity College. In 1651, he was choſen Greek lecturer to the college; in 1653, mathematical lecturer; and in 1655, humanity reader. In 1660, he publiſhed "A Catalogue of the "Cambridge Plants;" and was ordained Dec. 23, that year. His writings after this period, particularly thoſe on Natural Hiſtory, are very numerous and valuable; and it is with pleaſure we are able to ſay, the curious may ſoon expect to ſee a complete collection of them.

"umbratilem

" umbratilem exercendum g." But why do I inſiſt ſo much upon our Author's ſkill in coining of words, and in Botanicks, ſince his ſkill in Phyſick alone would be enough to eſtabliſh a laſting reputation for him; for, N° 238, he hath, by his great ſagacity and ſkill in that art, not only diſcovered Ipecacuanha to be " harmleſs and helpful," but —

GENT. O dear Sir, you need inſiſt no longer on that topick: he muſt be a man of a wonderful ſagacity and ſkill, to diſcover that a " helpful" medicine was " harmleſs."

VIRT. I profeſs, it argues much clearneſs of judgement, and inſight into the fabrick and conſtitution of a human body. But, for a farther confirmation of his profound judgement, I ſhall add a caution he hath ſeaſonably given to the world, relating to the uſe of Cynocrambe, or rats-bane (ſee N° 203); for, " Matthews " and his wife and three children having been lately very ill and " like to die by eating too much of it," our learned Annotator gives the following advice: " Whether the quality or quantity " of this herb were the cauſe of its effects, I know not; but I " think that every body will do well to be cautious and wary in " the uſe of it in ſuch quantities, after ſuch a warning."

GENT. Truly, I think, the Author has done extraordinary well to caution the world; for, if it had ſuch dreadful effects upon Matthews and his wife, it would have been a great reflection upon the prudence of ſuch people as, through indiſcretion, ſhould have ſuffered by it, " after ſo fair a warning," for want of this caution.

VIRT. The Doctor could have no other end in it, beſides the good of mankind and his own reputation. Which conſiderations have induced him to publiſh much more for the benefit of mankind; for, after he hath informed us, N° 255, that " there are " many people who are of opinion, that the ſwallowing of ſtones " or pebbles is very beneficial to the health, becauſe they ſee birds " languiſh unleſs they ſwallow gravel or ſmall ſtones;" he adds, " I was conſulted; but was always againſt this practice in men, " for I knew one that died by the uſe of them." Now what a vaſt inſight into the effects of non-naturals upon human bodies muſt a man have, to be thus aware of them: " I was always

g Improbable and improper as it muſt appear, this ſagacious remark of Mr. Ray is actually to be found in the " Tranſactions."

" againſt

" againſt the uſe of them," ſays he, " becauſe I knew one who " ſuffered by them."

GENT. Every body muſt own, he is a great man in his way.

VIRT. In his way! He is a great man in every thing; he is univerſally qualified: a great Botaniſt, a great Phyſician, a great Philoſopher, a great Man, and a great Naturaliſt.

GENT. Pray, what hath he done in that way?

VIRT. Done, Sir! He hath exceeded the age in every thing; he hath been ſo curious that nothing almoſt has paſſed him.

GENT. What are the moſt conſiderable paſſages in Natural Hiſtory, which he hath taken notice of?

VIRT. The firſt piece I ſhall mention is, an account of a China cabinet. This, Sir, is a rarity that few people have thought worth their while to write Diſſertations about, or indeed worth their notice; but, I can aſſure you, our Virtuoſo, who is indeed the wonder of his age, values it at a high rate, and hath taken care to adorn ſeveral of the Tranſactions with an account of its contents, and hath engraven them curiouſly upon copper-plates; ſee " Tranſactions," N° 246.

GENT. O dear! a great deal of curioſity muſt needs lye in thoſe things: and the curioſity of the Doctor, as well as his humility in ſtooping to take notice of ſuch trifles, is very commendable.

VIRT. Sir, he hath not ſo much as neglected an ear-picker or a ruſty razor; for he values any thing that come from The Indies or China at a high rate; for, were it but a pebble or a cockle-ſhell from thence, he would ſoon write a comment upon it, and perpetuate its memory upon a copper-plate.

GENT. Pray do you remember whoſe picture that is, that is engraven among the razors and tooth-pickers? what, is it the Author's?

VIRT. Fie! No. It is " a Chineſe figure, wherein is repre- " ſented one of that nation, uſing one of theſe inſtruments (that " is an ear-picker), and expreſſing great ſatisfaction therein." See " Tranſactions," N° 246.

GENT. A great deal of ſatisfaction, indeed, for a man to ſtand picking his ears! But pray of what uſe are the China ear-pickers, in the way of knowledge?

VIRT. Why, the learned Author hath made this uſeful comment upon it: " Whatever pleaſure the Chineſe may take in thus

"picking their ears; I am certain, moſt people in theſe parts, "who have had their hearing impaired, have had ſuch misfor- "tunes firſt come to them by picking their ears too much."

GENT. Why then were they brought into theſe parts, if they be of ſuch miſchievous conſequence?

VIRT. The chief deſign was, to entertain the Philoſophical Secretary; for he took as much ſatisfaction in looking upon the ear-picker, as the Chineſe could do in picking his ears. And truly, I think, that learned Naturaliſt is obliged in gratitude to make ſome ſuitable return of our Engliſh rarities to the Chineſe. And I hope in time to ſee, in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," not only the pictures and deſcriptions of all the old razors and ill-ſhapen knives in China; but it is to be hoped that the rarities of our own country will be taken into conſideration, and likewiſe their pictures curiouſly engraven upon copper.

GENT. Yes, by all means; eſpecially ſince they may be purchaſed at ſo cheap a rate; for any cobler about the town will be willing to communicate an odd-figured knife to a curious perſon, if it may any way contribute to the advancement of natural knowledge.

VIRT. Contribute to the advancement of natural knowledge! There is no doubt of it, or any thing of leſs moment; for there is not an odd-coloured or an ill-ſhapen pebble in the kingdom, but the Secretary will manage it ſo as to make it contribute to the general heap of Tranſactions. He makes it his peculiar buſineſs; and of late he is become one of the moſt compleat, I had almoſt ſaid a moſt accompliſhed, Naturaliſt.

GENT. Truly any body in his ſenſes would think ſo; for he is a man of prodigious qualifications, and wondrous natural parts. But pray what other rarities hath he received from China?

VIRT. N° 247, this learned perſon gives an account of a kind of "down, of a dark yellowiſh ſnuff colour, ſhining like ſilk, "ſome of it a quarter of an inch long;" and that which makes it more remarkable is, not only its being like ſnuff and like ſilk, but it alſo reſembles the "Lanugo of ſcandent and tree ferns, "and ſome of our capillaries" at the ſame time.

GENT. I am afraid, it reſembles ſo many different things at the ſame time, that it can ſcarce be like itſelf. But what uſe do they make of it?

VIRT.

VIRT. "It is pretended, that ſome of the ſmall down may, "by being ſwallowed, eaſily ſlip into the wind-pipe, without "choaking the perſon."

GENT. That is an odd quality indeed. But what other rarities are deſcribed in this China cabinet?

VIRT. Page 462, "Eight ſeveral inſtruments made for paring "the nails, at which in China the people are very curious and "dextrous;" as alſo "an inſtrument much like a horſe curry-"comb," with which "they curry the natives, as we do horſes." But, beſides theſe, our learned Author tell us, it contained "a "ſea-horſe tooth, a pair of braſs twezers, a purſe made of ſtraw, "one wide-toothed comb, one ſtrait-toothed comb, an inſtrument "to clean the combs, a ſheet of brown paper from China, a black "Scarabæus, a ſcarlet butterfly, an aſh-coloured Capricorn, a "locuſt and a Phalæna all to pieces, a painter's bruſh, &c."

GENT. Theſe things muſt needs be of great uſe, eſpecially the braſs twezers and the combs!

VIRT. Of extraordinary uſe! and "it were to be wiſhed," ſays our curious Annotator, "that other travellers into foreign parts "would make ſuch enquiries into ſuch inſtruments and materials "that are any manner of way for the benefit or innocent delight "of mankind," as tooth-pickers, razors, ear-pickers, &c.

GENT. I profeſs, we are much obliged to the Doctor. He is a great promoter of philoſophical and innocent mirth; for there is ſcarce any thing that is comical and diverting, but he takes care to place it in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions."

VIRT. But theſe are not all the rarities we are obliged to the Doctor for, from beyond ſeas; for, ſays he, N° 232, "A fellow "of the College of Phyſicians and Royal Society did me the "favour, ſome time ſince, to ſhew me a conſiderable number of "foſſile bones and ſhells of ſeveral ſorts, he had lately come to "his hands from Maryland. One of theſe foſſils I had the favour "to carry home with me, to compare with the tongue of a fiſh "I had obſerved in Jamaica; and, comparing them, we found a "perfect agreement of the tongue that was dug up in Maryland, "and that taken from the Paſtinaca marina, frequent in the ſeas "of Jamaica. A part of one of the joints of this tongue was dug "up in England."

GENT. Pray what does this contribute to the advancement of natural knowledge?

VIRT.

VIRT. You miſtake the deſign: it was never intended to advance Natural knowledge; for who is the wiſer for knowing that the bones of a dead fiſh have been dug up, or where? No, the true uſe of the ſtory is to amuſe the ignorant; for, if they talk of things that are out of the way, we preſently make an harangue about "the Mandibulum of a *Paſtinaca Marina* found foſſile in "Maryland;" and then they "are ſilenced at an inſtant."

GENT. By this, I perceive, your Secretary is a politician.

VIRT. Yes, and a Virtuoſo too, of a new ſort; for he hath honoured ſeveral perſons of his own kidney with the titles of Virtuoſo's; and it is to be hoped, they will contribute their mites in a little time: but, alas! moſt of theſe of his creation are meer Beuxes; they are afraid of diſcompoſing their intellectuals by ſtudying.

GENT. Nothing is to be expected from them as yet. Beſides, the Secretary wants not materials for the "Tranſactions."

VIRT. No, no; he hath materials enough, from his country Correſpondents; and, if he ſhould not he can ſubſtitute hiſtorical relations picked up by his own induſtry. As for example, N° 240, he gives us account of one Edmund Melleon, born at Port Leiceſter. "He was ſeven foot ſix inches high; the length "of his ſpan fourteen inches; of his cubit two foot two inches; "of his arm three foot two inches and a half; from the ſhoulder "to the crown of his head eleven and three fourths; his name "Edmund Melleon." How long his depending parts were, I did not inquire; nor whether he was pot-bellied.

GENT. What was his father's name, and of what ſtature?

VIRT. What is that to Edmund Melleon, what his father's name was?

GENT. Altogether as neceſſary as to know that Melleon's name was Edmund. But I do not urge it further. Pray proceed to ſet forth the excellence of the Doctor.

VIRT. That ſets forth itſelf: but, if you pleaſe, I ſhall proceed to give you an account of another remarkable paſſage taken notice of in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," N° 242; for which we are obliged to him: "In Pall-Mall, at London, lived one "Joſeph Clark, who was called the Poſture-maſter, that had ſuch "an abſolute command of his muſcles and joints, that he can "(i. e. *could*) diſ-joint almoſt all his whole body. He was a well-"grown fellow; yet he would appear in all the deformities that

" can be imagined, as hunch-backed, pot-bellied, ſharp-breaſted. " He diſ-jointed his arms, ſhoulders, legs, and thighs, that he " will (inſtead of *would)* appear as great an object of pity as any " man; and he has often impoſed on the ſame company where " he hath been juſt before, to give him money as a cripple [h]. " He turns his face into all ſhapes; ſo that by himſelf he acts " all the uncouth faces"—of a Tranſactioneer pauſing over a China ear-picker.

GENT. How came this man to act the part of a conjurer ſo naturally? what is the Secretary's opinion of it?

VIRT. He is of opinion, that it depended upon " bringing his " body to it, by uſing himſelf to it."

GENT. Ah! doubtleſs, if he had never been uſed to it, he could never have done it.

VIRT. It is an old ſaying, that " Cuſtom makes perfect."

GENT. Yes, Sir; and therefore your learned Author is ſo perfect in the points you have mentioned. But, I ſuppoſe, you have more of his diſcoveries to produce yet: they are ſo diverting, I would ſcarce wiſh them at an end.

VIRT. Never fear that: they are not at an end; but I am almoſt weary of repeating them. However, I ſhall give you an account of two or three things more, worth your obſervation. Have you any ſkill in navigation?

GENT. Very little.

VIRT. But do you think you could guide a ſhip from Jamaica to Scotland or Ireland?

GENT. I believe not.

VIRT. Alas! You underſtand very little then indeed; for our Secretary gives us an account of four ſilly *beans*, that could ſteer that courſe, though they never underſtood the leaſt navigation.

GENT. What beans are thoſe, pray?

VIRT. They are frequently run aſhore on the Orkney Iſlands, N° 222. " They are thrown up pretty frequently in great num- " bers, and are no otherwiſe regarded than as they ſerve to make

[h] He frequently made himſelf merry with the taylors; whom he employed to take meaſure of him in one poſture, which he changed for another when his cloaths were brought home. When they were altered, he was in a third ſhape; and, by this wandering tumour, he puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impoſſible to accommodate ſo changeable a cuſtomer. See Guardian, N° 102.

" ſnuff-

"ſnuff-boxes." Yet they ſhew them much more favour than we do our beans; for they are devoured by horſes and hogs.

GENT. Theſe are ſtrange beans indeed.

VIRT. Yes, Sir, ſays he, "I have had a great deſire to ſee what "theſe beans were," they talked ſo much of them, thinking they might be ſomething more than beans.

GENT. And did he get a ſight of them at the laſt?

VIRT. Yes, and diſcovered, that "Three of them grew in "Jamaica. The firſt is called *Cocoons*, by me *Phaſeolus max-* "*imus perennis, folio decompoſito, lobo maximo contorto.* It "is well figured by the name *Perim Kakuvalli* in the *Hortus* "*Malabricus*," and ill figured in another place;" and ill deſcribed in this place.—"The ſecond ſort of bean is called the Horſe-eye "bean, for its reſemblance to the eye of that beaſt, by reaſon of "a Hilus almoſt ſurrounding it.—The third kind of bean is "called the aſh-coloured Nickar, as being very like a Nickar.— "The fourth kind of bean is well deſcribed and ill figured by "Cluſius."—But now I come to the navigation; for "How "theſe ſeveral beans ſhould come to the Scotch Iſles, and one "of them to Ireland, ſeems very hard to determine." Yet our Author ſays too, "It is eaſy to conceive."

GENT. How can that be? "Hard to determine," and eaſy to be determined too!

VIRT. If you will have patience, you will ſee it is hard to determine; for they might be toſſed with ſtorms, and driven out of the moſt obvious road; but "it is eaſy to conceive that, "growing in Jamaica in the woods, they may either fall from "the trees into the rivers, or be any other way conveyed by "them into the ſeas. It is likewiſe very eaſy to conceive that, "being got to the ſea, and floating in it," and the neighbourhood denying them the liberty of landing in their own country, they may take a reſolution of tranſplanting themſelves into another country; "and, meeting with a ſtop on the main continent of "America, is forced (mark the Grammar, *they is* forced) through "the Gulph of Florida, or Canal of Bahama, going there con- "ſtantly Eaſt, and into the North America Sea. But how they "ſhould come the reſt of their voyage, I cannot tell" (for they could give no account of themſelves)—"except the beans, being "brought North by the current of the Gulph of Florida, are put "in the Weſterly wind's way, and may be ſuppoſed by his means

" at laſt to arrive in Scotland;" little thinking that, after ſo long and difficult a voyage, inſtead of propagating their ſpecies, " they " ſhould be turned into ſnuff-boxes, and no otherwiſe regarded."

GENT. This it is to come into a ſtrange country, without being able to give an account of one's ſelf!

VIRT. Phoo! There was no need of giving an account of themſelves; there was one in England, who had given them a viſit in Jamaica, was able to do that ſure.

GENT. Yes, indeed; he is a moſt accompliſhed gentleman.

VIRT. Gentleman! He is a Doctor of Phyſick, and underſtands the ſtructure of a man's body ſo well, that not the leaſt accident can happen in any part of it, but he preſently gives you the *rationale* of it. To confirm what I have ſaid in this reſpect, I need alledge no more than what he has offered concerning ſuffocation; for, when the point was debated at Hertford Aſſizes about Mrs. Stout's being drowned, he very learnedly delivered his opinion of drowning in the following words, and ſays, " Water " ſwallowed by the gullet will not drown [i]."

GENT. And does he prove it too?

VIRT. Prove it? There is no need of proving it; it is ſelf-evident. Nevertheleſs, to convince thoſe who do not uſe to ſwallow by the gullet, he adds, " Drunkards who ſwallow freely a " great deal of liquor, and thoſe who are forced by the civil-law " to drink a great quantity of water have no ſuffocation or drown- " ing upon them."

GENT. Truly thoſe are two inſtances ſufficient to convince any reaſonable man, that he may be drunk, or drink water, without being drowned. But what is this learned man's definition of drowning?

VIRT. He ſays, " He takes drowning, in a great meaſure, to " be thus, viz. That though it is very likely, when one ſtruggles, " he may (to ſave himſelf from being choaked) ſwallow ſome " quantity of water: yet that is not the cauſe of his death; but " that which goes into the wind-pipe and lungs."

GENT. If " ſwallowing water" is not " the cauſe of his death;" how does that which goes into the wind-pipe cauſe it? Does

[i] See Mr. Cowper's Trial, printed, with other pamphlets on that ſubject, in the " State Trials." This Gentleman was at that time at the bar, and ſome years afterward was advanced to be one of the judges of the Common Pleas; in which ſtation he died, December 10, 1728. He was brother to Lord Chancellor Cowper.

not

not the perſon ſwallow that? or does he ſwallow it "to ſave him-"ſelf from being choaked?"

VIRT. Swallow it to prevent choaking? By no means; he does not ſwallow it at all. "It goes into the wind-pipe." And though water ſwallowed will not choak, yet when it goes into the lungs it will; which this learned Phyſician thus demonſtrates: "In preſcriptions, when people are very weak, or forced to take "medicines, I have obſerved ſome ſpoonfuls in that condition "(if it went the wrong way) to have choaked or ſuffocated the "perſon;" whence it appears, that choaking is not cauſed by ſwallowing water, but by its entrance "the wrong way." In which caſe, it may be ſaid "to go into the lungs."

GENT. But what is this to the queſtion firſt debated?

VIRT. Why, the queſtion being put, whether the woman was ſtrangled, and ſo *ſuffocated*; or whether ſhe was drowned? Our learned evidence only offers to ſhew, that, if ſhe was ſuffocated or *choaked* by water, it muſt get into her lungs; whereas, in thoſe that are *choaked*, or *ſtrangled*, nothing at all gets into them: ſo that the ſum of our Doctor's evidence proves that, if ſhe was ſtrangled or choaked before ſhe was thrown into the water, ſhe could not be *choaked* again in the water, except "water went the "wrong way, as in preſcriptions, &c." And thus much might be ſufficient to ſhew our Doctor's great ſkill in the mechaniſm of a body; one of the main points neceſſary in an accompliſhed Phyſician. But, as a further inſtance of his great knowledge, I ſhall add another paſſage of his evidence, which is, "That with-"out force, after death, little water will get into the ſtomach; "becauſe, for that it ſhould, ſwallowing is neceſſary, which after "death cannot be done." In which paſſage, the phraſes not only come very naturally from the Doctor (as 'for that it ſhould," &c.); but he very judiciouſly tells us, that men cannot ſwallow after death; and therefore thoſe who would put water into a dead man muſt uſe force to get it in. Which, I think, is a demonſtration of the Doctor's great ſkill in Anatomy.

GENT. Yes, indeed; and, if all you have ſaid of him be true, he is not only a great Phyſician, but a Botaniſt, and a Naturaliſt, and every thing. Pray where does he live, and what are his hours? I have ſomething to communicate to him, which perhaps may be acceptable.

VIRT. His hour in an afternoon is betwixt ſix and ſeven; any body will tell you where to find him. Pray, if you light of him, give my ſervice to him.

GENT. I will certainly do that.

VIRT. He is a very modeſt civil gentleman. You muſt be ſure to compliment him, and he will take it very kindly: for the envious world ſo ſeldom does it, he will be both ſurprized and mightily pleaſed at it.

GENT. I ſhall take care to compliment as well as I can; and I do not know well how I can fail: for I can think of none of his performances, but I muſt either hold my tongue, or compliment.

VIRT. I am glad you have ſo good an opinion of him.

GENT. Sir, I have no other opinion of him but what he deſerves; and how good it is, I ſhall leave to his friends to judge. Sir, your ſervant.

DIALOGUE II.

BETWEEN

A GENTLEMAN and a TRANSACTIONEER.

GENT. SIR, I am very glad I have the happineſs to meet with you ſo opportunely. I have been juſt now talking with a friend of yours concerning ſome paſſages in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions." And the great character he hath given you, and the learned paſſages of your own Writings which he hath collected together to juſtify that character, have made me uneaſy till I had the happineſs to pay my humble reſpects to you.

TRANS. Indeed I am very much obliged both to him and you.

GENT. Sir, the chief end of my viſit now, next to paying my reſpects to you, is to communicate ſome philoſophical matters; which, if you think fit to publiſh them in your "Philoſophical "Tranſactions," are at your ſervice.

TRANS. Pray what may they be?

GENT. Sir, at preſent I ſhall only offer you a definition of a Shell and a Cruſt.

TRANS. I deſire a ſight of it.

GENT.

GENT. Here it is, Sir.

TRANS. "A Shell properly is ſuch a hard ſubſtance as covers "an entire animal, as an Oyſter-ſhell. A Cruſt is ſuch a hard "ſubſtance as covers only one particular joint of the included "animal." No 219. Sir, I am your ſervant. If you light of any thing of this nature, you will oblige me very much in communicating it, and do the world a great deal of ſervice.

GENT. I ſhall be glad if any thing I can offer may oblige one the world has ſuch an opinion of.

TRANS. Truly I am obliged to the world, for their opinion of me. And if any thing I can do to promote natural knowledge may be of ſervice to them, I ſhall not ſpare my labour.

GENT. O, Sir, you have taken a great deal of pains already; for the compiling ſo many Philoſophical Volumes in Quarto muſt take up a great deal of time; nor could they be made ſo polite and correct, without as great application.

TRANS. It is indeed a laborious work; for, beſides compiling of ſo many Volumes, the great correſpondence which I am obliged to keep is no ſmall trouble.

GENT. It cannot chuſe but be troubleſome: but your happy choice and the philoſophical returns they make you recompenſe the trouble.

TRANS. If it were not for that, it would be a mere piece of ſlavery; but, as you ſay, the diſcoveries and improvements which are communicated by my Correſpondents make me value the trouble much leſs; for, I think, for weight, uſefulneſs, and other circumſtances, the papers I have publiſhed in the "Tranſactions" are not inconſiderable.

GENT. Inconſiderable! You have quite out-done Mr. Oldenburg: for the world never thought he publiſhed enough; but you heap philoſophical relations together at ſuch a prodigious rate, that you publiſh "Tranſactions" as faſt again as they deſire you. The world is quite over-powered with them.

TRANS. Why, truly, I have uſed my utmoſt diligence and care, that not the leaſt thing in nature ſhould eſcape my notice. And I am infinitely obliged to my Correſpondents for their induſtry.

GENT. Truly they are to be commended. But, methinks, it would be of great uſe to the world, if the moſt conſiderable paſſages in thoſe papers were collected together, and publiſhed for the uſe of the Learned.

TRANS. I have done that already; and, if you pleaſe, I will give you an account of thoſe which I have a more peculiar reliſh for, and value at the higheſt rate.

GENT. Sir, it will be a very great favour; and I ſhall be very much obliged to you.

TRANS. I can never be to ſeek where to begin then, as long as there is ſuch a perſonage as Mr. James Pettiver[k] in the philoſophical world. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society indeed! I made him ſo. It is my way of rewarding my friends and benefactors. We now begin to call it "Our Royal Society," Muſ. Pet. c. 5. One would never think it that looks upon him—but he is certainly the darling of the Temple coffee-houſe club.

GENT. Pray what is that?

TRANS. Oh, la! why, do not you know? Where can you have lived? Why you muſt be an utter ſtranger to philoſophy and all *pretty things!* Never heard of the Temple Club? Oh, for ſhame; let us ſee you there a Friday night. I am Preſident there; and I will aſſure you there are many *odd things*. And Mr. Pettiver is—Gad! he is every thing. He is the very mufti, the oracle of our club. For my part, I never ſaw any thing like him exactly.

GENT. No, I believe not.

TRANS. Oh, then, I perceive you know Mr. James——

GENT. No indeed, not I.

TRANS. No, I wonder at that: you ought to be acquainted with him. I will be the inſtrument of bringing it about. Sir, he and I are all one. You muſt know we club notions, laying them up in a kind of joint-ſtock, and have all things in common. Sometimes he draws, and ſometimes I, as we have occaſion. But he pays in moſt plenteouſly. By my good-will, I would never be without him. I call him the Philoſophic Sancho, and he me Don. I own, I have learnt more of him than ever I did at Orange or any where elſe.

GENT. Orange, Sir?

TRANS. Yes, I knew it was quicker and cheaper than at Leyden or Padua; ſo I was dubbed Doctor there *en paſſant*, whip and away. But for Mr. Pettiver, he is an Author, and has treated on the ſame topicks that I have. Have you read the "Muſeum "Pettiverianum," or his treatiſes in my "Tranſactions?"

[k] Of great eminence in his profeſſion, as an Apothecary.

GENT.

GENT. No, really; but, I obſerve, all people ſmile when they mention him: I believe he is mighty diverting.

TRANS. The moſt of any thing in nature. But how ſhould a man of his parts be otherwiſe? Oh, "the ſpecimens of modern mag-"nificence and improvement," he has given the learned world! Tranſ. N° 236. "His firſt century conſiſts of ſeveral animals "and plants wholly new." Tranſ. N° 224. And pray mark how conſiderable they are; and how much mankind are indebted to his labour and ſtudy. The Animals are Snails and Beetles, Caterpillars, Spiders, and others of the like ſort; the Plants, Ruſhes, Thiſtles, Moſſes, with abundance more of equal worth. But, above all, Butterflies are his main delight. He gives them ſtrange cramp names, and values himſelf for being the firſt catcher. "Papilos Leucomelanos," ſays he, "is not yet clearly "deſcribed by any Author," Tranſ. N° 224; and perhaps had never been *deſcribed* (woe the day!) had it not been for this Author. He looks as big upon his Botanic acquiſitions. Says he, "Be it known, that I have this year (beſides ſeveral before) "received near Twenty Volumes in Folio, with fair and per-"fect Specimens of Trees." Muſ. Pet. But he is moſt lucky in the aſſigning the reaſons of the names of his rarities. He has "Shells, called BLACKMOORS TEETH, I ſuppoſe," ſays he, "from their WHITENESS." Tranſ. N° 224. Now we are on this ſubject, I ought to acquaint you, he values nothing that has not as many titles and names as the King of Perſia. He will find in one Author or other twenty names for the ſame thing; and thinks it impoſſible "to enumerate the many advantages "that will occur from thus ſynonymizing of Authors;" and elſewhere he ſpeaks very big of the Engliſh, that is, himſelf and me, "as to their critical methods in their diſcoveries of "non-deſcript ſpecies, and their judicious references to the ſyno-"nymous names of various writers, whereby the terrible vices "of confuſion and multiplicity have been much corrected." Tranſ. N° 236. There is my ſtyle too exactly; only a little more clear. He is as ſucceſsful in his deſcriptions as in his ſynonymizing. Take an inſtance in his tortoiſe. He ſays, "It "is guarded along the back with a round edge. (Do you mark?) "His head about the bigneſs of a horſe-bean; the orbits of his "eyes very large."

GENT.

GENT. How? The head no bigger than a "ſmall bean," and yet "his eyes very large!" Why, ſure, his eyes are not in his head.

TRANS. Pray let me go on. "His ſnout like a parrot's "bill, his upper jaw including the under. (Is not that pretty?) "Each foot has four ſharp claws like a mouſe."

GENT. Claws like a mouſe?

TRANS. Ay, and "his tail taper, and about half an inch "long." Tranſ. N° 246. Is not this admirable? But he is not inferior as to Phyſick. He has "an African *Materia Medica*, "whoſe innocent practice conſiſts of no more art than compo-"ſition." Tranſ. N° 232. My own phraſe again! it is as much as to ſay, "harmleſs and helpful[1]." But hear this African Doctor—He has *Aclowa*, good for crocoes or itch; *Bumbunny*, boiled and drunk, cauſeth to vomit; *Affunena*, boiled and drunk, cauſeth a ſtool; *Ambetuway*, cauſeth an appetite to any ſick perſon; *Attrumaphio*, boiled and drunk, cauſeth the great ſort of pox to ſkin and dry, and is good againſt the phrenzy; *Mening* is good for the ſtoppage of the head; *Apputtaſy* is good for the ſcurvy in the mouth. Of the two laſt he and I have taken abundance, but without effect. Nor is Mr. Pettiver's phyſick beyond his breeding. Really he is a perſon of ſingular addreſs. "It is," ſays he to me, "my great ambition to approve myſelf "your obliged humble ſervant." See my "Tranſactions," N° 232. He ſtyles mine "a moſt excellent Catalogue of Jamaica "plants," ibid. Nay, he ſays, I have "been pleaſed to ſhew "ſuch an admirable ſkill and talent this way, as will hardly be "matched, either in paſt, preſent, or future ages." And this I have taken care to print in my "Tranſactions," N° 236.

GENT. Truly, you are mighty happy in the applauſe of a perſon of his judgement. And, give you your due, ye vouch heartily for one another. Sure that is the reaſon ſo few others ſpeak well of you.

TRANS. Oh, no; it is envy, mere envy. The invidious world cannot bear the luſtre we caſt. Mr. Pettiver concludes his "Muſeum" with a catalogue of "his kind friends." I will read them.

GENT. Indeed I will ſave you the labour. Let them ſtand as they do. Nobody ſure will diſturb or envy them the honour of

[1] See above, p. 13.

being

being in that Catalogue. And for collections of rarities, they must needs be in mighty renown and credit, since Mr. Pettiver "has been pleased to shew such an admirable skill and talent "that way." But pray, Sir, proceed in the account of your "Transactions."

TRANS. The next thing I take notice of, as very considerable, and of extraordinary use to the curious, is, the great skill in Botanicks observable in my other Correspondents; for, you must know, my peculiar genius is most inclined to Botanicks.

And, first, as for the virtues of Medicines; it hath not only been discovered by Dr. Mullen, that "Irish Mackenboy root may "be carried in the pocket three days without purging;" but what hath been observed of the strange effects of Papaver corniculatum is very remarkable; for N° 242, we have the following account. "In my Itinerary from London to Margaret Island (mark the "elegance of the word Itinerary), and thence most by the sea-"shore to the Lands-end, to observe what plants each part pro-"duced. Between Penzance and Macketjew, lived one Charles "Worth, an Apothecary, who, causing a pie to be made of the "said poppy, and eating of the said poppy-pie whilst hot, was "presently taken with such a kind of a delirium, as made him "fancy that most that he saw was gold and, calling for a chamber-"pot, being a white earthen one, after having purged by stool into "it, he broke it into pieces; and bad the by-standers to save "them, for they were all gold."

GENT. Methinks your Correspondent is very circumstantial, in relating the circumstances and symptoms of the delirium.

TRANS. O dear Sir! there was an absolute necessity to be exact in particulars; for, had he only told us, that the herb purged, and caused a delirium, how must we have known that he made use of an earthen chamber-pot, that he purged into it, and then broke it?

GENT. Truly, as you say, we should have been altogether at a lose there: and, to speak truth, the most diverting circumstances would have been wanting.

TRANS. Yes, the pleasant circumstances set off the story; for people purge into chamber-pots, and are delirious, that never took Papaver corniculatum.

GENT. But, pray, what does this contribute to the advancement of natural knowledge?

TRANS.

TRANS. If it encreaſes knowledge, it certainly advances it. And pray, does not a man know more, that knows the chamber-pot was broken, than he that hears of a delirium and purging? But theſe were not all the effects of Papaver corniculatum; for, "the man and maid ſervants, having alſo eaten of the ſame pie, "ſtripped themſelves quite naked, ſo danced one againſt another "a long time."

GENT. Truly they had more ſatisfaction in their delirium, than the maſter could have in breaking a dirty chamber-pot, one would think. But did not the maſter and the maid "dance one "againſt another?"

TRANS. If they had, it would have been Papaver corniculatum indeed; but I cannot tell that: only "the miſtreſs, who "was gone to market, coming home, and ſaying, "How now? "what is here to do?" The maid turned her breech againſt her, "and, purging ſtoutly, ſaid, "There, miſtreſs, is gold for you!"

GENT. This Papaver corniculatum is a very ſtrange kind of an herb.

TRANS. There is ſcarce another in nature, except Cynocrambe [k], that can cauſe ſuch ſymptoms.

GENT. Say you ſo, Sir?

TRANS. Yes; for, in N° 203, "Will Matthews, his wife "and three children, have been lately ill, and like to die. The "manner of their ſickneſs was very odd; and therefore I ſhall "give you a particular account of it."

GENT. Pray do, Sir.

TRANS. "About three weeks ago, the woman went into the "fields to gather ſome herbs, and (having firſt boiled them) "fried them with bacon for her own and her family's ſupper."

GENT. A very fine piece of cookery indeed, and very requiſite the world ſhould be acquainted with it—eſpecially the Philoſophical part; they are much obliged to your Correſpondent.

TRANS. If I had not thought it uſeful to Philoſophers, I had not taken notice of it. But pray let me go on with my ſtory.

GENT. I beg your pardon, for interrupting you.

TRANS. "After they had been about two hours in bed, one "of the children fell very ſick; and ſo did the other two pre-"ſently after: which obliged the man and his wife to riſe, and

[k] See above, p. 13.

"take

" take the children to the fire, where they ſpewed and ſh—t, and " within half an hour fell faſt aſleep."

GENT. Truly, I think this Cynocrambe is as bad as Papaver corniculatum; for thoſe that took that, had ſome ſort of pleaſure in its operation.

TRANS. Indeed, upon ſecond thoughts, I think it is worſe; for " they took the children to bed as they were aſleep, and they " themſelves went to bed too, and fell faſter aſleep too than ever " they had done before. The man waked next morning about " three hours after his uſual time, went to his labour at Mr. " Newport's; but, he ſays, he thought his chin had been all the " day in a fire; and was forced to keep his hat full of water by " him all the day long, and frequently dipped his chin in it as he " was at work."

GENT. Pray, Sir, expatiate no more upon this account; for I think it no great matter, whether his hat was full of water or not.

TRANS. What? would you have me give an account of a Philoſophical Tranſaction, and not be exact in relating matter of fact?

GENT. O, good Sir, pardon me; be as circumſtantial as you pleaſe. It is a very Philoſophical Tranſaction indeed. A woman boiled herbs and bacon for ſupper; the children purged; the good man ſlept longer than ordinary; went to work at Mr. Newport's; filled his hat full of water, and was ſo diſcerning as to think his chin was all the day in the fire, though he dipped it often in water. A very Philoſophical relation, I muſt needs ſay; and very fine circumſtances to be particular in!

TRANS. Truly, Sir, we ought to be particular in the circumſtances of things ſo remarkable: for this herb " is deſcribed and " figured in ſeveral Authors;" and therefore we ought to take notice of " its effects."

GENT. But pray, what inferences, or what conſequential uſe, do you make of this obſervation?

TRANS. Why, from the effects of this plant, I draw this inference, " That, whether the quantity or quality of this herb " were the cauſe of its effects, I know not; but think that every " body will do well to be cautious and wary in the uſe of it, " in ſuch quantities, after ſuch a warning." For, if the man and his wife had purged as well as the children, they would have been in a moſt dreadful naſty pickle.

GENT.

GENT. Truly, the caution you give and the reaſons alledged for it are equally weighty. But, pray, are theſe all the new diſcoveries made by your Correſpondents relating to the virtues of plants?

TRANS. No, Sir. N° 231, we are informed, "that a certain "woman, eating by miſtake ſome roots of common hemlock "amongſt parſnips, was immediately ſeized with raving and "madneſs, talked obſcenely, and could not forbear dancing; on "which exerciſe ſhe was ſo intent, that ſhe would have given "her cow for a bag-pipe."

GENT. Poor woman! it is a pity ſhe ſhould have wanted company. Why did they not give ſomebody a doſe of Papaver corniculatum, to dance againſt her?

TRANS. I ſuppoſe, they were in too much concern, to ſee her ſo obſcene, and ſo fooliſhly merry. But, not to inſiſt too long on one ſubject, I ſhall proceed to give you a fuller account of the products of my Correſpondents; and, as ſoon as I have given you a couple of inſtances of the etymology of words, and their ſkill in Logick, I ſhall proceed to their Medicinal and Chirurgical obſervations.

GENT. Pray, Sir, uſe what method you pleaſe. It is no great matter how they are ranged.

TRANS. Then the firſt thing I ſhall offer is, an account of the etymology of Ambergriſe Ben's name. The whole ſtory runs thus, N° 232. "I ſhall at the preſent let you know the "account I received from Ambergriſe Ben; for ſo the man is "called, from the vaſt quantity of that valuable commodity he "found two years ago near Ambergriſe Point." Now who could ever have gueſſed at the reaſon of this man's name, had it not been accounted for in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions?"

GENT. Indeed, I believe they would have been at a loſs. But pray proceed to the Logick.

TRANS. Yes, Sir, I was longing to let you hear that: for you muſt know, N° 221, my Correſpondent hath been able, by cloſe arguing, to tell that old Jenkins was older than old Parr.

GENT. Pray how does he prove that?

TRANS. Thus, "Henry Jenkins departed this life the tenth "day of December, 1670.—The battle of Flowdenfield was "fought upon the ninth day of September, in the year of our "Lord 1513.—Henry Jenkins was 12 years old when Flow-

"denfield

"denfield was fought: ſo he lived 169 years [l]. Old Parr [m] lived "152 years, nine months. *Ergo*, Henry Jenkins out-lived old "Parr, by computation, ſixteen years."

GENT. Ha! ha! This "out-living by computation!" Admirable indeed! Well, Old Jenkins is certainly proved older than Parr!

TRANS. It is undeniable.

GENT. Pray how came your friend by a particular account of all the propoſitions included in the foregoing argument?

TRANS. Take it in his own words [n]: "When I came firſt to live "at Bolton in Yorkſhire, I have forgot my landlord's *name*; *but* it "was told me, that there lived in that pariſh a man near 150 "years old; that he had ſworn, as a witneſs in a cauſe in York, "to 120 years; which the judges reproving him for, he ſaid, he "was butler at that time to the Lord Conyers. But, truly, it "was never in my thoughts, to inquire of my Lord Darcy, "whether this laſt particular was true, or no."

GENT. Truly that was a great overſight. It would have given much ſatisfaction to the learned world, had my Lord Darcy confirmed it.

TRANS. Indeed, I ſhould have been better ſatisfied myſelf: for "I believed little of the ſtory for a great many years; till "one day, being in my ſiſter's kitchen, Henry Jenkins came in, "to beg an alms. I had a mind to examine him. I told him, "he was an old man."

[l] In the laſt century of his life he was a fiſherman; and when no longer able to follow that occupation, went begging about Bolton, and other places in Yorkſhire. He was buried at Bolton, where, in 1743, a monument was erected to his memory. He was one of the oldeſt of the poſt-diluvians, of whom we have any credible account.

[m] He was born in 1483, and died in 1635. We are told by Dr. Fuller, that he was thus "characterized by an eye-witneſs:

"From head to foot, his body had all over
"A quickſet, thickſet nat'ral hairy cover."

The fulleſt account of him extant is in his "Life" by Taylor, in the "Harleian Miſcellany." See alſo "Anatomia Thomæ Parri, poſt annos "centum quinquaginta duos et menſes novem actos demortui, a G. "Harveio, aliis Regis Medicis adſtantibus, habita," in the beautiful edition of Harvey's Works, 4to, publiſhed by the College of Phyſicians.

[n] Dr. Tancred Robinſon.

GENT. Pray did not he know that before?

TRANS. What then? He would be the apter to believe it.

GENT. You ſay true indeed.

TRANS. And therefore, "I deſired him to tell me how old "he was. He pauſed a little; and ſaid, that, to the beſt of his "remembrance, he was 162 or 3; I aſked him, what publick "thing he could remember? He ſaid, Flowdenfield. I aſked, "whether the King was there? He ſaid, no. I aſked him, how "old he might be then? He ſaid, I believe, I might be between "ten and twelve; for, ſaid he, I was ſent to Northallerton, with "a horſe-load of arrows; but they ſent a bigger boy from thence "to the army."

GENT. You are very circumſtantial indeed in your relations. But pray of what uſe are they to the advancement of knowledge?

TRANS. Advantage? Any thing about old Jenkins or old Parr is very acceptable to me; and that is enough to make it appear under the general title of "Philoſophical Tranſactions for "the Advancement of Natural Knowledge." But, thus much being ſaid of old Jenkins, I ſhall proceed to relate promiſcuouſly what hath been of late diſcovered relating to Medicine and Chirurgery.

GENT. Certainly thoſe muſt be of great uſe.

TRANS. I ſuppoſe you have heard of what happened to Dr. Liſter.

GENT. What, pray?

TRANS. Sir, he had the misfortune to be ſcratched by the tooth of a Porpoiſe, ſome time after the death of it; ſo that "tandem "tertius digitus malè ſe habuit," i. e. at laſt his third finger was ſick, N° 233.

GENT. Truly I think the Doctor had been happy had he never been ſick any where elſe but in his finger. But ſince he commenced Author, I fear a *metaſtaſis* of the morbific matter into the ſeat of his underſtanding.

TRANS. I ſhould be concerned for him, ſhould it be ſo. But I ſhall proceed to relate what I juſt now promiſed you, viz. Some of the moſt remarkable obſervations in Phyſick and Chirurgery. And, firſt, I ſhall give you an account of two medicated ſprings, the one communicated to me by a Welſh Philoſopher [Mr. Aubrey], and the other by a Frenchman [M. Geoffroy]. The deſcription of the firſt is as follows: "There is a rill, about

"an

"an ell broad, between two collines, covered with wood, about "twelve yards from this ſpring; the rill, which falls from a "rock eight or nine foot high, makes a very grateful noiſe." N° 233.

GENT. A very fine deſcription of a medicated ſpring; ſurely that "grateful noiſe" will invite ſeveral curious perſons to take a view of it. But is that the only medicinal quality?

TRANS. All that our Philoſopher takes notice of. But he tells us farther, "The ſpring comes out of a pure white marle. "I thought there had been no white marle in Wales; for the "earth is red."

GENT. An admirable thought indeed! And it is a wonder there is any chalk in England; for the ſoil is not of that colour. This ingenious concluſion puts me in mind of thoſe verſes in Virgil°:

"Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
"Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem —
"Sic canibus catulos ſimiles, ſic matribus hœdos
"Nôram: ſic parvis componere magna ſolebam."

And he muſt needs be a man of wonderful ſagacity, in my opinion, to conclude all things he knew not were like thoſe he had before his eyes.

TRANS. But that is not all that may be ſaid for our Philoſopher: for he hath further adorned his account of this ſpring with a deſcription of a tree that grows over it; for, ſays he, "about the ſpring ſpreads an old oak, with hoary moſs, on the "boughs whereof two crutches."

GENT. A great ornament indeed! And that "grateful noiſe," "the hoary moſs," and "the two crutches in the oak," muſt needs contribute much to the advancement of natural knowledge, and to the underſtanding of the nature of this medicated ſpring.

TRANS. Truly, I muſt needs own, the French Philoſopher hath quite outdone him in that point; for, in his account of the Mineral waters at Saint Amand, he tell us not what trees grow about it; but that "moſt ſick people are willing to drink "ſome, thinking to ſwallow in great glaſſes their health along "with that water:" and likewiſe, that "acid ſpirits have not "fermented at the firſt with that water; but afterwards it hath

° Bucolic. Ecl. I. ver. 20.

"made ſome little bubbles, which remained to the ſides of the "glaſſes wherein were contained the liquors." N° 247. Now this ſtory I admire mightily, eſpecially for the elegance of the ſtyle.

GENT. Yes, it is extraordinary; it is almoſt as fine as your own. "Remained to the ſides of the glaſs" is admirably expreſſed, and much better than "ſtuck to them." Beſides, he hath ſaid ſomething of the nature of the waters.

TRANS. And he further tells us, "One may alſo waſh in the "mud of that fountain," as hogs do in our country. But to proceed to Chirurgical obſervations. N° 233, "Many in The "Highlands, who pretend not to any ſkill in ſurgery, do ven-"ture to cut the Uvula off when they are troubled with it; and "preſcribe for a remedy thereafter a piece of bread and cheeſe."

GENT. That is very remarkable indeed; for very few Engliſh people are able to eat bread and cheeſe when their throats are cut.

TRANS. No matter for that! If the thing be true, that is ſufficient ſatisfaction. But pray, now we are talking of the Uvula, give me your opinion of the reaſon of a Cough.

GENT. You are a Phyſician; and methinks it would be more proper for me to aſk you that queſtion.

TRANS. I think indeed I may as well tell you; for you may gueſs a thouſand times before you hit on the right cauſe.

GENT. Pray what may it be?

TRANS. In ſhort, a Cough proceeds from "the Chamberlain's "landing."

GENT. How can that be?

TRANS. That is a hard queſtion to anſwer. But I am ſure it is true; for I received an account of it from one of my Correſpondents.

GENT. And how does he make it out?

TRANS. Why, N° 233, he tell us, "that the inhabitants of "St. Kilda are every ſummer infected with a cough, upon the "Chamberlain's landing."

GENT. That is odd indeed. But how do they cure it?

TRANS. "The uſual remedy is *Giben* drunk upon *Brochan*."

GENT. So that the qualities of the remedies are as occult as the cauſe of the cough.

TRANS. No, no; the cauſe of the cough is evidently the Chamberlain's landing. Thus much being ſaid relating to Phyſick,

ſick, I ſhould immediately proceed to tell you "the ſymptoms "of two braſs farthings." But I think it more inſtructive to communicate to you ſome cautions about marrying too ſoon, and ſome things relating to Midwifery. And, firſt, it hath been obſerved, N° 233, "that Anna George, who continued in the "ſtate of virginity till the one and fiftieth year of her age, mar-"ried, and brought forth a boy in the two and fiftieth year of her "age. But, N° 229, "a Negro in Nevis" (who married before ſhe was in the one and fiftieth year of her virginity) "had this "misfortune. Her navel did begin to ſwell and impoſthumate, "ſo that moſt people did believe ſhe would die: and, after one "year and half being with child, was at the laſt delivered by "the navel; for, after voiding of a great deal of *ichor* and mat-"ter, there did appear ſome bones, which did prove to be a "child" (not the bones *of* a child, but the bones *were* a child); "after the extraction of the bones, the woman was eaſy, and the "woman did recover."

GENT. Very ſtrange indeed!

TRANS. N° 233, "Another woman" (who was likewiſe married before the one and fiftieth year of her virginity) "was ſeven "years bringing forth a child, bone by bone, and all by the funda-"ment."

GENT. A long birth truly! and very ſtrange!

TRANS. But, Sir, I have another ſtory as ſtrange as that: for "Margaret Parry, lying-in with the laſt of her three children, "ſome bones of a *fœtus* came from her; after this, ſeveral other "bones came away, and divers worked their way by degrees "through the fleſh, above the *os pubis*." N° 243.

GENT. Very ſtrange too! But I am afraid you are impoſed upon by your Correſpondents; for I am apt to believe wounds of the *matrix* are not ſo ſlight as to lye open, ſo long as theſe ſtories require, without being mortal.

TRANS. I rely ſo much upon the ſincerity of my Correſpondents, that I cannot tell how to diſbelieve it.

GENT. But do you believe "all the children were born per-"fect," notwithſtanding "bones came away at ſeveral times?" Truly I think it impoſſible: and I wonder how you ſhould be ſo apt to believe them.

TRANS. I beg your pardon, if I tell you it is no wonder; for I am not inclined to diſtruſt mankind.

GENT. To ſpeak the truth, indeed, you have a peculiar faculty of believing almoſt any thing. But pray, what reaſons can be given to juſtify the ſincerity of your Correſpondents?

TRANS. Reaſon! Pſhaw! I do not trouble myſelf to inquire after the reaſon of every thing that is told me; if I ſhould, I ſhould have work enough, to find reaſons for every thing that is communicated in the "Tranſactions."

GENT. Nay, I confeſs, that would be too hard a taſk. But, I am afraid, I have interrupted you too long.

TRANS. Not at all, Sir. The next thing I ſhall give you an account of is of a monſtrous birth; for, N° 233, another gentlewoman, who loſt her virginity before the fifty-firſt year of her age, "bore an infant who had two heads; one head was a bag, re-"ſembling the hood of a Benedictine Monk." But how far he was concerned in the getting of it, nobody knows but the parties concerned *in ipſo facto*. It was obſervable, this child did not come out bone by bone, nor through the navel or the fundament; but the other way.—N° 226, gives an account of a child born without a brain; which, had it lived long enough, would have made an excellent Publiſher of "Philoſophical Tranſactions."—N° 228, gives an account of another, that had his brains in the nape of his neck.—But the moſt remarkable paſſage which I would have you take notice of is, that, N° 233, "Mr. Barrier "found, in a girl about eleven or twelve years old, inſtead of a "*matrix*, a very thin *membrane*, placed where the *matrix* is. "The outward *orifice* was hermetically ſealed up." And if the Chemiſts in England would take the ſame method with ſome of our females, they probably might be maids at fifty-one. And were the ſame method uſed at Tunquin, it could not be much amiſs; for, N° 243, we are told that, "at Tunquin, there are "women common to any that will hire them, at eight or nine "years of age." But in England they are not women ſo ſoon, though they hire themſelves betimes too.

GENT. Theſe are moſt admirable ſtories indeed, to be publiſhed in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions!" Pray, Sir, how do you come by them?

TRANS. Come by them? I am obliged to my Correſpondents.

GENT. Indeed, your Correſpondents are as judicious in making obſervations, as you are in publiſhing them.

TRANS.

TRANS. Pray, Sir, do not compliment me. What I do is for the good of mankind, and for the advancement of Natural Knowledge, and not to gain applauſe.

GENT. Truly, Sir, you are very modeſt; and therefore, I ſhall decline giving you what I otherwiſe by all means think your due.

TRANS. Ay! Pray forbear any thing of that nature. It is better to paſs our time away in inquiries after knowledge, than compliments. And therefore I ſhall proceed to acquaint you with ſeveral promiſcuous obſervations in Natural Hiſtory; which I am infinitely obliged to my Correſpondents for; and for putting which in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," you will ſay, the world will be obliged to me. And, firſt, I ſhall let you know, that "of late the poor people have ſet their wits as if "it were on the tenter-hooks, to make turnip-bread in Eſſex."

GENT. By all means, the world will be very much obliged to you, for teaching them to make turnip-bread. But I admire the language of your Correſpondent ſo much, that, I profeſs, I am the leſs deſirous to hear any thing more of your bread.

TRANS. I thought the novelty of the ſtyle would ſurprize you.

GENT. Surprize me! I am amazed at it. "Set their wits "as if it were on the tenter-hooks!" The ſimile is very cloſe and noble; but pray proceed to your philoſophical entertainment.

TRANS. I was about to acquaint you, in the next place, with an account of the Giants Cauſeway in Ireland; "which I was "very exact in getting from a perſon who was *rei compos*, and "perhaps *peritus*. But the prolixity of a philoſophical deſcription "will be too tedious at this time." See N° 205. I thought likewiſe to have told you ſomething of "an arch in two ſtone chim-"nies in Northamptonſhire," N° 166. As alſo of "a *fœtus* "ſixteen years *in utero*," N° 139. "A monſtrous child in Jut-"land;" "ſkulls of fowls deſcribed;" and of "a prodigiouſly "large feather of the bird Cuntor." But, paſſing by theſe, I ſhall proceed to tell you, that, of late, Dr. Ballflour found ſeveral eggs in the *cauda* of a Barnacle, N° 222.

GENT. Indeed, if you were not in haſte, theſe things would be very entertaining.

TRANS. They are great curioſities; and, ſince you like them ſo well, I care not much if I give you a particular account of them.

GENT. Nay, Sir, you are in haſte. Pray proceed to the next.

TRANS. Then the next thing I ſhall entertain you with is, an account of ſome obſervations made in the Eaſt Indies, almoſt as remarkable as the contents of the China cabinet; for, N° 243, we are told that "there hath been ſeen an oyſter-ſhell in Bantam, "that hath been about eighteen inches diameter; and ſeveral in "Mocao, that hath been eighteen inches long."

GENT. Thoſe are rarities indeed! "Several *hath* been eighteen "inches long." The elegance of the ſtyle is very ſingular too.

TRANS. This, Sir, is true modern language: moſt of my Correſpondents endeavour to imitate me.

GENT. They may imitate; but they will come far ſhort of their mark: your ſtyle is too intricate for them. But pray, as to the matter of fact; you ſay, there "hath been ſeen a ſhell," which "hath been" ſo big. Was it not ſo big when it was ſeen? If not, as your ſtory intimates, how could they tell "ſeveral hath "been" ſo big?

TRANS. I ſee you make your remarks upon every thing I offer almoſt; and therefore I muſt beg your pardon, if I pretend not to ſolve Philoſophical difficulties. But to proceed: I ſhall give you an account of ſtranger things than theſe; for, N° 243, "I "am informed, by the perſon that did ſee it, that, at Batavia, a "whole Duck was taken out of the belly of a Snake; and that, "in Achin, they did kill a Snake that had a whole Deer in its "belly."

GENT. Prodigious! and almoſt incredible!

TRANS. Theſe are not half the ſtrange ſtories delivered in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions." N° 225, from Fort St. George, I have the following account: "In a few days after my arrival, "the fruits of my Gomroon journey ſhewed themſelves; for, a "little below the inſtep of my left foot, a worm put out its head, "which coſt me much trouble." But, I am told, ſome people breed maggots in their heads "without much trouble."

GENT. Yes, Sir; they are natural to ſome people.

TRANS. God ſend they breed not in the heads of any of my Correſpondents; for it will be a great diſadvantage to the Publick!

GENT It was very well wiſhed; and I wiſh they are not got into them already.

TRANS. Well, let us hope the beſt, and proceed to our Philoſophical entertainment. N° 229, we are told that, "in Hertford-

"ſhire,

" ſhire, a ſtorm of hail broke vaſt numbers of pigeons wings, " and fell foul upon the crows and rooks; and broke as many " glaſs-windows as coſt four pounds repairing."

GENT. That was an unfortunate ſhower indeed to the maſter of the houſe!

TRANS. Truly it would vex a man.

GENT. And mightily entertain a Tranſactioneer.

TRANS. O dear, mighty diverting! But pray have you heard of ſuch a bird as the Scart?

GENT. Why, Sir?

TRANS. Becauſe I am going to tell you ſomething of it, which is remarkable.

GENT. Pray, what is that?

TRANS. Why, N° 133, we are told that " all tribes of birds " are obſerved to have their Centinels. The watchfulneſs of the " Scart is true to a proverb. I know one, who, by ſurprizing the " Centinel, catched three hundred in a night."

GENT. That is remarkable indeed: ſo that, if a Virtuoſo hath a mind to catch Scarts, he muſt endeavour to ſurprize the Centinel. Is not that the Philoſophical uſe you make of this ſtory?

TRANS. Yes, Sir; that is the way to catch Scarts.

GENT. That is, ſurely, of mighty uſe in Natural Philoſophy. To know how to catch Scarts, makes a man much wiſer.

TRANS. Certainly, it is ſomething, to know how to ſurprize them. But to proceed: N° 225, we are informed, " that Fiſh " are not only different from other animals; but likewiſe differ " very much from one another, there being ſcarce a ſpecies of " them that hath not remarkable differences."

GENT. That is really very true; for the Herring is much different from the Lobſter, and the Lobſter differs much from the Whiting, and the Whiting from the Cockle.

TRANS. But, beſides this more obvious obſervation, it is worth remarking, " that Fiſh have their blood naturally leſs hot than " ours; ſo that the natural heat of ours would be a fever in " them, and mortal." For which reaſon they drink no ſtrong liquors, ſuch as ale, beer, or wine; but live continually in the water, and drink nothing elſe. But whether they do this by inſtinct or tradition, I am not yet informed; but this I can ſay, I never heard that ſo much as one ever died of a fever.

GENT. That is very remarkable indeed.

TRANS. But they die of other diſtempers: for "Fiſh are "found to die in water frozen over;" occaſioned by the freezing of the water.—"Their fins and tail aſſiſt them in their paſ- "ſage through the water, whither they will; but the dilation of "the air in the bladder makes them capable of ſwimming, after "the ſame manner as the dilating of the lungs and thorax bear "him up in water."

GENT. Very well obſerved indeed.

TRANS. "Flat fiſh have none of this bladder; for [they are "able, by reaſon of their breadth, to keep themſelves upon the "water."

GENT. But I think a broad ſtone is as apt to ſink as a narrow one; and a mill-ſtone will ſink as another ſtone that is not quite ſo broad.

TRANS. I ſhall not diſpute that; but, in the next place, proceed to give you an account of a ſhower of Fiſh. N° 243, we have the following words: "Since my laſt to you, I have received an "account of the prodigious rain you long ago deſired of me; "and this opportunity offering of conveying it ſafely to you, "I would no longer delay it: and had I received the account "as you promiſed me of the herrings, I might poſſibly have ſaid "ſomething more; but I ſhall now leave that to you."

GENT. The great concern you and your Correſpondent ſeem to have been in makes me long for the ſtory of the Fiſhes.

TRANS. I ſhall come to that preſently. "The account I had "from a worthy gentleman of this country, who had a box full "of theſe Fiſhes, which he preſerved; but, that being miſlaid, he "could not perform his promiſe of giving ſome of them, though "he ſays he will certainly do it when he finds it."

GENT. And pray, Sir, cannot you give an account of the Fiſhes till then?

TRANS. Yes, yes, I told you I ſhould come to it preſently. "On Wedneſday before Eaſter, a paſture-field at Branſtead, near "Wrotham in Kent, about two acres, which is far from the ſea "or any branch of it, and a place where there are no fiſh-ponds, "but a ſcarcity of water, was all overſpread with little Fiſhes, "conceived to be rained down, there having been at that time a "great tempeſt of thunder and rain. The Fiſhes were about the "length of a man's little finger, and judged by all that ſaw them "to be young Whitings. The field belonged to one Hare, a "yeoman."

"yeoman." But why they ſhould fall into this yeoman's ground only, nobody knows.

GENT. But pray how came they to be rained?

TRANS. That is unknown too: only it may probably be gueſſed, that the bird Cuntor, having robbed a fiſh-market, could carry the prey no further. But, however it was, I think this yeoman would do well to make a fiſh-pond againſt the next ſhower.

GENT. Truly, this ſtory of the Fiſh is a very ſtrange one; it is almoſt incredible.

TRANS. If you think this ſtrange, what will you think of a ſhower of Butter for the Fiſh?

GENT. It is impoſſible! is it not?

TRANS. As impoſſible as you may think it, you will find it recorded as a truth, N° 220, in the following words: "We have "had of late, in the county of Limerick, ſhowers of a ſort of "matter like Butter or Greaſe.—Lay it by the fire, and it grows "hard."

GENT. How then can it be ſaid to be like Butter?

TRANS. Becauſe my Correſpondent poſitively ſays, "it was a "ſhower of Butter."

GENT. That is a good reaſon indeed.

TRANS. No ſtranger than true. But, if you will not believe this, how will you believe there is "a tree bearing Tallow?" N° 229, p. 587.

GENT. I confeſs, were it not in the "Tranſactions," one would not be apt to believe it.

TRANS. It is ſtrange enough. But pray, did you ever hear of the hogs that ſh—t Soap, and the cows that ſh—t Fire?

GENT. No, truly.

TRANS. Why, N° 263, we are informed, "that, in Lincoln-"ſhire, they gather up hogs dung, and ſteep it in water, and hav-"ing well ſtirred it, ſtrain it, and ſo uſe it to waſh cloaths. "Hence the proverb, in Lincolnſhire, Where the hogs ſh—t Soap, "and the cows ſh—t Fire."

GENT. Truly we are much obliged to you and your Correſpondent, for this proverb and its explication.

TRANS. I muſt needs ſay, a great many Philoſophers would never have heard of this proverb, had it not been publiſhed in my "Tranſactions."

GENT.

GENT. But, if they be ignorant now, it is none of your fault.

TRANS. No, truly; I would not be guilty of letting ſo uſeful a proverb be loſt, for want of taking notice of it. But did you hear the copy of verſes upon an Eel?

GENT. Not that I remember.

TRANS. N°. 223, we have the following:

" An Ankham Eel, and a Witham Pike,
" All England cannot ſhew the like."

GENT. Then you keep correſpondence with Poets?

TRANS. Any body that can furniſh me with Philoſophical matters.

GENT. Pray how were theſe verſes occaſioned?

TRANS. Becauſe that river is remarkable for good Eels.

GENT. A weighty reaſon indeed. But are theſe all the moſt conſiderable paſſages in the " Tranſactions?"

TRANS. No, Sir. N° 221, Doctor Cyprianus P gives us an account of a lady that was delivered of a child, " with a wound in " her breaſt above four fingers long—occaſioned by the ſtrength " of imagination."

GENT. That, indeed, is very ſtrange.

TRANS. It is ſo; and, in my opinion, it is ſtrange that a Lamb ſhould be ſuckled by a Wether: and yet, N° 214, we are told, " That Sir William Lowther had a Ewe, that had two " Lambs; and ſhe, dying, left them young to ſhift for themſelves. " One of them was entertained by a Wether Sheep.—The Lamb " ſucked the Wether, and brought him to milk, and was main- " tained by him all this ſummer."

GENT. This is a very Philoſophical ſtory indeed; this will employ the Wits to account for it.

TRANS. Aye, Sir. But theſe are not all the remarkable paſſages taken notice of in theſe Philoſophical News-papers; for, N° 240, we have an account of " Glow-worms volant;" and " Butterflies eggs that were teſtaceous, and near as big as Wrens,

P Profeſſor of anatomy and ſurgery in the Univerſity of Franeker, and the moſt famous lithotomiſt of his time. It was a maxim with Cyprianus, that ſurgeons ſhould never be " intimidated by threatening proſpects " from undertaking dangerous and difficult operations." Sir Thomas Millington, phyſician to king Charles II, was happily cut for the ſtone, at the age of ſixty-eight, by this celebrated Profeſſor.

" moſt

"moſt glorioufly beſtudded with gold and ſilver; and they hatch "in the windows, and are a ſport for children."

GENT. Pray how came your Correſpondent to take notice of things only fit for children? What! did he think your genius lay the ſame way as childrens do?

TRANS. I know no reaſon why "innocent diverſion" ſhould not be encouraged amongſt me and my Correſpondents, as well as amongſt children.

GENT. Indeed, I muſt confeſs, if it be agreeable, I have nothing to ſay againſt it; but ſhall rather admire the noble genius of your own happy ſelf, and of your Correſpondents.

TRANS. O good Sir, forbear; pray do not compliment me. But to proceed: N° 240, there are likewiſe "Tortoiſes eggs by "ponds ſides in great quantities—our dames ſcruple not to uſe "them as hens eggs in puddings."—N° 240, "Graſshoppers in "July become volant, and have a kind of regimental diſcipline, "and, as it were, ſome commanders, *of ſuch valour*, that *they are "always ready to fly away*, and riſe firſt when they are purſued "by the fowls, which I have often ſeriouſly remarked;" and wondered at the ſimplicity of our commanders, who, inſtead of running away, are ſo fool-hardy as to ſtand to fight, regardleſs of their lives, not minding the example of theſe creatures, who take more care of their own ſafety.

GENT. Very philoſophical indeed!

TRANS. Philoſophical! O, dear Sir, theſe things are nothing to what I ſhall relate to you. I ſhall, in the next place, give you an account of one of the moſt unmannerly Dogs that ever you heard of.

GENT. What is that, pray?

TRANS. Why, N° 235, upon the proclaiming of the peace, about a week ago, two troops of horſe diſmounted were drawn in a line, in order to fire their vollies; the centre of their line was againſt the Butcher's door.

GENT. But when will you let me hear the ſtory of the Dog?

TRANS. Alas! Sir, you have not patience; this is part of the ſtory. "This Butcher kept a very large Maſtiff-dog, the big-"geſt in our town; a Dog of great courage for fighting. This "Dog was laid by the fire-ſide aſleep; but, upon the firſt volley "the ſoldiers made, he immediately ſtarted up."

GENT.

GENT. A very ſtout Dog, I muſt confeſs. Was this Dog the biggeſt in your town?

TRANS. Yes, Sir; he was the biggeſt. But, alas! you are quite miſtaken; it was not his courage that made him "ſtart up: "he ran into a chamber, and hid himſelf under a bed."

GENT. And was this your ſtout Dog?

TRANS. Yes, Sir; he might be a ſtout Dog, and yet be frightened at ſuch a ſurprizing noiſe: and, I believe, had you or I been aſleep, we ſhould have been ſurprized too.

GENT. Nay, I have nothing to anſwer to that. But pray go on with your ſtory.

TRANS. "The maid ſervant going to beat him down (he "never uſing to go up ſtairs); as ſhe was ſo doing, a ſecond volley "came; which made the Dog riſe, and run ſeveral times about "the chamber with violent tremblings."

GENT. And is that all you have to ſay of this Dog?

TRANS. Yes, Sir; and enough too.

GENT. Nay, enough of all conſcience; I find no fault with that: but I find no Philoſophy in it.

TRANS. No Philoſophy? Do you know what Philoſophy is, pray?

GENT. What do you ſay it is?

TRANS. I do not trouble my head about ſuch things; it is enough for me to tell you that it is Philoſophy.

GENT. Very ſtrange Philoſophy!

TRANS. Strange? It is the only Philoſophy that I and my Correſpondents take delight in. But, if our Philoſophy does not pleaſe you, I ſhall urge it no farther.

GENT. Yes, yes, Sir; it pleaſes me much: but the novelty of the thing makes me aſk ſo many queſtions. Pray favour me with a further account of your diſcoveries.

TRANS. I proceed; and ſhall next entertain you with what has been very raviſhing unto me, and the more becauſe it relates to my own country. "In the county of Limerick in Ireland, "on the 7th day of June, a great rumbling, or faint noiſe, was "heard in the earth," N° 233.

GENT. Pray how could that be? how could "a great rumb-"ling" be a "faint noiſe?"

TRANS. Alas! what a queſtion you aſk! "Soon after, to the "great terror and aſtoniſhment of a great number of ſpectators,

"a more

" a more wonderful thing happened; for, in a bog, ſtretching " North and South, the earth began to move, viz. meadow and " paſture land that lay on the ſide of the bog, and ſeparated *by a* " *large ditch.*"

GENT. Sir, the language you expreſs this ſtory in is too high for me; it is unintelligible. I cannot underſtand how " the " meadow and paſture-land that lay on the ſide of the bog" could be " in a bog."

TRANS. If you cannot underſtand Philoſophical language, I cannot help that; but muſt give you the remaining part of the ſtory in the words of the Author, for I have none elſe but Philoſophical words to expreſs myſelf in. His words are theſe: " The paſture-land, riſing very high, over-ran the ground be- " neath it, and moved upon its ſurface, rolling on with great " puſhing violence, till it had covered the meadow; and is held " to remain on it ſixteen foot deep."

GENT. " Held to remain." That is remarkable, truly.

TRANS. " In the motion of this earth, it drew after it the body " of the bog, part of it lying on the place where the paſture-land " that moved out of the place it had before ſtood—and ſo it con- " tinues at the preſent, to the great wonderment of thoſe that " paſs by."

GENT. Truly, Sir: you have told me a ſtory now that is " a " great wonderment," not only becauſe " the meadow was held " to remain upon the paſture-land;" but that which is the greateſt wonderment to me is, that " the meadow ſhould be able to move " forward of itſelf, and draw the body of the bog after it," according to your new Philoſophy; whereas, according to Boyle or Carteſius, I ſhould have thought that both the bog and the land had been protruded by ſome internal cauſe.

TRANS. Strange! How readily you have learned to ſpeak in the language of the Moderns! Methinks you ſpeak it as naturally as my Correſpondents.

GENT. Sir, I always ſtrive to imitate thoſe I admire. But, pray, let me not divert your further account of the late " Tranſactions."

TRANS. The next ſtory I ſhall relate is this. N° 256, " Mr. " Greatrax [9], coming to our houſe, and hearing of my brother's " illneſs,

[9] Valentine Greatrax, an Iriſh gentleman, had a ſtrong impulſe upon his mind to attempt the cure of diſeaſes, by touching or ſtroking the parts

" illneſs, deſired to ſee him: he ordered the boy to ſtrip himſelf " to his ſhirt; which he did; and, having given preſent eaſe to " his head by only ſtroaking him with his hands, he fell to rub " his back, which he moſt complained of. But the pain, being " frightened, preſently fled from his head to his right thigh: he " followed it there; it fell to his knee, from thence to his leg; " but he ſtill purſued it to his ancle, thence to his foot, and at " the laſt to his great toe. As it fell lower, it grew more vio- " lent; eſpecially when in his great toe, it made him roar out; " but, upon rubbing it there, it ſtole out at his toe-end; and the " boy cried out, It is quite gone."

GENT. I confeſs, this ſtory is very philoſophical, medicinal, and circumſtantial. And firſt, for the circumſtances:—that Greatrax had a deſire to ſee the boy—that he deſired the boy to ſtrip—ſeem very requiſite preparatives for the cure, which to me is not a little ſurprizing; for how this humour ſhould be ſo frightened, and have ſuch an antipathy to Greatrax's hand as to run away from it, and that too where there was no paſſage or veſſels for it to paſs through, I cannot comprehend.

TRANS. It is indeed very ſtrange. But this Greatrax hath done more than that; for " a ſmith, whoſe name was Peirſon, " near us, had two daughters, extremely troubled with the evil; " the one in her thigh, the other in her arm: he cured them " both at my father's; one of them lives ſtill in the town; I

parts affected. He firſt practiſed in his own family and neighbourhood; and ſeveral perſons were, in all appearance, cured by him of different diſorders. He afterwards came into England, where his reputation ſoon roſe to a prodigious height: but it declined almoſt as faſt, when the expectations of the multitudes that reſorted to him were not anſwered. Mr. Glanvill imputed his cures to a ſanative quality inherent in his own conſtitution; ſome to fiction; and others (with more probability) to the force of imagination in his patients. Of this there were many inſtances; one of which, if a fact, is related by M. St. Evremond in a peculiar ſtrain of pleaſantry. It is certain that the great Mr. Boyle believed him to be an extraordinary perſon, and that he has atteſted ſeveral of his cures. His manner of ſtroking ſome women was ſaid to be very different from his uſual method of operation. A print of him, by Faithorne, is prefixed to " A brief Account of Mr. V. Greatrax, and of divers of the " ſtrange cures by him performed, written by himſelf, in a Letter to " R. B. (Robert Boyle, eſq;) 1668," 4to. See Granger, vol. IV. p. 31. and ſee alſo Birch's Life of Boyle.

" was

"was with her yeſterday; ſhe is a healthy woman, the mother "of ſeveral children: ſhe ſhewed me her arm." But whether the other ſhewed her thigh or not, I think not at all material to relate. But this Greatrax had another very excellent quality; "for he would preſently take off fits of the mother, by laying "his glove on their heads."

GENT. Pray, Sir, was your Correſpondent *compos mentis*, when he ſent you that relation? or was he in a fright?

TRANS. Why do you aſk ſuch queſtions?

GENT. Becauſe he ſeems to be out of breath, or to breathe ſhort, in his account of the ſmith's daughters. One would think his inconnexion an effect either of ſome diſaffection of his intellectuals, or that he was mightily ſurprized at ſomething.

TRANS. Truly, I cannot tell that; perhaps he might be in ſome little conſternation at the ſtrange effects of Greatrax's ſtroaking.

GENT. Indeed, they are ſo ſtrange, that I have not faith enough to believe them.

TRANS. If you have not faith enough to believe what my Correſpondents diſcover and relate; perhaps it may be becauſe you have not application enough to ſearch into the cauſes of things. Pray what think you of the operation of a Bliſter, when it cures a Fever?

GENT. That it hath a very good effect.

TRANS. Any body would conclude that; but a mighty Scotch Virtuoſo[r], and one of my particular acquaintance, hath made a long diſcourſe upon this ſubject; and indeed he is ſo ſenſible of the length of it himſelf, that, like an Orator, with unparalleled eloquence, after a long Proœmium, he thus ſpeaks to his Auditors, N° 252. "Do but think then, had I inſiſted on Veſication "in general; what had I done for time and patience, to you, O "my Hearers, in a Diſcourſe about a Bliſter? Any one but your-"ſelves ſhould be ready to believe, that there can be nothing of "that conſequence in the thing."

GENT. That is a great compliment upon the Auditors. But, methinks, he chiefly deſigned it home upon you, becauſe your induſtry extends itſelf ſo far as to take notice of things, in which "others ſee nothing of that conſequence."

[r] William Cockburn, M. D. F. R. S. See vol. XXI. p. 161.

TRANS.

TRANS. Truly I cannot tell whether he had a particular deſign to compliment me; but thus he proceeds: "and that they "would rather throw away Medicine altogether, at leaſt Bliſters "out of Phyſick; than to be troubled with a Diſcourſe ſo long, "that is more painful than a Bliſter itſelf."

GENT. This is moſt ſharp wit. But pray, good Sir, if this Diſcourſe be ſo very painful, I had rather you would paſs it by.

TRANS. No, no, be not afraid of it; I will take care it ſhall not be ſo painful to you. I ſhall only take notice of a few of the wittieſt ſentences, and the moſt valuable paſſages. "I muſt beg "leave to tell you," ſays he, "that I have employed microſcopes "to look upon this Fly and its powder, to ſee if I could diſcover "any ſharp inſtruments, ſwords, daggers, or the like ſort of "armiture, in theſe warlike and wounding creatures."

GENT. That is an admirable paſſage. "Dead Flies warlike "and wounding creatures!" Your Correſpondent truly was in the right to diſarm ſuch ſort of creatures; for, if they are able to make uſe of ſwords and daggers after they are dead, there is no ſafety amongſt them. But what arms were diſcovered by your Correſpondent?

TRANS. None at all; "For," ſays he, "whatſoever elſe I "found, I could meet with no arms at all; which makes me "think that, if they have any, as needs they muſt, they are con- "cealed and are to be diſcovered in another way."

GENT. Nay, if they conceal their weapons, nobody knows how to deal with them. I wonder how your Hero durſt venture to ſtay ſo long in their company.

TRANS. It is dangerous indeed. "Creatures that have ſet all "the Phyſick in this town in a combuſtion or ferment." And truly, ſince "a great man complained of *Experientia* being a "*Fallax*," I think he did very impudently to meddle with them.

GENT. And are theſe all the remarkable paſſages in "his pain- "ful Diſcourſe?"

TRANS. No, Sir, he tells us, "Since death, or no circulation "of the blood, is the conſequence of poiſon; we muſt find as "many kinds of poiſon as there are ways of ſtopping the blood's "motion."

GENT. Then Hanging is poiſon; for that is one way of "death, "or no circulation of the blood."

TRANS. Truly, my Correſpondent never conſidered that con- ſequence. Hold! now you talk of Hanging, one of my Cor-

reſpondents[s] is of opinion that Hanging is not poiſon; for, N° 240[t], ſays he, ſpeaking of men that are hanged, "The remarkable lividneſs of their faces, with the extraordinary diſtortion of "the jugulars in the ſeveral branches above the ligature, argues, "they die in a great meaſure apoplectic."

GENT. Very learnedly concluded. Then, I ſuppoſe, Hanging hereafter will not be accounted an ignominious death; for it is no diſgrace to die of an apoplexy. But pray proceed to the reſt of your Philoſophical relations.

TRANS. N° 251, we have the following account of a child's head. "I did take off the three upper *vertebræ* of the neck "before I could find the *medulla ſpinalis*.—The tongue was "freſh, and doubtleſs had performed the deglutition, to make the "child ſwallow the *colliquamentum*. The *larynx* and all the "parts of the throat were, as the reſt of the body were, in as good "and natural condition as can be. I leave others to explain how "this child could live without brains."

GENT. Oh, dear Sir, that ſhould never have been omitted; it was the main thing in the relation. Beſides, the *explaining* that would have ſolved a Problem at preſent much debated in the world; which is, how moſt of your Correſpondents *can live* under the very ſame circumſtances with that child. But pray, what uſe did he make of the bones?

TRANS. That, Sir, he tells you very expreſsly. Says he, "I "keep the bones of that ſkull in my houſe, to convince any body "that they are bones," if they ſhould queſtion it.

GENT. Truly, I cannot imagine for what other uſes you ſhould keep them. But, pray, if the child wanted brains, I underſtand not how the *larynx* and all the parts of the body could be in a good and natural condition.

[s] Dr. William Muſgrave. This very learned phyſician and antiquary was born, in Somerſetſhire, about 1657. He was admitted at New College, Oxford, 1675; took the degree of bachelor of laws, June 14, 1682; but, entering afterward on the phyſick line, diſtinguiſhed himſelf greatly by his knowledge in that profeſſion and in natural philoſophy; and was elected F. R. S. He was made Secretary in 1684,; and publiſhed the "Tranſ-"actions" from N° 167 to 178 incluſive. He took his degrees in phyſick in 1685 and 1689; and was admitted a fellow of the college of phyſicians. In 1691, he ſettled at Exeter; and, after having exerciſed his profeſſion there with great reputation, died Dec. 23, 1721.

[t] Vol. XX. p. 179.

TRANS. That is only, as I told you before, our way of expreſſing ourſelves; for as, amongſt the Beaux, a careleſs dreſs is the moſt admired, ſo we Philoſophers ſignalize ourſelves by a careleſs uſe of language. But to proceed. I ſhall give you a ſhort account of what happened lately in Lapland. N° 251, we have the following account of a ſmall ſort of creature, called Sable-mice. "They are ſo fierce and angry, that, if a ſtick be "held out at them, they will bite it."

GENT. That is very daring indeed!

TRANS. "In their march, they keep a direct line, and are in-"numerable thouſands in each troop.—They march by night, "and in the twilight, and ſleep by day;" as the Mouſe in the Fable uſed to do.—"If they meet any thing in their way that "might ſtop them, they avoid it not, though it were fire, a deep "well, a torrent, or a lake; and by that means thouſands of them "are deſtroyed."

GENT. Mighty reſolute, truly!

TRANS. "When they are met in woods or fields, and ſtopped, "they ſet themſelves up on their hinder legs like a dog, and "make a kind of barking or ſqueaking noiſe—defending their "line as long as they can; and if at the laſt they are forced out "of it, they creep into holes, and ſet up a cry, ſounding like "*Biabb, biabb!* Quarter, quarter!" Is not the language of theſe Mice very remarkable?

GENT. Very remarkable, and entertaining for a Philoſopher! It enriches a man's underſtanding much, to know the fury and conduct of a Mouſe, and what noiſe it makes when it is frightened. But pray, Sir, let me beg the favour of an account of the Moors of Weſt Barbary and their cuſtoms?

TRANS. Aye, with all my heart, Sir. N° 254, p. 248, we are told, "That the Barbary Moor, when he riſes in the morning, "waſhes himſelf all over, and dreſſes; then goes to their *giama*, "or church; ſays his prayers, and returns home; where his "wife, concubine, or ſlave, hath his breakfaſt ready for him, "which is ſometimes made of barley or wheat gruel.—I have been "often treated with warm bread, freſh butter, and honey, in a "morning; as alſo a haſty-pudding with butter. In Suſe, I had "a bag of honey preſented to me, with poppy-ſeeds in it: it "made me ſleepy; but I found myſelf well and in good temper "of body after it.—They ſeldom uſe a knife; and a fork is a

"ſtrange thing amongſt them. They are dextrous at this way "of carving; and never flinch, though they burn their fingers, "for that would look mean. When they have done, they lick "their fingers, as plough-men do in our country. After they "have eaten the meat, they dip the bread in the ſauce or broth, and "eat it. For their meat to be ſtrongly ſeaſoned, is no great "fault; and if one ſhould ſay, "It is too high of pepper;" they will "reply, "It is better to be *ah* than *faugh!*"—They have good "Capons, Snipes, Pipers, and Antelopes. They will eat a Fox, "if fat; but not if lean: whence the proverb, *Hellel deeb, haram "deeb*, A Fox is lawful, and a Fox is unlawful; i. e. Fat law-"ful, lean unlawful.—When the Moors have feaſted, every one "waſhes his hands and mouth; thanks God—they talk a little, "or tell ſome ſtory, and then lie down to reſt; where I ſhall "leave them at the preſent, and do beg your pardon for ſo tire-"ſome and frivolous a diſcourſe."

GENT. Upon my word, Sir, I think, your Friend concludes rightly.

TRANS. Concludes rightly, Sir? Why, all my Friends conclude ſo.

GENT. Aye, to be tireſome and frivolous.

TRANS. O dear Sir, no; but, if the length of this has been ſomething tedious, I will now entertain you with one which may make amends; for, N° 249, we received the following Letter: "Herewith you will receive a Cervus volans, divers ſorts of "Scarabs, and three or four ſorts of Lady-bugs." But, not to paſs too much time away upon this, I ſhall rather tell you, that "Jeremiah Skelton, obſerving a ſtorm coming, ſaid, "I think it "will be rain; I will go and gather in ſome of the corn."—"While at this work, bringing in a burden and caſting it upon "the barn-floor, the tempeſt began as he came forth again; "whereupon he ſtept aſide for ſhelter into the barn-door, and, "while there, was ſtruck with a dreadful flaſh of fire. A young "woman, that lived with her father in the houſe that belonged "to this farm, leaves the houſe, and, not ſeeing the young man "about the barn, goes with ſpeed and tells the family he was re-"lated to that ſhe feared he was ſlain. They came to the barn, "and found it even ſo, a ſad ſpectacle! His clogs driven from "his feet, one not to be found, and the other cloven; and his "hat not to be found after ſearch. This young man would have

" been twenty-two years of age next June, is ſaid to have been " ſober and hopeful, was buried at Luddenden the Monday fol- " lowing." N° 249.—To this, I have two more philoſophical matters to add. The firſt is, an account of the generation of Fleas. See N° 249, p. 2. " At laſt is diſcovered, by the inde- " fatigable induſtry of Signior Diacinto Ceſtone, the true way of " the generation of Fleas, their worms, and entire metamorphoſes; " which have hitherto been obſcure, though ſought after. The " Fleas bring forth eggs (or a ſort of nits); from theſe eggs are " hatched worms; theſe worms make to themſelves bags like " ſilk-worms, and from out of theſe bags come Fleas."—Having thus given you an hiſtorical account of the generation of Fleas; I ſhall proceed to a diſcourſe of Coffee, N° 256, p. 511. " Of " the Berries boiled in water, is *made a drink*, and drunk much " amongſt the Arabians and Turks, and alſo now in Europe."— As for the manner of its being firſt made a trade of in England, I ſhall give you the following account: " Anno 1652, one " Edwards came over into England, and married the daughter of " one Alderman Hodges. This Hodges ſettled to drink Coffee " with Edwards with much delight. After this, Edwards ſet up " one Paſqua for a Coffee-man. The Ale-houſe-keepers, fearing " it would ſpoil their trade, petitioned the Lord Mayor againſt " him. Upon this, Hodges joined as a partner with Paſqua one " Bowman. At the laſt, Paſqua died, and Bowman kept the " trade; and, when he died, left his wife, who had been Hodges's " cook-maid, pretty rich; but ſhe died poor.—John Painter was " Bowman's firſt apprentice. Bowman died; and, after a year, " his wife let the houſe to one Batler, whoſe daughter married " Humphrey Hodſkins, Bowman's ſecond apprentice." And, after ſome time, the trade grew univerſal: but what was the riſe of Batſon's, Will's, or Richard's, I cannot tell. But this I have been told: " Coffee hath greatly encreaſed the trade of Tobacco and " Pipes, Earthen Diſhes, Tin Wares, News-papers, Coals, Candles, " Sugar, Tea, Chocolate; and what not? Coffee-houſes make all " ſorts of people ſociable; they improve Arts and Merchandize, " and all other knowledge. And a worthy Member of this " Society has thought that Coffee-houſes have improved uſeful " knowledge very much."—I thought to have proceeded to give an hiſtorical account of the moſt remarkable trades in England; as Chimney-ſweping, Tinkers, Pedlars, &c.; and what were the names

names of thoſe that were firſt of that employment, as alſo the names of their apprentices, and who they married. But, ſince I have preſſed upon your patience ſo long, I ſhall force no more upon you than you are willing to bear. But, pray, let me aſk your opinion of theſe "Philoſophical Tranſactions," and what thoughts you have of my Friends. Are they not men that take a great deal of pains to improve knowledge, and let nothing paſs that is worth noting?

GENT. Much pains, it muſt be allowed, ye have taken: it is pity ye had not conſidered to what purpoſe.

TRANS. Why, is there not a great deal of natural knowledge to be learned from what I have written and publiſhed?

GENT. Sir, one may learn how prettily you and your Correſpondents are employed; but nothing that will make a man wiſer, or more a Philoſopher: for what am I the wiſer, for knowing "the Mice creep into holes," or "how naſtily the Moors "pull their meat?" Nor is what you have acquainted me with, of the generation of Fleas, any more than what a louzy beggar could have told many years ago. And as for your Coffee-ſtory, I take it to be a tale fit to be related only amongſt old women and mechanicks.

TRANS. And is that all you can ſee in ſuch improvements?

GENT. No, Sir, it is not all: for your Correſpondent tells us, that Coffee promotes the Tobacco trade, and conſumes Pipes and Candles. But, I ſuppoſe, any Coffee-woman knows that, without the aſſiſtance of your Friend to inform her.

TRANS. Well, ſince I ſee you are reſolved not to think ſo well of my Correſpondents as I could wiſh, I beg your pardon for entertaining you ſo long with ſuch Philoſophical relations; which, I perceive, inſtead of diverting, have made you uneaſy. But yet, I muſt tell you, my Correſpondents will not be diſcouraged from purſuing their deſign, though the whole World laugh at them.

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USEFUL

USEFUL TRANSACTIONS

IN

PHILOSOPHY,

AND

OTHER SORTS OF LEARNING;

IN THREE PARTS.

I. For the Months of JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1708-9.
II. For MARCH and APRIL, 1709.
III. For MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER, 1709.

"I ſhall not ſcruple to confeſs, that TRUTH, in ſome caſes, "may beget ADMIRATION. MATHEMATICAL TRUTHS, "eſpecially of new-invented Theorems, will raiſe it to a very "extraordinary degree. Witneſs, that known ſtory of the old "Mathematician, who hit upon a conſiderable diſcovery as he "was bathing; and, in an ecſtacy and tranſport of mind, ran "home naked through the public ſtreets. But how obſervable "is it here, that even in a TRUTH, it is *its ſeeming conformity* "*to Error* that produces this admiration, by the common way "of *novelty* and *ſurprize*: as when we find the *ratio* between "two things (whoſe diſtance makes an exact compariſon appear "impoſſible) by a *medium* that ſeemed beyond the reach of "human wit to diſcover or apply."

Critical and Philoſophical Enquiry into the Cauſes of Prodigies and Miracles, &c.

USEFUL TRANSACTIONS.

(To be continued Monthly, as they ſell.)

PART I.

For JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1708-9.

PREFACE.

IT has been an old ſaying, "That there is no opinion ſo ab-
"ſurd, but that it has been maintained by ſome Philoſopher;"
as, "That Snow is Black; that Cabbages ſpeak in the Moon;
"and that the Magpye is the moſt conſiderable Lawyer in the
"Sun; that the birds called *Ganzas* will carry a Man up to thoſe
"countries as Griffins will to the South Continent." Some tell
us, "That this Moon is ſuch another thing as Mambrino's Braſs
"Baſon in Don Quixote;" but Don Lamberto, in his famous
Hiſtory, proves it, by arguments undeniable, from mutton green
boiled that is red, from green geeſe that are white, &c. "that,
"notwithſtanding its appearance, it is made of Green Cheeſe."
Some tell us, "That Women have no Souls; that Self-murder
"is lawful and convenient; that Mince-pye and Plumb-porridge
"are ſinful at Chriſtmas; that there is no Motion, no Pain;"
with a thouſand ſuch-like fancies, which have conſiderably ſhewn
both their wit and judgement. It may not improperly be ſaid
at preſent, that there is nothing in any art or ſcience, how mean
ſoever it may ſeem at firſt, but that a true Virtuoſo, by hand-
ling it philoſophically, may make of it a learned and large Diſ-
ſertation. The Athenians, in their proſperity, firſt began ſuch
diſcourſes for want of other diverſions; the Romans, being much
taken up with their wars, had not ſo large (though ſome) ſhare
in them. The Italians have had abundance of their Academies
under whimſical names, as the *Inſenſible*, the *Aſtoniſhed*, the
Raving, the *Doubtful*, the *Ignorant*, and a multitude of others.
The French have fallen into this ſame method, and have made

ſo

ſo conſiderable a progreſs in their amuſements, eſſays, and experiments, that they have given a very good handle for imitation to the Britons. They have, as they are better at improvement than invention, made a great progreſs in the moſt curious parts of Philoſophy, eſpecially natural and mechanical. And yet what vaſt provinces ſtill remain untouched! Alexander, had he lived now, might have daily found new worlds to conquer. The worthy Authors of the preſent "Uſeful Tranſactions" have communicated ſome of them, but have infinitely more in their cloſets. Theſe ſhew, that good Houſewives, Trades-men, Boys, Pedlars, Semſtreſſes, Poets, Gipſies, and indeed all ſorts of profeſſions, may be uſeful to the world, if they ſtudy Philoſophy, and ſet their characters in a true light. The Gentlewoman, who wrote the diſcourſe about the Invention of Samplers, is of a very grave and ſedate temper, and can uſe her pen in proſe or poetry as well as her needle. She is daily making new collections of ancient characters wrought in embroidery, both upon woollen and linen. She had lately an old piece of frize ſent her; the letters indeed are picked out, but the ſtitches imitate ſome words that have been there. This ſhews marking, and, as we may call it, writing upon cloth, to have been very much uſed in King Henry the Eighth's time; this, as ſhe ſays, being ſome of that famous coat, part frize, part cloth of gold, which Charles Brandon, who had married the Queen Dowager of France, wore at a noble tournament, with this elegant motto,

"Cloth of frize, be not too bold,
"Though thou art join'd to cloth of gold.
"Cloth of gold, do not deſpiſe,
"Though thou art join'd to cloth of frize."

The ſame Author took the opportunity of a Weſtern boat to Chelſea as ſoon as the laſt great froſt broke, not valuing her health ſo much as the curioſity of ſeeing a band, that is encloſed in a glaſs caſe, at the repoſitory of the ingenious Mr. Salter, famous for his Coffee, Muſick, Punch, and Poetry. It is very well atteſted to have been the band which King Charles II. wore in his troubles, under the habit of a country-man. The hem, the plaits in the neck, and the faſhion, ſhe ſays, are of that age and quality; but ſhe was particularly delighted with the ingenuity of the darning that is at the collar. The honeſt Welſh School-

maſter

maſter is a plain man, and is far from deſigning any reflexion upon that country. The perſon who vindicates Millers and Taylors does the latter, as obliged to them for their truſt and fidelity. The Collections from Meurſius will ſhew that learned Foreigners can ſpend their time as uſefully as the Britons, and ſo make them not too vain of their own perfections. The laſt Eſſay has a great variety of language, though the ſenſe be much the ſame; and, if it may give encouragement to ſome of our modern Poets, it will have its end. The whole is deſigned to promote Learning as much as any thing of the ſame nature and method that for theſe many years laſt paſt has appeared in publick. Farewell.

No I.

An Essay on the Invention of Samplers; communicated by Mrs. Judith Bagford: with an Account of her Collections for the ſame[a]. By Mrs. Arabella Manly, School-miſtreſs at Hackney.

"THE antiquity" of Samplers has not been "treated of by "ſo many Authors" as ſuch a ſubject may ſeem to deſerve[b]. "I ſhall now only give a ſhort account of the obſer-"vations I have made ſo many years" from old pieces of linen, of ſuch ſeveral ſorts and kinds as I could find in Long-lane, Thieving-lane, Monmouth-ſtreet, and other repoſitories of valuable rarities. "The general notion of moſt Authors is, that we had "the original of them from the Chineſe; but others are not in "the leaſt inclined to that opinion, for at that time of day we

[a] Mr. Humfry Wanley, F. R. S. communicated to the Royal Society, "An Eſſay on the Invention of Printing, by Mr. John Bagford; with "an account of his Collections for the ſame." He was Librarian to Lord Oxford; and died July 6, 1726.

[b] See Phil. Tranſ. for April, 1707, vol. XXVI. p. 2397.

"had no knowledge of them," p. 2397 [c]. I cannot tell that; for Sir John Mandevile [d], if there be any truth in Hiſtory, was among them, and might bring from them not only that, but many other inventions, too exquiſite for the reliſh of that age. I was told by a learned man, that their ſilks and earthen ware have all their ſeveral marks and writings upon them. I confeſs, I love them ſo well, that I could be content to have enough to be every day tired with looking on their ſeveral inſcriptions.

However, without entering into any diſpute, the neceſſity of Samplers ſeems to have begun amongſt the Heathen Gods themſelves; for it was high time for Admetus and Hercules to brand their cattle both with their chriſtian and ſurname, when there were ſuch thieves abroad as Mercury and Cacus.

But the firſt account of that matter, as to our own ſex, is that of Arachne; who, weaving finer canvas for Samplers, by which young people might work by threads, incurred the anger of Pallas, hanged herſelf, and was afterwards turned into a ſpider, whoſe web ſtill continues wrought with ſpace intervening at equal diſtance. It is certain that our ſex was come to perfection in them before the time of Pandion, who had a daughter named Philomela, who went to ſee her ſiſter Progne married to one Tereus king of Thrace. Now it grieves my heart to think of this poor creature; not ſo much becauſe this ſame Tereus raviſhed her, but becauſe he cut out her tongue, and pared her nails, ſo that ſhe had no weapons to defend herſelf, and put her into a huge caſtle, allowing her neither pen, ink, nor paper: but, as we ſay, "no wit like a woman's" ſhe—having from her childhood minded her Sampler, ſet forth the whole ſtory in needlework, and ſent it to her ſiſter. Tereus would afterwards have killed them both; but they were changed, one into a ſwallow,

[c] This and the following references to pages point out ſimilar paſſages in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions."

[d] Born at St. Alban's about the beginning of the fourteenth century. He was bred to phyſick; but, poſſeſſing an invincible deſire for traveling, left England in 1332, and did not return for four and thirty years. In that time, he had traveled through an infinite number of countries, and learnt almoſt all languages. He publiſhed his Itinerary in Engliſh, French, and Latin; and it was tranſlated into German, Dutch, and Italian. His rambling diſpoſition leading him to a ſecond journey, he died at Liege, Nov. 17, 1371. The beſt Edition of his Travels is that in 8vo, printed in 1725, from a MS. in the Cotton Library.

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the other into a nightingale. Here it is very remarkable, that the memory of this ſtory does at preſent continue; for there are no Samplers, which proceed in any meaſure beyond the firſt rudiments, but have a tree and nightingale ſitting on it, as may be proved by many inſtances, more particularly one I took from a child's breaſt whoſe noſe was not of the cleaneſt, appeaſing it in the mean time with a piece of ginger-bread.

"I think therefore we might more probably take the riſe of "Samplers from the ancient Grecians their marks or names at "the bottom of their pots, bowls," (ibid.) and other things, eſpecially if that opinion be true, which learned men affirm, that the Greeks had traffick here with England long ago; and that our language has a great many words entirely Greek; which I ſhould be mighty glad of, becauſe I love it ever ſince Mr. Preſtwich ſaid he would in an evening's time teach me that or any other language I had a mind to. I went once to ſee his curioſities, where he brought a piggen, marked, as I thought, "X. S." which, he ſaid, ſtood for Xantippe Socrates, and was uſed by her to throw water on her huſband's head. It was ancient, and not very redolent. He ſhewed me a bowl, with "D. O. G." upon it, which, he ſaid, was that of Diogenes, an ill-natured philoſopher. He ſhewed me ſeveral other wooden platters and waſhing-tubs, the letters all branded into the wood, juſt as we do them now. He ſaid further, "that the Romans "took this art from the Greeks;" and ſhewed me an old great long table-cloth, marked "J. U. L." which, he ſays, Julius Cæſar left behind him in Britain; a dirty handkerchief, marked "N. E. R." which, he ſaid, once belonged to Nero; it was very bloody. I aſked him, why he did not waſh them. "Oh, "fie!" ſays he, "that is not like an Antiquary! It is the dirt "makes them valuable." He ſaid, "That, about the time of "Domitian, there lived one Hermogenes, that would let no ſort "of linen eſcape him. Then *marking* came moſt in faſhion, "that people might know their own again. And upon that, he opened a large cheſt of old linen; which, he ſaid, "had been "left him by his mother, who had the honour to be a Pawn-"broker." Theſe he valued extremely, for their variety of marking; ſaying, "That, if he could not get a very large ſum for "them, he would, at his death, leave them to ſome public "repoſitory."

But

But to proceed in my ſubject. Though the Roman ſoldiers wives might bring Samplers into England; yet the Britiſh, for many ages, had no occaſion, or, at leaſt, could not uſe them. For Boadicea and her daughters, that always wore helmets, had no occaſion or leiſure to mark head-cloaths. The Britons had as little, ſeeing their table-cloths and napkins were only clean ruſhes many years after the Conqueſt. Hengiſt and Horſa brought over with their Saxon forces a banner with a raven embroidered on it by their ſiſter; but whether their linen was marked with "H H's," is not in hiſtory. When the top of the country had only freſh ſtraw for their bedding, it is not probable they were ſo curious as to mark their ſheeting. "I could "not find in the Bodleian Library at Oxford," (ibid.) whither I went out of curioſity, and was "kindly entertained by my Aunt "Pollard's ſon Nicholas," (ibid.) that in ancient time the ladies had any linen worth marking. Dervorgilla [e], wife to John Baliol [f] King of Scots, and Margaret Dutcheſs of Richmond [g], Mother to King Henry the Seventh, have nothing but plain ordinary headcloaths. Mrs. Dorothy Wadham [h] ſeems to have had lawn, but too much ſtarched. Queen Elizabeth had lace; but of her hereafter.

Having brought it down to this age, it is my humble opinion, that Samplers began to be in faſhion in King Henry the Eighth's time; for, before that, none but the clergy had learning enough to read. And pray then what uſe could marking of linen be of to the laity, when no perſon could tell by the letters

[e] Sometimes written "Devorgilla;" joint foundreſs with John Baliol of the College of that name, 1263.—Her picture in the Oxford gallery was taken from Jenny Raikes, an apothecary's daughter at Oxford, who was eſteemed a beauty, and was twice married; firſt, to Mr. Mugg, rector of Stockport, who left her the advowſon of that rectory; and afterwards to one Allen a clergyman, who had been a buccaneer, and who, after he had got poſſeſſion of the advowſon, brought from Jamaica another wife and ſeveral children. See Granger, vol. I. p. 30.

[f] His portrait is ſaid to have been painted from an Oxford blackſmith.

[g] Foundreſs of Chriſt's College, Cambridge.

[h] Daughter of the famous Sir William Peke, wife to Nicholas Wadham, and joint foundreſs with her huſband, in 1609, of the college which bears their name. They were Catholicks, and had formed a deſign of eſtabliſhing a ſeminary at Venice: but the love of their country proved ſuperior to their religious prejudices.

whoſe

whoſe it was unleſs they went to the Prieſt, and that was a certain way to loſe it. "Gammar Gurton's Needle [i]" made one of the moſt entertaining interludes of that time; it is printed in a black Letter, but not improper to be read in boarding-ſchools. I have one of Scogan's night-caps, who was jeſter to that king, with his name at length. And this I think "to have been "taken from playing-cards: if it be certain that playing-cards "are as old as our King Henry the Sixth, nothing that I have "ſeen or conſidered ſeems to give ſo fair a hint for Samplers," (ibid.) for we ſee the court-cards all marked with their proper names, as David, Rachel, Judith, Alexander, Hewſon, &c. according to their different countries and ages.

"I could give you a ſpecimen of two or three Samplers exact "as they were embroidered; but I am apt to believe that if "ſome curious perſons," together with the church-wardens of Iſlington, Hackney, Chelſea, Camberwell, and ſuch-like places, "had the liberty of lookinginto the ſeveral Boarding-ſchools, there "might be found other ſpecimens of *female ingenuity*." P. 2398.

The ancient Samplers began firſt with eyelet-holes; then "cut-work was invented firſt at Harleim." (ibid.) The invention of bobbins I do not find in any good Author; ſome refer it to the time of Queen Elizabeth [k], when ſhe was detained in priſon: it began with purle and footing, and afterwards to bone-lace, now made in good perfection in Buckinghamſhire.

Then ſeveral ſorts of lace came into England, raiſed-point, point of Venice, Colbertine, and Flanders lace, all according to the ſeveral inclinations and factions of parties, as the people inclined either to the French or Spaniard. P. 2399.

Afterwards theſe ſort of matters "were eſteemed ſo great a "rarity, that pedlars carried them in bags at their backs, and got "money at great mens houſes," (ibid.) by ſelling gimp-lace and garters with the word "Jeruſalem" upon them, and ſo gained the money which children and ſervants had otherwiſe beſtowed in apples and oranges, cauſing their learning to overcome their appetites.

The Ladies firſt began, as I ſaid, the marking of their linen; then "it was practiſed by the working goldſmiths," who made

[i] Re-printed in Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. I.

[k] Mr. Granger's character of this queen (vol. I. p. 181.) is curious and judicious.

uſe of it for the ſecurity of their plate; afterwards "pewter "came to be marked, and copper to be engraved. We have a "dark ſtory of it in ſome Authors; but I ſhall enlarge upon "this ſubject." P. 2400.

I ſhould tire you, Madam, ſhould I tell you all my collections.

"I have ſpecimens of threads of all ſorts, as well of thoſe "uſed in foreign countries as in England," p. 2407. So button-makers have patterns of all buttons, from the bigneſs of thoſe upon cloaks and Punch's doublet, to the ſmalleſt upon a Dutch-man's waiſtcoat.

"Then *waſhing* ſhall be handled in all its ſeveral ages and "times; alſo the form and ſize of folding, ſewing, and ironing "of linen, in ſeveral countries," p. 2401.

I have ſeveral ſpecimens of knot-works, p. 2408.

I have a large collection of quilted balls.

I have the devices, rebuſes, ſigns, effigies, marks, and epitaphs, (p. 2409,) of all the ſhop-keepers in the Old and New-Exchange; together with the riſe and metamorphoſis of Saliſbury Change; the various fate of Exeter Change, and ſeveral other places, as Pater Noſter Row, Ludgate Hill, &c.

I was very much concerned "to ſatisfy my curioſity" about the "ſtatue" of a lady that I heard had killed herſelf with working [1]. "This very much ran in my mind, to be farther ſatisfied "that it was in Weſtminſter, and not at St. Catharines. So my "friend Mrs. Betty Clavel and I, upon the 23d of October, "1706, (the day I ſhall never forget) took boat for Weſtmin-"ſter." When we came there, we found an old man who "was "Church-keeper, or, as we call it, a Sexton, for ſo the word "ſignifies both in the German and Dutch language; this gave "me much ſatisfaction," p. 2401—2404. But he knew little of the matter. Then a maid profered to ſhew me the Parliament houſe: I, thinking it might be there, went with her, but to very little purpoſe. After "having gratified the maid for her trouble, "we addreſſed ourſelves to an old gardener, that was at work "in the College-garden; for Mrs. Bullord had enquired of him, "when we firſt came into the garden, whether he knew any "thing of ſuch a ſtatue; and he readily told her he could ſhew "her it," p. 2404. We found the ſtatue amongſt the tombs, as

[1] Lady Elizabeth Ruſſel. The ſtory has no other foundation than a miſapprehenſion of the ſtatuary's deſign.

ſitting upon a marble, and extending her hand, and one finger more particularly, in which ſhe was wounded. This, through concern and indignation, made me break forth into the following verſes:

" Who could believe that a fine needle's ſmart
" Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
" That, from an orifice ſo very ſmall,
" The ſpirits and the vital blood ſhould fall?
" Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you,
" If more than this has not been found too true.
" From ſmaller darts, much greater wounds ariſe,
" When ſhot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes."

We returned home with extreme ſatisfaction, but ſomething weary; as you may chance to be, unleſs I conclude, and defer the reſt to another time. I am, upon all occaſions, yours, &c.

No II.

Some NATURAL OBSERVATIONS, made in the School of LLANDWWFWRHWY. By R. P. during his Reſidence there [m].

SIR, Llandwwfwrhwy, March 1, 1708.

SEEING your papers communicated to the publick, in the moſt ingenious "Tranſactions" of the Royal Society; and being fired, I hope, or rather preſume, with a deſire and expectation of equal glory; I recollected that ſaying of Mr. Cowley, "Tentanda via eſt, quâ me quoque poſſim Tollere humo." And thence, upon ſerious recollection of paſt accidents of my life, I thought it might not be unuſeful to poſterity, nor to mankind at preſent, to give an account of what has happened to me, ſince I firſt came to be a ſchool-maſter.

In the memorable year 1688, being an hundred years after the "Spaniſh invaſion," and twenty years before this preſent year—as may appear by the moſt exact calculation—a perſon,

[m] "Some Natural Obſervations made in the Pariſhes of Kinardſey and "Donington, in Flintſhire, by the Rev. Mr. George Plaxton," are in Phil. Tranſ. April 1707, vol. XXVI. p. 2418.

whoſe goodneſs is greater than my deſerts, preferred me to the ſchool of *Llandwwſwrhwy*. At my coming to the town, I found perſons of all ſorts and ſexes; men, women, and children. And that day (as I ſhall always remember) there was a woman brought to bed of ſeven live children, which, dying ſoon after, were put into a tray, being half boys, and half girls, viz. three boys and three girls, and one hermaphrodite. I could not but wonder how perſons ſhould be ſo prolific in ſo barren a place; for the town was ſurrounded with large mountains, nor did you "come into it any way upon arable land," p. 2418. For there is but one way to the town or pariſh, and that was not convenient for a coach and ſix horſes to turn in. This is all expreſſed in the very name of Llandwwf-wrhwy; for *W* is ſignificant of a mountain, and the more *W*'s there are in a town's name, the more mountains about it, p. 2419. Now there are few towns in Wales without a *W*. The name of the very country itſelf beginning with it, ſhews it to be the predominant letter of the nation. Now *W*, in this town's name, being four times multiplied into itſelf, produces *W* four, or the fourth power of the root *W*; which is equal to *W* mountains quadratically multiplied into *W* mountains, which make a power of mountains.

The word *Llan* is the ſame that the Scots and Iriſh pronounce *Clan*, which ſignifies a company of people of the ſame lineage; and indeed I found in this town, not only all of them akin each to the other, but likewiſe to all Welſhmen beſides; and, which moſt ſurprized me, as they ſaid, were all gentlemen. The word *Drwwf* is not unlike in ſound and ſignification to the Engliſh word *Tuff*, *Ruff*, *Gruff*. The word *Rwhwy* is likewiſe the ſame as the Engliſh word *crooked* or *awry*. So that, the pedigree of the name of *Llandwwſrwhwy* being thus explained, it appears to be a town encompaſſed with mountains, with a rough crooked way leading to it.

Theſe mountains "ſeem to be nothing elſe," p. 2419, but a compoſition of ſuch hard, rocky, marmoreous, flinty, lapideous, ſtony, ſcopulous, torrey, cretaceous, obdurate, petrifactory, intractable, indiſſoluble, and, in a word, mountainous matter, as the Deluge could not carry away, nor the rains for many infinite numbers of years, although "gutta cavat lapidem," be able to penetrate, nor indeed cauſe ſuch an impreſſion upon them as they might become fit for ploughing or paſturage.

Now, ſpeaking of mountains, I cannot but take notice, that amongſt them is a ſort of animal, that is neither ſheep nor cow, but ſerves the inhabitants inſtead of both: it is endued with gravity, and bearded like a Philoſopher from its infancy; its ſavour is of the rankeſt, and its manners inclined to voluptuouſneſs; it aſcends thoſe mountains with great facility, without any help of ſtairs or ladder, even to the utmoſt ſummit, where its owner dares not follow, and a teleſcope is wanting to ſurvey its proportion: it is very moderate in its diet, and lives upon much leſs then a maid and a cat at board-wages; ſo that in that point I can compare it to nothing but a hackney horſe, that is left to feed upon rack-ſtaves, or ſome of my acquaintance and yours that will flea a flint upon any occaſion. The ſides of ſome of theſe mountains are not impervious by art, (ibid.) with ſuch inſtruments as pickaxes, maundrills, ſledges, iron crows, ſpades, and ſuch like things. Within the veins lies a bituminous, ſulphureous, and opake ſort of brittle ſtone, combuſtible, inflammable; which, being carried firſt in wheelbarrows, and afterwards in carts to the town, is by the inhabitants called pit-coal, with which the moſt induſtrious young gentlewomen of the family generally make a fire, which ſerves for many uſes, as warming their fingers in winter, brewing their ale, ſeldom for waſhing their linen, ſometimes for toaſting their noſes, but daily for toaſting their cheeſe. Wood faggots are ſcarcer here than at Bath or Northampton. I have ſeen ſome fruit-trees in the adjoining vallies, particularly one, whoſe deliciouſneſs is protected with many pungent excreſcences, and its fruit is black when it is red, and red when it is green. There are ſeveral trees of above a foot high, which bear a plumb called *drumwhyddyth*, almoſt as good, if not the ſame, as you and the North-Britons call a ſloe, or a ſlee. Aſhes, elms, oaks, and crab-trees, we have none; ſo that we have no conveniency of a gallows nearer than Cheſter. As for our graſs, it is as long as that upon any of your heaths whatſoever; and for our hay, it is juſt enough to frighten a fat ox, "dry up a milch cow, and ſtarve a horſe," p. 2420.

One thing I muſt further obſerve to you, that within the pariſh, about half a mile from the church, is a pretty farm, called Llandavie, where formerly St. David's anceſtors lived; it is compoſed of ſand, broken ſtones, gravel, and rubbiſh, brought, as we may ſuppoſe, from the neighbouring hill. The ancient edifice

conſiſts of one large room, in which there is an alcove, or an apartment for the gentry, divided by ſeveral furze faggots from the offices, where uſually lodge a poney, a cow and calf, and two milch goats, when they are ſo civil to come home for calling for; the whole "farm is a thouſand nine hundred yards in compaſs, "and ſixteen, eighteen, and twenty yards in breadth: it is ſcarce "conceiveable how conſiderable a rent it yields the Lord Ap "Noah, whoſe anceſtors purchaſed it from the Lord Ap Me-"thuſalem," p. 2420.

But to come properly to my own habitation; in the ſchool of which, next under her Majeſty, I am ſupreme head and governor. It was built, or rather hewed out of a rock, by Rayner, alias Morgan Dha, that is, the good Morgan, in the days, and by the command, of the patriarch Enoch Dha. All the damage it ſuſtained by the Flood was contracting ſome damp; but Japhet, knowing what Wales was, ſent his eldeſt ſon Price Ap Japhet, who, coming there, endowed the ſchool with twenty chauldron of coals yearly, which noble benefaction does, or at leaſt ſhould, ſtill continue. Since the Flood, there have been four hundred ſixty-ſix, and I am the four hundred ſixty-ſeventh maſter; before the Flood, they living long, there were but two, Rice Ap Evan Dha the good, and Davie Ap Shones Gonnah, or the naught, in whoſe time the Flood came; ſo that, by adding two to 467, if I am not miſtaken, I am the 469th maſter from Reyner, alias Morgan Dha, the founder—and God bleſs him, and Rice Ap Japhet too!

When I came to the ſchool, I found but four that could read without book, and never a one but one that could write; and he could not write neither, for he had neither pen, ink, nor paper, nor his father before him. But I and my uſher, who is my wife, by great induſtry, encreaſed my ſchool to ſix, all the moſt conſiderable perſons of the pariſh ſending their ſons and daughters to us: ſo that then I had two that could read, four that could not read, and never a one that could write; and, by the mathematicks, it is eaſy to calculate how much they improved. It is remarkable, I had never a ſcholar under two years old, nor any much more than thirty, though I have in other places known ſeveral that have been upwards of forty. As my ſcholars were preferred to ſhoes and ſtockings, they went off; "ſo that, as I remember," p. 2421, at one triennial viſitation of the Biſhop, the ſchoolmaſter

of

of Llandwwfwrhwy being called, and aſked by the Biſhop how many ſcholars he had; I anſwered, "I had none; for, by great "induſtry, I had ſo accompliſhed them, that their parents, by my "advice, according to their capacities, had thought fit to provide "well for them in the bordering counties, ſome to feed ſheep, "and ſome to ſteal them."

Near this town is the fineſt garden in the world; for it is the moſt productive of leeks, and thoſe the moſt redolent. It is the antient garden of St. David, from whence he took the victorious leeks with which his ſoldiers were crowned this day; it is encloſed with a natural ſtone wall, p. 2422, upon which is this inſcription:

Dwyth Llwydd Dwynnyth,
Llwyd Dwyth Whynnyth,
Whynnyth Llwyd Whyn,
Llwyd, Whynnyth Gwynn,
Gwynn Dwynnyth Whyth
Whynnyth Llwyd Dwyth.

It is obſervable, that, in this inſcription, there are but eight letters; but each of them, by the different placing of words, is ſignificant of ſeveral things: from which I think it is plainly demonſtrable, that in St. David's time the Welſh had only theſe eight letters, *D, G, H, L, N, T, W, Y,* one of which letters, viz. *H,* is generally ſaid to be no letter, ſo that we cannot poſitively affirm theſe eight letters to be more than ſeven; and that the reſt have been added unneceſſarily, by the ſuperfluity and luxurioufneſs of after-ages, to expreſs ſuch habits, diet, and utenſils, as were unknown to the antient Britons. I think I may not have injured them by the following tranſlation:

"Come, Britons, come, and each receive
"Such verdant Leek as tempted Eve;
"Tranſplanted here from paradiſe,
"'Twill ſafely make ye brave and wiſe;
"'Tis with this ſcent we will oppoſe
"The ſweetneſs of the Engliſh roſe."

I deſign you a ſecond Letter. In the mean time, "Vale, vir "doctiſſime; et Societatem ſummam quâ decet obſervantiâ meo "nomine ſaluta. Tuus per omnes caſus,

"R. P."

No III.

An ESSAY, proving, by Arguments Philoſophical, that MILLERS, though falſely ſo reputed, yet in reality are not THIEVES; with an intervening Argument that TAYLORS likewiſe are not ſo. In a Letter to Dr. HARBOROUGH, from Dr. WILLIAMS.

SIR,

I KNOW you to be a perſon of great ingenuity and candour, which are always averſe to ſcandal and ill-nature; and therefore would be willing to have matters ſet right, which might any ways reflect upon your neighbours. I ſhall endeavour, though not ſo fully as I intend hereafter, to ſet the reputation of *millers* in a true light, and to ſhew that the common notion people have of their being *thieves* does not proceed from any innate ill principles of the *miller's* morality, *quatenùs miller*; but from the inadvertency or ignorance that the world has hitherto had of Philoſophical experiments. But, to ſhew you the cenſoriouſneſs of the age in a parallel caſe, there was a gentleman of ſome dignity began to complain that his *taylor* had cheated him of almoſt half a yard of cloth in making his gown. I was very ſorry to find any gentleman ſo uncharitable; and told him, "that he might "not poſſibly be acquainted with the timiditous, contractive, "and ſhrinkative qualities of cloth, from its firſt conſtitution: "for every one knows that cloth from the weavers is about "twice as broad as the ſame cloth when it comes from the fullers, "for there it is put into a place where it is pounded as the Phi-"loſopher was by the tyrant in his mortar: this creates in it a "natural averſion to all things that may conduce to its torment. "Then it is hung upon the rack; and, by tenters, crueller than "what Regulus endured, is ſtretched to its utmoſt limits, and "then ſcarified with the cruel prickles of the moſt piercing "teazles." I deſired to know, "if this were not ſufficient to "occaſion ſtrange horror of pain. Then is the ſame cloth often "immerſed in cauldrons of the moſt nauſeous and ſcalding "liquors. Nor does dying there content its enemies, who throw

"it

" it into The Thames, or ſome other raging flood; and there, " by vaſt poles, with ponderous lead annexed, plunge it into the " ſtream, till the very waters themſelves look black, blue, and " red, upon ſuch diſmal occaſions. But, after all, when it is " preſſed under the heavieſt weights, a puniſhment thought fit- " ting by the Britiſh laws only to be inflicted upon the moſt " obſtinate of criminals, it cannot but for the future have a dread " of all things that may procure its affliction." Then I began to open to him the ſeveral cauſes of ſhrinking: as, firſt, " That " it might be occaſioned by wetting, of which there are many " inſtances in the treatiſes of humidity: then it might, on the " contrary, be cauſed by fire, as we may ſee daily in bay and " laurel leaves, which, firſt contracting themſelves in the flames, " at laſt burſt forth with a bombardous ſort of report; as like- " wiſe in parchment, and more particularly in a Book preſerved " out of the Fire of London, where the letters remain legible, " the former being ſmall by making the beſt of their way, and " the reſt diminiſhed in proportion, according to the haſte they " could make after them. Nay, this ſort may likewiſe proceed " from the want of heat, as in old men and women; and this is " properly called *ſhriveling*. Then ſhrinking may be for fear: " this ſome Authors denote by *ſhrinking away*, *ſlinking away*; " but my Manuſcript, which is an exact copy of a Gloſſary out " of the Duke of Burgundy's Library, has it now plainly *running* " *away*, of which the French have given many inſtances, at " Blenheim, Ramillies, The Scheld, Bruſſels, and ſeveral other " places. This may very ſeaſonably be uſed by rational creatures, " to avoid a blow; when we ſee the inanimate uſe it upon a " touch of the fingers, of which the ſenſitive-plant is a ſufficient " demonſtration. Then there is a ſhrinking of the ſinews, either " by a *ſpaſmus*, which is a convulſive crampation of the part; " or elſe by a total breach of the nerve, as in the ſtrings of a " muſical inſtrument, which, being cracked in the middle, each " part retires with great precipitation." Then I ſhewed him, " How cloth had endured moiſture, fire, water, blows innumer- " able, preſſures, extenſion, convulſion, contraction, and indeed " every thing that was terrible: from whence I concluded, that " I could not but believe that the boldeſt of materials, much " more cloth, after ſuch hard uſage at the formidable approach " of a taylor's large pair of ſheers, would be apt to retrocede, ter-

" giverſe,

" giverſe, or contract itſelf; and that, immediately upon the " intervening of the ſheers, this would be done by both ſides " of the cloth ſo diſmally ſeparated; and that theſe contrac- " tions or ſhrinkings would happen not once only, but often, " upon various inciſions of the ſame garment. This ſort of " terror the Latins expreſs by *coït pannus*, an admirable word, " which denotes all manner of coheſion, congreſſion, coition, " coagulation, contraction, and ſuch like; not as if the two " pieces of cloth came together again, as worms and ſnakes and " other reptiles may do, if ſeparated, but that each part, upon " the diviſion of the whole, ſhould ſo contract itſelf into itſelf, " as not to let the ſeveral parts, if nicely meaſured, retain the " ſame extenſion or longitude that they had in the whole piece." I diſcourſed to him, " How, after all, it was to endure the " ſevereſt punctures of needles, which muſt neceſſarily cauſe its " further contraction." I diſcourſed to him of " the nature of " turnings-in and hemmings, of ſtay-tape, ſtiffening, and gro- " gram; of the cruel inciſions it was to endure, for pockets and " button-holes; how it muſt farther bear the ſcorching of hot " ſearing-wax, and muſt bear the preſſure, heat and hiſſing, of a " large iron gooſe when over-roaſted." I therefore told him, " That, for theſe various reaſons, no wonder if his cloth might " have contracted itſelf for about half a yard." I reminded him, " That he was a ſcholar; that he ought to recollect how his " Greek and Latin verbs contract themſelves; which was ob- " vious to *him*, though abſolutely unknown to his *taylor*." I deſired him, " at leaſt to ſuſpend his cenſure till the publica- " tion of my Treatiſes againſt the Vulgar Errors, " That Cats " have Nine Lives," and " That Nine *taylors* make but One " *man*;" wherein I ſhall evidently ſhew that nine *taylors* are " nine *men*, and deduce this from the ſerjeants rolls, the books " of honeſt agents, authentic and undoubted muſters, and from " advertiſements, where more guineas are profered to bring any " one of them to Young Man's Coffee-houſe, than is propoſed " for the reduction of a loſt gelding or a lap-dog." He promiſed me at laſt to do it; ſince I ſhewed him, " that it would be " highly injurious, when Philoſophical experiments ſeemed to " evince the contrary, to caſt the blemiſh of a fault upon a " Society, that has one of the moſt noble Halls in London, and

" whoſe

"whoſe miſtery is as ancient as mankind's original parents." But how far have I wandered! I am afraid that I have made my porch ſo big, that my houſe may go through it.

Before any one pretends to judge of the honeſty and veracity of a *miller*, it were proper that he ſhould ſtudy Experimental Philoſophy and the Carteſian hypotheſis of atoms, together with the nature of vibration, rarefaction, and motion, and to have ſo far a knowledge in opticks as to make uſe of a magnifying-glaſs, and to read carefully all Mr. Leewenhoeck's obſervations. All this *millers* ſhould likewiſe do, for their own juſtification, when they have leiſure time from their honeſt calling. Let us ſuppoſe now a buſhel of corn to be carried to the mill. Alas! what can in reaſon at moſt be expected back again, if it were wholly left to nature, and were not preſerved by the carefulneſs of the *miller?* We all know that the fine flour is incloſed in a thick huſk; and this huſk being broken by the mill-ſtones, the flour iſſues forth by ſuch attrition. It is the nature of every thing, to rejoice in liberty: when they are looſed, the particles make the beſt of their way by a quick vibration, moving to ſomething on which they may ſettle, but far enough from the bran in which they were heretofore priſoners, although ſuch flight generally tends to their own loſs and deſtruction; and hence there is no ſpace in the mill, in which ſome or other do not take up their reſidence: which is an ocular demonſtration, that it is the wantonneſs and perverſeneſs of the flour, more than the fraud of the *miller*, which at the return makes the corn, as to its weight, oftentimes prove very deficient. I have always obſerved, how theſe impetuous atoms ſeize upon the cloaths, hands, face, and hair, of the *miller*, ſo as indeed to render him a ghaſtly ſpectacle; and I have been ſo far from thinking that the *miller* took the corn, that I have been more afraid leſt the corn ſhould ſteal the *miller*, eſpecially conſidering the fury and rapaciouſneſs of thoſe animals, as I ſhew hereafter. The Latins, though no great Experimental Philoſophers, were ſenſible of this; and therefore called their fineſt flour *pollen*, from the Greek πάλλω, to ſignify the quickneſs of its vibration. And indeed this vibration gathers ſtrength, not only from the innate heat of the corn, but from that which it acquires by the mill, which often proves ſo hot that it breaks forth into flames of its own generation. Now, if we think how much the corn muſt exhale and evaporate, eſpecially being in ſuch a ſweat as it often

is,

rs, and its pores open, we muſt confeſs that it muſt decreaſe in weight according to the proportion of its exhalation, which is ſometimes exorbitant. Now all this allowance muſt be made in juſtification of the *miller*; for, if the corn will *perſpire*, it is not in his power to help it. There has been a great diſpute amongſt the Latin criticks, whether *meta* was the upper mill-ſtone, and *catinus* the lower (and indeed it was a very worthy controverſy): but at laſt the cauſe was given againſt Paulus the Lawyer; and Scaliger and his party gained the day, that *catinus* was the lower mill-ſtone. Their reaſon ſeems to be irrefragable, from the name that it bears from its filching quality, being ſuch a ſort of thing as will have a lick if it knows of any thing good that is ſtirring. Now it were unjuſt to charge all that upon the *miller* which the nether mill-ſtone has taken; but prejudice will do any thing, and *catinus* may ſteal when the *miller's* horſe may not look over the hedge. Nor is it in the power of the *miller* to reſtrain ſo many millions of unruly animals as there are in a buſhel of corn when ground: ſome of them are winged like griffins, and fly up to the roof immediately; ſome hang by the walls like cats, whilſt others lie upon the ground in the ſhape of hideous ſerpents. All this is perceiveable by glaſſes, which ſhew us likewiſe what animals crawl upon the backs even of thoſe animals. This, well thought of, would terrify ſuch a beau as the Lord Foppington, to find, at the powdering of his perriwig, what a hideous number of monſters he bears about him. We ſhould therefore pity, rather than reproach, the poor *miller* under ſuch doleful circumſtances. I would here rectify one grand miſtake, which we have received from the Latins; who, I confeſs, tax the perſons who ground their corn with being thieves: but, alack! they were not in the leaſt regard like our *millers*; for they ground with a hand-mill, and, being ſlaves, were kept to very ſhort allowance; and ſo, when opportunity ſerved, would pilfer for their belly. But that is far from any reſemblance with our *millers*, who are ſome of the ableſt men in the pariſh, and, by the help of wind or water, grind in large quantities, and are ſo far from being thieves themſelves, that they keep a dog (whoſe name, according to the ſong, is Bangor) to lie at the mill-door, and ſee that all is under ſafe cuſtody, as far as the foregoing operations of nature will permit. Theſe ſtudies would likewiſe not be unuſeful to *meal-men* and *bakers*, who generally lie under great imputations; for the latter

of

of which, it is ſaid that our laws firſt contrived the pillory. But I hope, in time, Innocence may be defended by a more ſtrict inquiry into Nature. In the mean while, be aſſured that I am, &c.

N° IV. and V.

An Account of BOOKS: in Letters to Dr. Littlebrand. By Dr. Playford.

N° IV.

An Account of Meursius's Treatiſe of the Grecian Dances.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE lately received two Books from Holland, which I have been long inquiring for, and at laſt coſt me no inconſiderable price. They are two Works of Meurſius. The firſt contains the ſeveral ſorts of "Greek Dances," which wonderfully illuſtrate the Grecian ſtory, and lets us conſiderably into the politicks of thoſe times, and the various occurrences of human life, ſo as we may be the better able to direct our own for the future. I ſhall give you only a ſhort ſpecimen of them; for I deſign with all ſpeed to get a ſociety of Dancing-maſters, both French and Engliſh, and ſo to ſhew that harmony which appears in our ancient and modern dances. We have indeed of late years made ſome efforts to deſcribe our French and country dances, by books publiſhed with inſtructions for the ſame: but, alas! we are not come up to other nations; though we had long ago a ſufficient example; for, in the year 1604, Cæſare Negri, a Milaneſe, and, as he ſtyles himſelf, a famous and excellent profeſſor of the art of contriving balls for courtiers and ladies, has not only printed their performers names in a beautiful folio, but has given a plain deſcription of the dance, with its ſeveral varieties and cuts of the divers perſonages neceſſary to the performance. Among the reſt, ſome for a man and two women, others for a woman and two men[n]; which dances I look upon to be very proper to be uſed

[n] See p. 137, of Negri's ſaltatrical publication.

by

by our bride-maids and bride-men, and may be introduced to good purpoſe at our country nuptials, and, for any thing I know, be as ſignificant cuſtoms as untying the garters and throwing the ſtocking.

But to give you a taſte of the great Meurſius. I find his *chironomia* to be in uſe amongſt us in various particulars; it is that motion in a dance, which makes the hands bear a correſpondence with the feet, and both complete a *ſaltatrical*, or, as I may call it, a *dancitive* ſort of geſture. The learned Hadrianus Junius takes notice of the *ſaltatio chironomica*; which our beſt criticks interpret of morris-dancing, where the toſs of the handkerchief and extenſion of the hands give a graceful turn to the whole performance. I know ſome derive the word morris-dance as if it were a Moriſco or Mooriſh dance; and think it brought into England by thoſe Embaſſadors that King John ſent to Miramomalim, Emperor of Morocco, when he profered to turn Mahometan, if aſſiſtance were granted to him againſt his Barons. Others carry it up as far as the Emperor Maurice, who was killed by Phocas, who ſet up Popery about the year 600: but I doubt not but I ſhall prove it much more ancient. The *chironomia*, as deſcribed by the old Scholiaſts, is exactly like the ſound made by our young ladies with their *caſtanets*, the *crepitacula*, or the *ſiſtra* of the Phrygians and Ægyptians; and therefore I ſhall make no ſcruple to ſay, that the *chironomia* is moſt properly repreſented by our preſent *ſarabant*, which, though brought to us from Spain, and practiſed there by the Moors, yet was undoubtedly taken up by them from the Greeks, upon the Saracens overrunning the Eaſtern Empire. Here I cannot but obſerve the great miſtake of all learned Dancing-maſters, who write the word *caſtanets*, whereas it ought to be written *cheſten-nuts*, as plainly appears by Biſhop Cooper's "Dictionary[o]." The colour and figure

[o] Thomas Cooper, born at Oxford, 1517; fellow of Magdalen College, 1540. When queen Mary came to the crown, he applied himſelf to phyſick, being ſecretly inclined to the Proteſtant religion: but on her death returned to divinity; took his Doctor's degree in March, 1566-7, and was about that time made dean of Chriſt Church; in 1569, dean of Glouceſter; and next year biſhop of Lincoln. In 1584, he was tranſlated to Wincheſter; and, Nov. 17, 1588, preached a ſermon at Paul's Croſs, on the defeat of the Spaniſh armada. He died at Wincheſter, April 29, 1594. His "Theſaurus Linguæ Romanæ & Britannicæ, &c.—Acceſſit "Dictionarium

figure of the preſent inſtrument is not unlike what we vulgarly call *cheſt-nuts*, and the ſound is very agreeable to that of a nut-cracker, or that of a cat's tread when her feet are pinched in walnut-ſhells, and might keep time with the ſnap of a barber's fingers, though at preſent they, turning themſelves to perriwig-making, have forgot their cittern [p] and their muſick—I had almoſt ſaid, to the ſhame of their profeſſion.

Meurſius has many beautiful deſcriptions, when he comes to the *tetragonoi*, the *tetragrammoi*, and the *tetracoloi* of the Grecians. Theſe, conſiſting all of the number four, compoſed what we call country dances. Theſe were plain at firſt; but, about the time of Alcibiades, as luxury increaſed, they had more than two couple, and about that time brought in *caſting-off*, and the additional *chiromania*, or *clapping of hands*, ſometimes with their own partner, and ſometimes with another, ſo as to keep an equal time with the muſick. The number of theſe is almoſt infinite: but I ſtay only for a new Edition of the *voluminous* Euſtathius upon Homer; and then I will proceed to make their parallel with "Green Sleeves," "Health to Betty," "Parſon upon Do-"rothy," "Cold and Raw," and many others, for which I hope to have the learned world's aſſiſtance.

He gives us an account of a very hard dance, if my Manuſcript has it right, called *pſalchadai*; which, conſiſting of the variety of motion by three perſons, muſt have been the *hayes*, or ſomething reſembling it. I ſhall prove that dance very ancient, from the Furies, the Graces, and from Nature itſelf, when the Sun, Moon, and Earth make an eclipſe, as is excellently ſet forth in that admirable ſyſtem of Philoſophy, "The Rehearſal [q]."

In the time of Pericles, when Athens flouriſhed in buildings, muſick, comedies, and all ſorts of delight and pleaſure with the greateſt freedom, the nobleſt perſonages, being fond of the wiſe Aſpaſia, whoſe ſound philoſophy and reſervedneſs kept them at a diſtance, invented the dances called *ormoi*, by us *kiſſing-*

"Dictionarium Hiſtoricum & Poeticum, &c." folio, printed in 1565, was ſo much eſteemed by queen Elizabeth, that ſhe endeavoured to promote the author for it in the church as high as ſhe could: Bp. Gibſon had a leſs favourable opinion of it. He was alſo the author of many other works.

[p] Or *cithern*, from *cithara*, a kind of harp. This was formerly part of the furniture of every Barber's Shop. See Sir John Hawkins's Notes on "Walton's Complete Angler," 8vo, 1766, p. 236.

[q] A well-known comedy, by the Duke of Buckingham.

dances:

dances: they had a briſk motion, which cauſed a great enlivening of the faculties, and elevating of the ſpirits; ſo that kiſſes then taken ſeemed to be out of rapture and extaſy, more than out of the contrivance and deſign that was laid for them. But theſe dances had not the univerſal vogue for above four Olympiads, which was about ſixteen years; for this happineſs, as all others, had an inconvenience to attend it: for, if the *ormoi* were propoſed, preſently the old toothleſs grandmother, the long-noſed mother, the ſquinting freckled eldeſt ſiſter, would be for putting in for part of ſo good an entertainment: ſo that Xantippus, who firſt began to diſcourage them, was pleaſed to ſay, "That, upon ſuch occaſions, what ſeemed to be gained by the "penny, was really loſt in the pound."

You know my friend Bandorcuffius, who has written that excellent Treatiſe of European Ornaments, and has admirably confuted Cravateſius and Ruffelius in many particulars. I here deſire his opinion, to know whether the *thurocopicon* of the Epirots and Thracians, may not have been the ſame as "Buffcoat has "no Fellow;" which is a dance no where can be practiſed ſo well as by the Train-bands of London and Weſtminſter, and the Artillery-company in particular.

The *nymphai* was taken from the Shepherds and Nymphs of Arcadia; the dance was ſomething rompiſh, and kept every perſon almoſt in motion. With us it is called "The God-"deſſes:" but, when the graver perſons, ſuch as Ceres, Veſta, Diana, came in, it was altered as to many of the meaſures, and had the name of "Sage Leaves," which may even now be called for by the moſt ſedate perſon of the family.

It would require a large folio, to deſcribe the *morphaſmos* in all its particulars. It was ſometimes a total change of ſhape, as in Poſture Clark[r]; ſometimes it repreſented the features and actions of other perſons, as in our modern Scaramouches and Harlequins; ſometimes they only diſguiſed themſelves by an unuſual habit, not only diverting the publick in the theatre, but very often their private neighbours, with what we call *maſquerading*. The Greeks had, upon this account, their *copha proſepa*, their dumb ſhews, which was action, though no voice; as our modern Opera's have voice and no ſenſe. Theſe we properly ſhould call *mattimers*; from whence we have changed the word

[r] See above, p. 18.

muntimers,

mumtimers, mumpers, mummers. This comes from the Latin word *muttum*, as, Cornutus has it: *ne muttum unum omiſeris; ne Mu quidem, vel Mut feceris*; "not a word;" which is much more elegantly expreſſed in our uſual phraſe, "Mum for that." And I take this to come to us wholly from the Latin, being abſolutely againſt the opinion of Blaſius Multibibus, "De Jure "Potandi;" who quotes Gripholdus Nicknackius, "Floia Cor-"tum Verſicale," a writer, in my judgement, not authentic; and the large Folio of Sckieckius Rodornus (who proves High Dutch to have been the language of Japhet) to ſhew that Mum, even in this caſe, came from Brunſwick; though I confeſs, if taken in a convenient quantity in a morning, it will occaſion ſleep as well as ſilence.

I ſhould exceed the bounds of a Letter, ſhould I diſcourſe of all their *magadeis*, or *minuet*, of their *cordaxes*, being dances deſcribed both by Heſychius and Cicero, as exactly correſponding with our *jig*, as moving moſt to the numbers of trochees and tribraches, noted, by the conſent of all Authors, as the moſt proper feet for cutting capers.

You have here a ſmall ſketch of what Meurſius has done, to let us into the ſecret of the Greeks: it were to be wiſhed that Mr. Prince, Iſaac, Cavalry, Ruel, Le Sac, L'Abadie, Siris, and the reſt, when they teach any dances, would acquaint us with the Authors of them, and the reaſons of their names[s]. This

[s] Poſterity will be at no loſs for a deſcription of the *timorodee* of *Otaheite*. This dance, as we learn from the late curious publication of Dr. Hawkeſworth, "is performed by young girls, whenever eight or "ten of them can be collected together, conſiſting of motions and geſ-"tures beyond imagination wanton, in the practice of which they are "brought up from their earlieſt childhood, accompanied by words, which, "if it were poſſible, would more explicitly convey the ſame ideas. In "theſe dances they keep time with an exactneſs which is ſcarcely ex-"celled by the beſt performers upon the ſtages of Europe. But the "practice, which is allowed to the virgin, is prohibited to the woman "from the moment that ſhe has put theſe hopeful leſſons in practice, "and realized the ſymbols of the dance." Yet in their ſociety called *Arreoy* (formed of a conſiderable number of the principal perſons of both ſexes, and in which every woman is common to every man) "the women, "notwithſtanding their occaſional connexions with different men, dance "the *timorodee* in all its latitude, as an incitement to deſires, which, it "is ſaid, are frequently gratified upon the ſpot." This accurate deſcription will ſurely never need the elucidation of a Meurſius!

will undoubtedly be for the good of late poſterity, who will be as curious to know all things as we are now; and therefore, had we any regard to our ſucceſſors, we ſhould not let future ages be put to the trouble of having their great Doctors and Librarians puzzling themſelves with the ſeveral ages, names, and inventors, of our Britiſh and Iriſh dances, when ſome forty or fifty good printed Books or Manuſcripts, rightly corrected by a learned Society, might ſet all things right, both at preſent and hereafter.

No V.

An Account of MEURSIUS's Book of the PLAYS of the GRECIAN Boys. In a ſecond LETTER.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE formerly given you ſome account of the great Meurſius's Book of "Greek Dances." I ſhall now give you ſome few but admirable remarks, out of his Treatiſe of the "Various Plays of the Grecian Boys and Girls." Nor is this leſs uſeful than the former: it ſhews the natural ſagacity of that nation from their infancy, for they had learning in their cradles; not unlike to Quinctilian that excellent maſter of the Latins, and admirer of the Greeks, who provides even nurſes for his future orators. But of this more at large in a Treatiſe of Nurſes, wherein ſhall be explained all their ſongs, the true reaſon of rattles and corals, of hammers, goe-carts, whirligigs and dulcimers, &c. Meurſius in this ſeems to have done like Homer, who, after his Iliads, publiſhed his Odyſſeys, comprehending in the laſt more knowledge of nature, and examples for the management of human life, than were in the former, though by many it may for the grandeur of its images be the more admired.

It is wonderful to conſider what things great men have and do employ themſelves in. Suetonius wrote a Book about the plays of the Grecian Children; and, that being loſt, Meurſius has endeavoured to reſtore it by a Book he has publiſhed from Elzevir's preſs, in which are many excellent things, from out of Athenæus, Suidas, Pollux, Heſychius, Tzetzes, the admirable Euſtathius,

thius, and others. It is concerning their private recreations; for he had publiſhed one before about their dancing, of which ſome time ago I ſent you an abſtract[s].

Indeed ſome of the plays are very remarkable, and very uſeful; as the *Aſcoliaſmus*, hopping upon one leg, and beating other boys with a leather, which the moderns call "Fox, to thy hole;" and requires great cunning, exerciſe, and patience, in the perſon by whom the fox is repreſented. But he has omitted the delineation of a pair of Hop-ſcotches, with the names of their ſeveral apartments, which I hope to retrieve and publiſh, together with the figure of the Hobby-horſe that King Ageſilaus uſed to ride upon with his children. That of Socrates and others are all obſerved by the ancients, and even Horace himſelf, to have been made of a long reed; and therefore the Hobby-horſes introduced in "The "Rehearſal" are abſurd, and without any precedent from antiquity. They had likewiſe their *collabiſmos*; and ſo they had their *chytrinda*, anſwerable to our "Hot-cockles," which play the learned Littleton[t], by a ſynonymous term, calls "Selling of pears," or "How many pears for a penny?" But as for the reaſon of thoſe names, that ingenious Author has left us in the dark. The *muïa calche*, by the Latins called *myinda*, by us "Blind-man's-"buff," was univerſally received amongſt them, and probably took its beginning from that barbarous contempt which was put upon the divine Homer after his blindneſs. They had likewiſe their *baſilinda*, repreſenting our "Queſtions and commands," or "King I am:" though afterward in theſe latter ages the word was referred to the ſport of chuſing King and Queen upon Twelfth-

[s] See the preceding Letter.

[t] Adam Littleton was born Nov. 8, 1627; was educated under Dr. Buſby at Weſtminſter, and from thence elected ſtudent of Chriſt Church, but ejected by the parliament viſitors in 1648. He was afterward uſher at Weſtminſter; and in 1656 ſecond maſter. After the Reſtoration, he kept a ſchool at Chelſea, and was admitted rector of that church in 1674; the ſame year he was made a prebendary of Weſtminſter, and had a grant to ſucceed Dr. Buſby in the maſterſhip of the ſchool. He had been ſome years before appointed king's chaplain; and in 1670 accumulated his degrees in divinity, which were conferred upon him without taking any in arts, on account of his extraordinary merit. He was for ſome time ſub-dean of Weſtminſter. He died June 30, 1694. The firſt edition of his Dictionary was publiſhed in 1678.

night. But it is to be obſerved, that there was no Twelfth-night celebrated amongſt the Grecians; by which they were deprived not only of plumb-cake, but of great diverſion.

I have made it my general remark, that whereas the Engliſh plays have barbarous ſounding names, as, "Almonds and Raiſins," "Puſs in a Corner," "Barley-break," "Puſh-pin, "Chicken-a-"train-trow," and the like; thoſe of the Grecians ſeem all as if they were ladies in romances, as *ecſuſtinda*, *elcuſtinda*, *chytrinda*, *ephesinda*, *baſilinda*, which ſeveral others. I deſign to ſearch in the cloſets of the curious, for their tops, giggs, marbles, trapſticks, balls, and other inſtruments of their diverſion: but I am afraid, that, being entruſted to perſons of little forecaſt, as youths generally are, there may few of them, through the injury of time, remain at preſent, though they would be of the greateſt value. It would be very uſeful, if ſome Virtuoſo would put our childrens plays in a true light; for, amongſt other things, would appear their truth and juſtice, in "going halves in birds neſts;" their foreſight and parſimony, in "hoarding apples;" and the great benefits, as to the increaſe of ſecreſy, fidelity, and friendſhip, that may be gained by robbing of orchards, as Mr. Oſborn [u], in the beginning of his "Advice to a Son," has extremely well obſerved.

To conclude this Diſcourſe. I muſt acknowledge my happineſs, who in a Manuſcript found the following verſes. The firſt was an Engliſh Ode, very ancient, harmonious, and uſeful to the publick, encouraging youth to exerciſe and hardſhip:

"Boys, boys, come out to play:
"The moon doth ſhine as bright as day.
"Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
"Come with a good will, or not at all.
"Loſe your ſupper, and loſe your ſleep,
"To come to your playmates in the ſtreet."

[u] Francis Oſborn, eſq. His Works have been many times printed. The eighth edition, in 8vo, 1682, under the following title: "The Works of "Francis Oſborn, eſq. Divine, Moral, Hiſtorical, Political; in Four "ſeveral Tracts; viz. 1. Advice to a Son, in two parts. 2. Political "Reflections on the Government of the Turks, &c. 3. Memoires on "Q. Elizabeth and K. James. 4. A Miſcellany of Eſſays, Paradoxes, "Problematical Diſcourſes, Letters, Characters, &c." He was born about 1589; and died Feb. 11, 1658-9.

There

There are ſome Manuſcripts of this Ode, which have it, "Boys and "Girls, come out to Play." But this I wholly diſallow, as not agreeable either to the Latin or the Greek. Beſides, it would be very rompiſh, for young laſſes to wander about by moon-light.

The ſecond was in Greek, from whence the Engliſh was taken; it is in the moſt ſimple and antient Greek, compoſed in the ages before any other verſe but the Hexameter was in faſhion, and favours much of ſome ancient oracle or lawgiver; ſo that I take it to have been at leaſt as old as Orpheus or Linus, and to have been compoſed by one of them:

Κυμμεῖε, Μειϐοιες· Μειϐοιες, κυμμεῖε πλαιειν·
Μωνη ισασϐρίλας ϑηνερει τοπα νενα δεαϊ.
Κυμμεῖε συν ὑπῳ, συν λϑδῳ κυμμεῖε καυλῳ.
Λευσεῖε συππηραν, Μειϐοιες, λευσεῖε βεδδον,
Συν τοις κομραιδοισιν ενι γρηῖεσσι πλαονῖες.

I have ſet them down as they are in the Manuſcript, without any accents; for they are known to be of a late invention, of little uſe, and very troubleſome. I take the Greek of them to be the more elegant, by how much they approach nearer to the Engliſh.

The third is a Latin Ode, which I take to be about the age of Catullus—if not of that Author, before he came to reduce his verſes to one certain meaſure, whereas here he gives himſelf a more Pindaric liberty:

"Quæ mora! Nunc, pueri, currite, ludite!
"Jam radios cœlo diſpergit Luna ſereno
"Fratre ſuo non ipſa minor.
"Quin properate leves, vos currite, ludite!
"Clamorem hortantûm cupidis prævertite votis,
"Tardius ille venit quiſque vocatus adeſt.
"Quin fugite, aufugite, accurrite, ludite!
"Non dapibus licet, aut facili indulgere ſopori;
"Dum fervent per compita paſſim
"Vox Comitum, Luſuſque, & ter reſonabilis Echo."

I expect my ſon home from ſchool next Eaſter; and then I hope to be furniſhed with more materials. In the mean time, believe me to be, &c.

No VI.

A new METHOD to teach Learned Men how to WRITE UNINTELLIGIBLY: being Collections out of SOFTLINIUS, an Italian; Bardowlius and Bardocoxcombius, one Poet Laureat to King Ludd, the other to Queen Bonduca; Scornſenſius an Egyptian, &c. Communicated by Mr. LOVEIT to Mr. LACKIT.

MR. LACKIT came very penſively one morning to Mr. Loveit's cloſet, entreating him, "by all means to aſſiſt "him in an affair of conſequence; for that he had reſolved to "write a Poem, but was unwilling to lye under the laſh of the "Criticks" "Nothing ſo eaſy," ſays Mr. Loveit; and, ſtepping to the next ſhelf, and thence reaching down a book, ſays, "This is "the great Softlinius, an Italian Poet, who may be ſaid to have been "the Father of Song, Sonnet, Maſque, and Opera, from Petrarch "downwards. The words indeed ſeem to be Latin; but the ſenſe "is un-come-at-able, unconceivable, and, as the Greeks have it, "*acroamatical*. You may write in this ſtyle without any body's "knowing your meaning; and it is unjuſt in any perſon to criti-"cize upon that which he cannot comprehend. And then many "of the ſevereſt Criticks do not underſtand Latin; and I will "aſſure you, this is ſuch a ſort of language, ſtyle, and ſenſe, as "cannot be tranſlated. Let me therefore read you one of the "Poet's Odes upon a Funeral, in which he imitates Catullus:

"Herbis, Phœbe, potens et aura cœli
"Blande perpetuans, roſaſque et herbas;
"Oh ſolatia nunc Catulliana,
"Direptis Zephyri faventis alis!
"Opellam properate; nam rebellis
"Mors herbas ſuperabit impotentes.
"Tu, Daphne, in Lacheſin agas triumphos,
"Aſtate et Dryadeis, Oreadeiſque,
"Divûm Floraque mollicellus ardor;
"Omnes lacrymula tument globoſa,

"Gemmis

" Gemmis flammeolos micant ocellos,
" Agnoſcunt Venerem miſelliorem.
" Heu quantus dolor! Heu Venus miſella!
" Heu mors pallidulum ferale numen
" Avolſit Calaïn puellulorum;
" Florem, molliculas neceſſe plantas,
" Exoſi bibulum Stygis vagari.
" Jam Chloen nigris tremendus alis
" Incluſit dolor, et gemunt gemuntur,
" Et Chloe et Calaïs; quis oh Deorum
" Fert ſolatiolum Catullianum?
" Conſervat duplices duplex Apollo;
" Hic Chloen medicus potente dextra,
" Dum ſervat, Calaïn juvat Poëta.

" I hope this may be ſufficiently to your purpoſe; but, if you " have a mind to aſtoniſh and confound the Criticks, you may do " it in your own language. I have many books turned out of, and " tranſlated into, Pedlar's French, which is a very pretty variega- " tion of the Britiſh idioms. But you had better have recourſe " to times more ancient, and pretend yourſelf to be ſome Britiſh, " Corniſh, or Armoniac Bard, and to have converſed with the " Manuſcripts of Gogmagog and Bladud that made The Bath. " It is but altering a few letters, and ſome terminations, and the " work is done; you amuſe the learned, and terrify the vulgar." Then, reaching down a book, ſays he, " Here are the ineſtimable " Remains of Bardoulius, Poet Laureat to King Ludd; of Bar- " docoxcombius, who bore the ſame dignity under Bonduca. I " will ſhew you one, for a taſte. The aſpect of it ſeems un- " couth at firſt, but mark the melody:

" Good King Cole,
" And he call'd for his Bowle,
" And he call'd for Fiddlers three;
" And there was Fiddle Fiddle,
" And there was Fiddle Fiddle;
" For 'twas my Lady's Birth-day:
" Therefore we keep holy-day,
" And come to be merry.

" Now, to let you into the ſecret, it is but rectifying ſome of the " pot-hooks, and diſcarding ſome ſuperfluities of terminations,

" and the Pindaric is obvious. I have made my Printer compose " such a copy of verses many a time; and he shall do it for you.

" Good King Cole,
" And he call'd for his Bowl,
" And he call'd for Fidlers three;
" And there was Fiddle Fiddle,
" And twice Fiddle Fiddle;
" For 'twas my Lady's Birth-day:
" Therefore we keep Holy-day,
" And come to be merry.

" This was the same Prince that built *Colechester*. His right name " was *Coil*; and not the same as some think denominated *Cole-* " *brook*, for he was a worthy *clothier* of Reading, who many ages " after happened to be drowned there; of which there is a very " memorable history, full of useful antiquities, for the improve- " ment of the woollen manufactures [w].

" But to proceed yet further. There are several that pretend " to be mighty Grecians, to have Hesiod, Musæus, and Homer, " at their fingers ends; but, alas! they understand nothing of " the modern Greek, nor the beauties of Du Fresne's " Glossary." " These persons are left to be managed by Coptic verses. This, " being a bastard Greek, is mixed with multitude of other lan- " guages, and makes use of some of the Greek characters, a little " deformed, and intermixed with others. They, having been long " enslaved to the Saracens, Mamalukes, and present Turks, have " not had of late much time for learning: only there is one " Scornsensius a Poet, that has lately risen up amongst them, " whose Works I have here upon the table: him you may imi- " tate; say what you please in that language, and nobody will " think it worth while to confute you. By reading over of " Kircher's " Prodromus Coptus," and an old *door* that Dr. " Huntington sent from Grand Cairo, I have made shift to put " some of the first lines into the Greek character:

" Ω Φαραω, μαϊγω? Φαραω κρεις, Σιρϐιμι τροθνω.
" Βριγγεθε χιλδερκιν, αναϐȣτȣς φληγγεθε φοσσετ.
" Νȣ συπιτυπ βρισκλει, αν θενπριθι καλφορ ανοθηρ,

[w] If this " memorable History" could be referred to, it would most probably be a curiosity. The History of another famed Clothier of that County (Jack of Newbury) is in print.

" Ση

" Ση ανιταλȣτις ; θηρς νωνκαν δρινκανι λογγαρ
" Τηντ Φαραω, μαϊγω ; Φαραω κρεις, Γωιφυ κανγω.

" By the help of a gentleman that had converſation with the King " of the Gypſies, I found out that it was plain Engliſh in Hexa- " meter verſe, ſuch as you may find in Sir Philip Sidney [x], and " ſuch as were ſent Ben Jonſon [y], beginning,

" Benjamin, immortal Jonſon, moſt highly renowned."

But to explain to you the preſent Coptic verſes; they run thus:

" Oh, Pharao, may I go? Pharao cries, Sir, by my troth, No.
" Bring ye the kilderkin, and about houſe fling ye the foſſet.
" Now ſup it up briſkly, and then pr'ythee call for another;
" See an it all out is? There's none can drink any longer.
" Teen't, Pharaoh, may I go? Pharaoh cries, Go if you can " go.

" But that language which may be of moſt uſe to you is the " *Scrawlian*. It may paſs through as many counties as the " Illyric, Malay, or Lingua Franca. This is wholly unintelligi- " ble, and is of great eaſe in the compoſition of verſes; you muſt " take care that your lines be ſtrait, and that you begin your

x This illuſtrious ſtateſman, ſoldier, and ſcholar, was born at Penſhurſt, Nov. 29, 1554; was ſent to Chriſt Church very young, and at ſeventeen began his foreign travels. After diſtinguiſhing himſelf in ſeveral public employments, he was knighted in 1582; made governor of Fluſhing, and general of the horſe under his uncle Robert earl of Leiceſter, in October, 1585. His glory, though ſplendid, was but ſhort-lived. He was deſperately wounded at the battle of Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586, and died Oct. 16. His valour, which was eſteemed his moſt ſhining quality, was not exceeded by any of the heroes of that age: but even this was equalled by his humanity. After he had received his death's wound, overcome with thirſt from exceſſive bleeding, he called for drink; which was preſently brought him. At the ſame time a poor ſoldier was carried along, deſperately wounded, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle, juſt as he was lifting it to his mouth; upon which, he inſtantly delivered it to him, with theſe words, " Thy neceſſity is yet greater than mine!"—The admirers of the polite arts will hear with pleaſure, that this beautiful inſtance of humanity employs at preſent the pencil of the ingenious Mr. Weſt.

y This excellent Poet and his Works are ſo univerſally known, that we ſhall only here obſerve, he was of Scotch extraction, was born in 1574, was a ſhort time at St. John's College, Cambridge; and died Aug. 6, 1637.

" verſes,

" verſes with the great letters from the left (for the Orientals " generally write ſo); and if you can make the ſame figures to- " wards the laſt to ſeem as if this rhimed, all will be extremely " well; you may call them Turkiſh, Perſic, Moroccian, Fezzian, " or what you pleaſe; for, being without points, no one can diſ- " prove you. I will write you ſome immediately. They are verſes " that were ſuppoſed to be ſent with ſome lions that came from " Morocco:

هيبي ن د زلوي حخبحلع بجحا بس كي

فيلم بس نحخ بحلن ثر الازي ي ححا بس لجي

" This Epigram is very pretty, and the thought taken from the " Engliſh:

" The lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown,
" The lion beat the unicorn round about the town.

" Here the imagination is moſt excellently refined. By means " of ſuch compoſitions, you may ſufficiently recommend yourſelf " to the learned world.

" You may ſee what ſucceſs ſuch matters have, by the Ethiopic " Epitaph [z] ſet up for a lady who was wife to a great Virtuoſo " in King Charles the Second's time, at the South ſide of Weſt- " minſter Abbey. People paſs over the Hebrew and the Greek [a] " with ſmall expectation; but this detains the eyes, raiſes the " thoughts, employs the admiration and wonder of the ignorant " as well as learned. Seeing a Blackmoor very intent upon it " one day; I aſked him, What might be the fancy of it? He " ſaid, It was very pretty, odd, but not eaſily expreſſed in Engliſh. " But, as far as he could explain it, it was, that the lady who " lay there was fair and virtuous; but that the huſband that ſur-

[z] Under which is this inſcription, " Anne, daughter to George Field- " ing, eſq. and of Mary his wife, the truly living (and as truly beloved) " wife of Sir Samuel Morland, knight and baronet, died Feb. 20, Ann. " Dom. 1679-80." Sir Samuel was maſter of the mechanicks to king Charles II.

[a] There is alſo a Hebrew inſcription on Lady Morland's tomb; and near it is another, much in the ſame taſte, to the memory of Lady Carola Harſnet, who died in childbed of her ſecond ſon, Oct. 10, 1674. On her tomb are two inſcriptions, the firſt in Hebrew, and the other in Greek.

" vived

"vived was more virtuous than ſhe. Upon which I aſked him, "if this might not be the meaning of it,

"The lady here might fair and *virtuous* be:
"Her huſband's *Virtuoſo* more than ſhe!

"He told me, Theſe were exactly the words, only put into "Ethiopic characters [b].

"For abundance of ſuch out-of-the-way extraneous ſort of "Poetry, you may apply yourſelf to Kercher, who has it plenti- "fully before one of his Folios; but, not having his Works by "me, I cannot ſay exactly which. That in the Illyric language "is very prettily imitated in a Latin Ode; but I hope not tranſ- "lated exactly, for that would get an ill precedent to us whoſe "Works will not bear it.

"I expect ſhortly ſome Muſcovitic operas, ſome ſonnets from "Crim Tartary, and ſome elegies from America; which will be "the more eaſy, becauſe thoſe people have always to me ſeemed "more inclined to Traffick than Poetry. Geſner, in his "Mithri- "dates," give us an account, that the Elephants have a language. "I have ſent to the Court of Siam, to know whether the white "Elephant keeps a Secretary or an Interpreter, and what com- "poſitions are amongſt them in proſe or verſe. I have a friend, "who converſes much with fanciful beings, who has procured "me many elegant works of the Fairies. According to the "ſpecimen that Giraldus Cambrenſis has given us of their lan- "guage, it approaches near the Greek, as, *Al Ydoram*, "Give me "*ſalt*;" *Hydor Ydoram*, "Give me *water*:" by which it may "appear that the Fairies are no Devils, becauſe then they would "have no ſalt among them. And we may obſerve, by this ſpeci- "men, that their diction is extremely ſonorous.

"But I long, good Mr. Lackit, to ſee what you will do"— But here, much company coming, the Entertainment broke off. This is all the account Mr. Lackit can give.

[b] Job Ludolf, the writer of the "Hiſtory of Ethiopia," and of an Ethiopic Grammar and Lexicon (who is ſaid to have underſtood twenty-five languages), when he ſaw this inſcription, felt much the ſame kind of emotion as he would have felt at the unexpected ſight of a familiar friend in a ſtrange country. See the Preface to his Ethiopic Grammar. Ludolf was a native of Thuringia, and had a more exact knowledge of the Ethiopic and old Abyſſinian than any of his learned contemporaries. He died April 8, 1704, in his 80th year.

USEFUL

USEFUL TRANSACTIONS.

(To be continued Monthly, as they ſell.)

PART II.

For MARCH and APRIL, 1709.

PREFACE.

IT is not doubted but, as theſe "Uſeful Tranſactions" become more public, they will encourage worthy and ingenious perſons to ſend in ſuch materials as may for the future contribute to the good and welfare of their native country.

As to the preſent "Tranſactions," it is to be noted, that, in the "Eunuch's Child," ſuch a misfortune actually happened in England as is reported there from Italy, of a young gentlewoman, who has acted in the Playhouſe for her diverſion, that was deceived by the appearance of a man, that is an Eunuch, who was ambitious of a night's lodging with her to no purpoſe. The matter is known, both at Drury-lane and in the Hay-market.

As for the "Diſcourſe of Tongues," it were to be wiſhed that perſons would be more communicative and forward to promote the public good. Nothing could be more uſeful than a full and true inſpection of human tongues; and therefore it is hoped, that if any perſons know themſelves to be notorious buſy-bodies, canters, flatterers, liars, tongue-pads, ſpokeſmen, rattlers, bouncers, &c. they would in their wills bequeath their Tongues to be diſſected, and viewed by the microſcopes of the Uſeful Society, which would produce many wonderful *phænomena*.

As to the "Migration of Cuckoo's," where mention is made of *auguration*, it is no new thing, but well known among the Antients. Pauſanias tells us, "That Parnaſſus, a ſon of the "Nymph Cleodora, was the inventor of it, who likewiſe gave "his name to that mountain ſo celebrated by the Poets." That

Mr.

Mr. D'Urfey's birds ſhould ſeem different from thoſe common ones that fly about, or are in cages, is no new or wonderful thing; for Sir Walter Rawlegh [a], who is an Author of undoubted credit, tells us, "That the common Crow or Rook "of India is full of red feathers in the low Iſlands of Coribana; "and the Black-bird and Thruſh hath his feathers mixt with "black and carnation in the North parts of Virginia:" ſo that red Crows and Rooks and carnation-coloured Thruſhes and Black-birds are no ſtrangers to the other part of the world; though a man would be thought to banter here, ſhould he mention ſuch things without ſo good an authority as that of Sir Walter Rawlegh [b].

[a] Or (as he himſelf ſpelt his name) Ralegh. He was born in Devonſhire, in 1552. He finiſhed his ſtudies at Oriel College, Oxford; and made but a ſhort ſtay there, his ambition prompting him to an active life, which he had a full opportunity of indulging throughout the reign of Elizabeth, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf particularly by the diſcovery of Virginia; but on her death he loſt his intereſt at court, was ſtripped of all his preferments, and even accuſed, tried, and condemned for high treaſon, Nov. 17, 1603. Being reprieved, he continued priſoner in the Tower for many years; and in that ſituation, beſides other works, wrote his famous "Hiſtory of the World." He was enlarged from confinement in 1616; but by the artifice of the Spaniſh embaſſador Gundamer, was beheaded, Oct. 29, in conſequence of his former attainder. The beſt edition of his "Hiſtory" is that publiſhed in two volumes, folio, by Oldys; who has diſproved the common ſtory of Sir Walter's burning his ſecond volume. A collection of his ſmaller pieces was printed, in 1748, in two volumes, 8vo.

[b] The deſign of Sir Walter's "Hiſtory" was equal to the greatneſs of his mind, and the execution to the ſtrength of his parts and the variety of his learning. His ſtyle is pure, nervous, and majeſtic; and much better ſuited to the dignity of hiſtory than that of Lord Bacon. "Rawleigh and Hyde (ſays the learned Author quoted in p. 58) are the "only two our nation has yet produced of a *true hiſtoric genius*: the firſt "excelling in majeſty of thought, equal to the ſubject he undertook; "and the latter, for his comprehenſive knowledge of mankind, will for "ever bear the unrivaled title of the *Chancellor of human nature*." Again, ſpeaking of Rawlegh, he adds, "Obſerve his great manner of ending "the *Firſt Part* of the Hiſtory of the World.—What ſtrength of colouring; what grace, what nobleneſs of expreſſion! with what a majeſty "does he cloſe his immortal labour!" *Critical Enquiry*, &c. p. 60.

The "Trypal Veſſels," mentioned in the fourth Diſſertation, are not to be ſlighted; ſince they are ſuch things as, when nicely toſſed up in a *ragoût*, often ſerve as a diſh in the entertainment of princes.

As to what concerns the "Conſecrated Clouts," I muſt acquaint the Reader, that I lately received a Letter from Rome, containing an affair of great importance; which is, that whilſt his Holineſs Pope Clement was lately rumaging the Caſtle of St. Angelo, for the treaſure of Sextus Quintus, to help to pay his tatterdemallion forces, who had more guittars than horſes or muſquets, he found in a corner an old cheſt, that had lain moulding for many ages; which being opened with much-ado, expecting great treaſure, it proved to be a collection of the childbed linen provided for her Holineſs Pope Joan. She and her child dying in the proceſſion, as Hiſtory records; they were laid up, in caſe any future Infallibility ſhould have occaſion to make uſe of them. There were 3 mantles, 6 blankets, 6 beds, 10 night-caps, 8 day-caps, 12 biggins next the head, 12 neck-cloths, a dozen and a half of ſlobbering-bibs, 6 pair of gloves, 6 pair of ſleeves, ſeveral ſtays, 4 rollers, 8 belly-bands, and 10 pilches. It was no unpleaſant ſight, to ſee the Pope and the old Cardinals handling and poring upon this childbed equipage, though moſt of them had paid for ſeveral ſetts for their nieces and nephews. There were ten dozen of extraordinary large diaper and damaſk clouts; and there was a memorandum tacked to them, that, by a peculiar ſanctity and quality that they were endued with, they would cauſe a great aſtringency when applied to human poſteriors; which being taken notice of by Cardinal Trimalchini, he made this elegant ſpeech:

"May it pleaſe you, Holy Father,

"Theſe Clouts ſeem to have been the moſt uſeful things that "could have been diſcovered in the preſent circumſtances of "Europe. We ſee their virtues have been tranſmitted down to "us for many ages. And now we have the greateſt occaſion "for the trial of them. I would deſire therefore that your "Holineſs would be pleaſed to diſtribute them in ſuch propor-"tion as you ſhall think moſt fitting, amongſt the Sacred Con-"ſiſtory. For, if the Germans make daily ſuch approaches to-"wards Rome, rattle ſo with their drums, and thunder ſo with "their cannon; I may be bold to ſay, that, unleſs ſome ex-

"traordinary

"traordinary application is made, we may all of us chance to "be no ſweeter than we ſhould be."

So far my Author.

I ſhall detain my Reader no longer with a Preface; but leave him to gather what benefit he can from the enſuing pages.

No I.

THE EUNUCH'S CHILD.

Some important Queries, whether a Woman, according to Juſtice and any Principles of Philoſophy, may lay a Child to an Eunuch: as the Matter was argued between the Churchwardens of Santo Chryſoſtomo in Venice, and the Learned Academy of the Curioſi there: occaſioned by an Accident of that Nature happening to Signior Valentio Crimpaldi, Knight of the Order of the Caponi.

SIR,

THERE happened not long ago in Venice a remarkable accident, which has given occaſion for many ſpeculations. There was a young woman of creditable parentage, only led away by the deluſions of youth, that came and made oath before Mr. Juſtice Nani, that ſhe was with child by the Signior Valentio Crimpaldi; and deſired his warrant againſt him, that he might father it. The Churchwardens of Santo Chryſoſtomo at the ſame time appeared for the pariſh, and preſſed the matter home upon the Juſtice, who ſeemed averſe to granting any; not only out of reſpect to the quality of the perſon, who was a *Cavaliere*, but likewiſe becauſe he was publicly known and reputed to be an *Eunuch*.

However, the Churchwardens, together with the Overſeers and Sideſmen, were very importunate, and the woman with a modeſty that ſhewed as if *that* had been her only ſlip, perſiſted in her firſt aſſertion; owning indeed, that ſhe truſted to the faith of the

the Signior's being an Eunuch; but, however, the Child was *his*.

The Juſtice was an Hiſtorian and a Virtuoſo; and told them, "That all the Eaſtern people had Eunuchs for their prime con-"fidents, becauſe they would keep their women to themſelves;" and then argued, from the various parts that were wanting, that the matter was impoſſible.

However, one of the Sideſmen, being a Horſe-courſer, ſpoke much to the ſprightlineſs of geldings, and as to ſeveral of their feats of activity; inſomuch that he ſtaggered the Juſtice, who, living near the Academy of the *Curioſi*, ſent for ſome of his learned neighbours, to help him out in this difficulty.

The hall was quickly full; and, after ſome arguments managed with much earneſtneſs, the venerable Signior Aerio, by his mien of gravity, ſeemed to command ſilence, and thus began:

'I am altogether of opinion, that this Child is rightly laid to 'the Signior Valentio, notwithſtanding his being an *Eunuch*; and 'I ground my opinion upon the experience I have of all ſorts of '*effluvia's*, and what their power is in the productions of nature.

"To account for uncommon phænomena's may ſeem very "difficult; yet give me leave to make ſome obſervations on "former experiments of the like kind, which, with remarks on "ſome others lately made, may in ſome meaſure ſolve that "difficulty." Phil. Tranſ. N° 315. p. 83.

'I take it, Noble Sirs, that this matter might happen to proceed 'from the vehement *effluvia* paſſing from the body of Signior 'Valentio: for I cannot ſee how ſo many particles as he is com-'poſed of ſhould not ſhew themſelves more "than wax included "in a glaſs, whoſe motion has been experimented by the ap-"proach of a finger near its out-ſide," ibid.

'The words of the Author, if we may compare inanimate 'things with animate, are very expreſſive, and come up to the 'preſent purpoſe:

"It was obſervable of the wax, that, after the motion and "attrition of the glaſs was continued about three minutes, and "then ceaſing, the threads within ſeemed to hang in a careleſs "confuſion, and were not inſtantaneouſly erected. But, in and "about three or four ſeconds of time, they were ſo every way "towards the circumference of the glaſs, and ſeemingly with ſo "much

"much ſtoutneſs, that a motion of the glaſs alone would give "them no great diſorder." P. 82.

"But that which was the moſt ſurprizing was, to ſee a "motion given them by the approach of one's hand, finger, or "any other body, at more than three inches diſtance from the "outward ſurface, notwithſtanding the threads within touched "not the inward one. And it was farther obſervable, that, after "every repetition of the motion, and the new attrition of the "glaſs, the diſtance at which the threads might be moved "ſeemed to be increaſed; and at another time, upon ſudden "clapping of ſpread hands on the *parts*, there has been ſuch "a violent agitation of the threads within, as was very ſurpri-"zing, and continued ſo for ſome time. It ſeems, that the parts "of the *effluvia* are ſtiff and continued; that, when any part of "them are puſhed, all that are on the ſame line ſuffer the ſame "diſorder. So, allowing a continuation of parts, the *effluvia* "within and thoſe without are all of a piece; for they are both "begot by the ſame attrition, that when the *effluvia* are puſhed "or diſturbed without, the *effluvia* within in the ſame direction "are ſo too, and conſequently the threads which are upheld and "directed by them." P. 83.

"It ſeems deducible from many other arguments of this Au-"thor, that the figure of the parts of glaſs and ſealing-wax are "much alike; otherwiſe the *effluvia* of one could not penetrate "or paſs with ſuch eaſe the body of the other, and then act as if "it was one and the ſame with it." Phil. Tranſ. N° 318. p. 221.

'I ſhall leave the application of what I have ſaid to this au-'guſt and learned audience. As to the vulgar, they know I 'have always deſpiſed their common ſentiments.'

When Signior Aerio had decently diſpoſed himſelf, up roſe Signior Clappario, whoſe velvet cloak and cane of ebony engaged the eyes of the ſpectators to be fixed upon him. Who thus began:

'I altogether agree, Moſt Noble Sirs, with that illuſtrious 'perſon that ſpoke laſt, as to the whole nature of *effluvias*, and 'their admirable effects in all productions.' Then, turning himſelf about to the Knight, he ſaid, 'Moſt noble Signior Valentio 'Crimpaldi, honoured with the dignity of the *Caponi*, by what I 'have heard from the lady here, you are the Father of this 'child. Take it not, I beſeech you, amiſs; for the excellence 'of your voice has produred you ſufficient to provide for the help-

'leſs mother and this lovely infant, which will take away all re-
'proaches caſt upon your order for the future. I would not
'think the *effluvias* proceeding from your perſon ſhould be of
'leſs value or reputation, than thoſe proceeding from the arti-
'ficial *phoſphorus*, or poliſhed amber. If their *effluvias* can
'cauſe *light*, why may not your *more noble ones* do the ſame.
'Give me leave to inform this noble audience and the world
'what I know concerning the *artificial phoſphorus*.

"You may remember my telling you, many years ago, of "my good Friend Mr. Boyle's [c] communicating to me, about the "year 1680, his way of making the *phoſphorus* with urine; at "the ſame time deſiring me to uſe all my endeavours to find out "ſome other ſubject from whence it might be made in greater "quantity: and perhaps he might have made the like requeſt to "many more; for, to uſe his own words, he really pitied his "Chemiſt, who was forced to evaporate ſo prodigious a quantity "of urine, to get a very little of the *phoſphorus*.

"Soon after, in order to ſee ſome experiments in chemiſtry, I "lodged for a ſhort time at his chemiſt's houſe, one Mr. Bilgar, "then living in Mary le Bowſtreet, near Piccadilly, who was in-"deed equally if not more importunate with me than Mr. Boyle "to try if I could find out ſome other matter, from which more "might be made than from urine: telling me there was ſo great "a demand for it, that it would be of very great advantage to "him.

"It being then a very hot ſummer, I cauſed a piece of the dried "matter in the fields where they empty the *houſes of office* to be

[c] Mr. Robert Boyle, ſeventh ſon of Richard earl of Corke, was born Jan. 25, 1626-7. He was educated at Eaton; and was an early proficient in the mathematicks. On his return from foreign travel, he applied himſelf particularly to chemiſtry; and made ſuch diſcoveries in that branch of ſcience, as can ſcarce be credited upon leſs authority than his own. His exalted piety was equal to his extenſive knowledge. Theſe excellences kept pace with each other; but the former never led him to enthuſiaſm, nor the latter to vanity. He was himſelf "The Chriſtian "Virtuoſo" which he has deſcribed, in a book under that title; and was the founder of the theological lecture which bears his name; and in which ſome of the preachers are ſaid to have excelled themſelves in ſtriving to do juſtice to the piety of the founder. Mr. Boyle was frequently offered a peerage, but declined that honour. He died, unmarried, Dec. 30, 1691.

"digged

" digged up; in which, when broken in the dark, a great num-
" ber of ſmall particles of *phoſphorus* appeared.

" This matter I carried to Mr. Boyle, who *viewed it with* " *great ſatisfaction*; and Mr. Bilgar, by his direction, fell to " work thereon.

" You well know, Sir, that human urine and dung do plenti-
" fully abound with an *oleoſum* and *common ſalt*; ſo that I take " the *artificial phoſphorus* to be nothing elſe but that *animal* " *oleoſum* coagulated with the mineral acid of ſpirit of ſalt; " which coagulum is preſerved and diſſolved in water, but ac-
" cended by air.

" Theſe conſiderations made me conjecture, that amber (which I " take to be a *mineral oleoſum* coagulated with a mineral volatile " acid) might be a natural *phoſphorus*.

" So I fell to many experiments upon it, and at laſt found that " by *gently rubbing* a well-poliſhed piece of *amber* with my hand " in the dark (which was the head of my cane) it produced a " light.

" Whereupon I got a pretty large piece of *amber*, which I " cauſed to be made *long* and *taper*; and drawing it gently through " my hand, being very dry, it afforded a conſiderable light.

" I then uſed many kinds of ſoft animal ſubſtances, and found " none did ſo well as that of wool. And now new phænomena " offered themſelves; for, upon drawing the piece of *amber* " ſwiftly through the woollen cloth, and ſqueezing it pretty hard " with my hand, a prodigious number of little cracklings were " heard, and every one of thoſe produced a little flaſh of light. " But, when the amber was drawn gently and ſlightly through " the cloth, it produced a *light*, but no crackling. But, by hold-
" ing one's finger at a little diſtance from the amber, a large " crackling is produced, with a great flaſh of light ſucceeding " it; and what to me is very ſurprizing, upon its irruption it " ſtrikes the finger very ſenſibly, where-ever applied, with a puſh " or puff like wind.

" Now I make no queſtion but, upon uſing a longer and larger " piece of amber, both the cracklings and light would be much " greater, becauſe I never yet found any crackling from the " head of my cane, although it is a pretty *large one*." Phil. Tranſ. N° 314. p. 69.

'Moſt Noble Gentlemen,

'You cannot imagine I ſhould think the *effluvias* of Signior 'Valentio and this lady leſs productive of what is glorious, than 'the amber head of my cane, or thoſe ingredients with which Mr. 'Bilgar made his *phoſphorus*.'

He had ſcarce made an end, when another perſon of diſtinction roſe up, with a letter in his hand ſent him by a friend from beyond ſea. 'I am happy,' ſays he, 'moſt Noble Audience, that I have 'this minute received a Letter, dated March 30, 1708, which 'will ſtrengthen the opinions of the worthy perſons that ſpoke 'before, will clear up the credit of this *lady*, and ſhew the power 'which the *effluvias* of Signior Valentio may have in the gene-'ration of this pretty infant. The words of the Letter are theſe: "From hence it is eaſy to conclude, that, if nine or ten *atmoſpheres* "of air were condenſed in the ſpace of *one*, and to remain in that "ſtate for a year or two, when the veſſel that contains them "ſhall become expoſed open to the air, ſuch as very thin glaſs "bubbles (ſuppoſing them not to be above five or ſix times ſpeci-"fically heavier than their like bulk of common air), it would "float on ſuch a medium; which would be very ſurprizing, to ſee "a body ſupported by an inviſible agent. But I am not ſure of "this, for I cannot tell but it may be a means to render air viſible; "from whence ſome diſcoveries may be made, which otherwiſe "may be impoſſible to know. But let it happen how it will (for "Nature will have her own ways) I doubt not but ſeveral uſeful "inferences may be made from ſuch an experiment." Phil. Tranſ. N° 318. p. 218.

'From whence I argue, that, if nine or ten *atmoſpheres* con-'denſed will raiſe things like glaſs bubbles; if theſe will float on 'a ſurprizing medium, and be ſupported by an inviſible agent; 'and if Nature in all this will have her own courſe; that then it 'may be concluded, that if nine or ten blue beans were put into a 'blue bladder, to remain in that ſtate for a year or two, and the 'bladder containing them were every minute ſhaken, with a repe-'tition of theſe words, "Ten blue beans in a blue bladder[d]! "Rattle, blue beans; rattle, blue bladder; rattle, beans; rattle, "bladder, rattle!" that by this means *ſounds* might become viſi-'ble, and that they would be of a blue colour. Therefore, if all

[d] See Prior's Alma, ver. 29.

'theſe

'theſe ſurprizing inſtances are true in Nature, why may not Sig-
'nior Valentio, who is more than an inviſible agent, nay, more
'viſible than air itſelf, who has a coat of a blueiſh colour, and
'a voice more harmonious than the rattling of any beans what-
'ſoever, be father of this child, when there are ſuch pregnant in-
'ſtances for it throughout all the principles of philoſophy?'

When he had ſpoken and was ſet down, there was an univerſal ſilence amongſt all the audience, each gazing upon the *mother*, her *ſon*, and Valentio, who with all rational probability would ſoon be declared a *father*.

Some were ſtruck with admiration at the force of the argument, others at the beauty of the expreſſion, but moſt at the ſagacity of the perſons who had made ſuch uſeful experiments. The Juſtice was extremely diſcompoſed; the Churchwardens were as much ſatisfied; when on a ſudden a Gentlewoman appeared in a decent habit, with a motherly ſort of an aſpect, and, preſſing forward, deſired ſhe might be heard in this matter, as believing ſhe could by one particular inſtance anſwer all the arguments juſt now propoſed by the Curioſi.

Says ſhe, 'Moſt Noble Sirs, I am a widow of ſome reputation
'in the ward I live in, for the good offices I do upon many occa-
'ſions. I have a daughter not yet twenty years of age, not un-
'handſome neither (if I may ſo ſay it, though not unlike her
'mother); ſhe has been twice a widow, Heavens help her! Her
'firſt huſband was a ſeaman; but he being gone, and my daughter
'and I being lonely women, we did not know but he was as good
'as dead. There came a perſon who made addreſſes to my daugh-
'ter, though I gave him encouragement as to myſelf. To be
'ſhort, with much application, I gave them leave to come together.
'The *ſack-poſſet* was eaten, and the *ſtocking* thrown. Well, let
'me tell you, the *thing* that went to bed with my daughter was as
'like a man as ever you ſaw any thing in the *varſal* world. He
'kiſſed like any Chriſtian, and ſang like an Angel. They had
'not paſſed half a quarter of an hour, when out of the chamber
'runs poor Molly, all in tears, poor ſoul! "Lord, mother!
'what have we got here? Sure it is ſome Spirit!" Well, we were
'forced to ſtay till morning; and, by diſcourſe with my neigh-
'bours, I found that my daughter had gone to bed with Signior
'Gioſeppe, one that, it ſeems, came over to ſing in the Opera.

'Now, from mine and my Daughter's misfortune, let other 'perſons take heed, and eſpecially you, Mr. Juſtice, in pronoun-'cing your ſentence; for my daughter and I are both ready upon 'our corporal oaths to ſwear, that Signior Valentio, being an '*Eunuch*, could not get that child; and ſhe is a baſe woman that 'lays it to him. I know my daughter, poor babe, has too much 'of my blood in her, to have run crying out of bed, if any '*Eunuch* in Chriſtendom had been able to get her with child.'

The young gentlewoman was by; and, looking down, made a courteſy, in teſtimony of her Mother's affirmation.

This gave a new turn to the whole affair. All were willing to believe the Ladies; nor did the Juſtice any longer delay to give his opinion, though, to pleaſe the Churchwardens, he made ſome heſitation, as—that Signior Valentio appeared as much a man as other people. Whereupon, to obviate that objection, ſteps out a perſon, and deſired he might tell him a fable, and ſuch a one as would ſhew there is *no truſt to appearances*.

"Sam Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a ſmiling laſs;
"And for her pretty Mouth admired her face.
"Kate had lik'd Sam, for Noſe of Roman ſize,
"Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
"They met—ſays Sam, alas, to ſay the truth,
"I find myſelf deceiv'd by that ſmall Mouth!
"Alas, cries Kate, could any one ſuppoſe,
"I could be ſo deceiv'd by ſuch a Noſe!
"But I henceforth ſhall hold this maxim juſt,
"To have experience firſt, and then to truſt!"

During this amuſement, the Woman thought fit to march off with her Child; and Signior Valentio did not think it worth his while to ſtay any longer in the juſtification of his *manhood*.

N° II.

THE TONGUE.

New Additions to Mr. ANTHONY VAN LEEUWENHOECK's Microſcopical Obſervations upon the Tongue, and the White Matter on the Tongues of Feveriſh Perſons. In which are ſhewn, the ſeveral Particles proper for PRATTLING, TATTLING, PLEADING, HARANGUING, LYING, FLATTERING, SCOLDING, and other ſuch like Occaſions. Communicated by Dr. TESTY.

HAVING lately ſeen Mr. Leeuwenhoeck's Obſervations upon the Tongues of Feveriſh Perſons [c], and finding them very curious, "and that he had taken care to have two Fevers, "the former more violent than the latter;" I was ambitious likewiſe to make ſome experiments: though, not being willing to venture my own perſon, I deſired of a Wine-porter in the neighbourhood, that, when he ſhould find it requiſite to drink more than uſual, he would take a pint or two of brandy extraordinary, and come to me the next morning, without hawking or ſpitting, and as thirſty as he could poſſibly; and accordingly, not failing, he ſhould have a ſuitable reward.

The next morning he came; and, being deſired to gape, which he could ſcarce do, I found his lips almoſt glewed up with a very black ſubſtance; which, being ſeparated, "I found his Tongue "covered with a thick whitiſh matter," p. 210. Having no "pen-knife nor ſilver tongue-ſcraper by me," I called for a large caſe-knife, with which I made my Butler gather firſt the black matter off of his lips, and then the white fur from his Tongue. My man would have put each of them into "clean China coffee-"diſhes;" ibid. but I bad him fetch two new white earthen chamber-pots, and then, ordering the Porter two full pots of drink, I diſmiſſed him, to haſten to the contemplation of what I had before me.

[c] "Obſervations on the White Morbid Matter on the Tongues of "Feveriſh Perſons, by A. V. Leeuwenhoeck," an Honorary Member of the Royal Society. Phil. Tranſ. Vol. XXVI. N° 318. p. 210.

I bad my man pour boiling rain-water into both the veſſels, "to the intent that the viſcous or ſlimy matter, which did as it "were glew the particles together, might thereby be ſeparated, "that he might the better obſerve them." He told me, that he ſaw divers particles, that had the figure of pears, apples, plumbs, and oranges; "but that none of them had any part that anſwered "to a ſtalk," ibid. All this I more readily believed, becauſe I knew his wife to be a Fruiterer: but whether this phænomenon may not be enlarged, is a queſtion; for, I believe, they may be agreeable to the ſeveral profeſſions. Mr. Leeuwenhoeck "believed "his little ſmall particles to be little ſcales of the outward ſkin of "the Tongue," ibid. And theſe in all probability would be much hardened and increaſed in a Fiſh-wife, who has great neceſſity for the preſervation of ſo important a member, eſpecially at Billingſgate. Monſieur Leeuwenhoeck, "in this matter, found an un-"ſpeakable number of ſmall roundiſh particles, about the ſame "bigneſs as the globules of the blood, which cauſe redneſs. "Now, though they were not of a reddiſh colour, yet he ima-"gined them to be ſmall divided blood particles," p. 211. I aſked my man if he ſaw any ſuch particles; he ſaid, he ſaw little white things. I told him, "they were the globules of the blood, that "cauſed redneſs," p. 212; but I could not convince his unphiloſophical ignorance, how ſuch *red* and *bloody* globules ſhould conſtitute a white ſubſtance. I aſked him "if he ſaw an unſpeakable "number of long particles agreeing in length with the hair of a "man's beard, that had not been ſhaved in eight or ten days?" p. 212.

He, looking off from his microſcope, very ſaucily cried, "How can I tell that, Sir? Do not ſome mens beards grow faſter "than other ſome?" I aſked him if the particles were bright? He ſaid, "Yes; and that ſeveral were very like a bright flame." Theſe I took to be ſuch as Mr. Leeuwenhoeck obſerved, "although "he did not take the leaſt phyſick, or indeed any thing elſe but a "little caudle, or a little veal broth with ſome bread in it." ibid. I may attribute the ſhining of the particles in my preſent inſtance to another cauſe; for my Wine-porter, from his firſt attempt of a Fever, till the quenching of his thirſt, took no other ſuſtenance excepting burnt brandy. Therefore, in this matter, I muſt diſagree with Monſieur Leeuwenhoeck, "that this white matter is "protruded out of the Tongue, and no evaporation or coagulation

"from

" from the intrails," p. 213. For there ſeems to me in this caſe, that the particles of fire were forced down by the great quantity of liquid particles of the brandy to the lowermoſt parts of the intrails, and there, working by the way of coction, cauſed an ebullition, which naturally ariſes with a white ſubſtance, as in the ſcum of boiled Beef and Bag-pudding, Artichoaks, Calves Heads, and Legs of Mutton.

Mr. Leeuwenhoeck " did diſcover an unconceivable number " of exceeding ſmall Animalcula, and thoſe of different ſorts, but " the greateſt number of them were of one and the ſame ſize; and " that moſt of theſe Animalcula rendezvouzed in that part of the " water where the ſaid matter of his tongue lay," p. 214. This ſeems to me to let one into a noble phænomenon of nature; for I inquired of my man if he did not think he ſaw that the particles of the white matter were like Eggs; he told me, " Yes, and that he " ſaw innumerable Serpents, Kites, Ravens, Oſtriches, Crocodiles, " and ſuch like ſort of creatures, coming out of them." From whence I raiſed this philoſophical reaſon, why drunken men are ſo quarelſome; for, as I ſaid before, the hot liquor throwing up an "evaporation or coagulation from the intrails," p. 213, raiſes up likewiſe an inconceivable number of theſe little Eggs; which, being quickly hatched there, as in an Egyptian oven, put the patient to an extreme torment; ſo that it is no wonder if perſons ſo tormented by theſe Animalcula throw them out at random, without any fear, wit, or ſerious conſideration, oftentimes in very opprobrious language.

Mr. Leeuwenhoeck could do no greater ſervice to the world, than to ſtudy the figure, quantity, and quality, of theſe Animalcula *rendezvouzing* upon the Tongues of all ſorts of perſons in their ſeveral circumſtances; for I doubt not but they would ſhew the true reaſon of the formation of all languages, and that they would be like the creatures that moſt abound in their reſpective countries.

" After I had ſatisfied myſelf concerning that matter which is " found upon the Tongue, and which we call the Thruſh, I let " my thoughts wander a little farther upon the conſideration of " the Tongue itſelf, in order, if it were poſſible, that I might " diſcover the pores by which that matter is imbibed, which is " afterwards protruded out of the Tongue," N° 315, p. 111; for I take it, that, by a due obſervation of the quality of the particles of which the Tongue is compoſed, we may give an account of the

ſeveral

ſeveral phænomena of the voice and ſpeech that is produced by it.

I am not inſenſible that an articulate voice, when diſtinct, is produced by five organs, according to the Verſe,

Guttur lingua palatum dentes & duo labra.

"To ſound true words, the Throat and Tongue muſt go,
"The Palate, Teeth, and the two Lips alſo."

There may be very noble obſervations made concerning each of theſe ſeveral organs. The Hebrew and Oriental Languages ſound much from the Throat, which ſhew that they came more immediately from the Heart; and as that is the ſeat of life, ſo their ſound is commanding and majeſtic. Not much different from them in that reſpect are the Gothic and Saxon, and the moſt antient Britiſh, which our Anceſtors uſed, whilſt honour, truth, and juſtice, flouriſhed in theſe parts.

Of the Tongue I ſhall ſpeak ſomething more largely immediately. And for the other four organs, I deſign particular Diſſertations concerning them. The Palate, or Roof of the Mouth, oftentimes by great colds will ſwell, and fall down to a very great bigneſs, and obſtruct the voice. To help this, good old women, pitying the caſe of ſuch as ſhould be any ways hindered from ſpeaking, by the help of Album Græcum and Honey, with their thumb replace the glands by a gentle attrition into their due poſitions. The failure of this Palate is often occaſioned by love in ſuch perſons who have felt more than one of Cytheræa's *flames*; then the voice is not altogether ſo ſonorous and pleaſing as it was; but thoſe perſons generally make uſe of a ſixth organ the Noſe, though oftentimes, the bridge of that failing, they make uſe of the ſeventh organ, which is the Noſtril.

The Teeth are very neceſſary inſtruments, and contribute much to the temper and good humour of ſpeech: for we find by aged perſons, who become *edentulous* or toothleſs, that, their Lips falling in, and their Jaws being ſomething protruded, they come to a certain Chineſe poſition of face, and to a language ſcarce to be underſtood, which, if it is, generally proves peeviſh.

The Lips are uſeful for kiſſing as well as ſpeaking: of theſe I deſign a particular account, when I give an abſtract of the learned Kempius's Treatiſe *De Oſculo*, or of Kiſſing; and his particular Diſſertation, *De Oſculo Judæ*, or the Kiſs of Judas.

I com-

I communicated my thoughts about the Tongue to the ingenious Mr. Trencher, who adviſed me "to take four diſtinct "Tongues, one of a Cow, another of an Ox, a third of an Hog, "and a fourth of a Sheep;" p. 111. He ordered me to boil the firſt, and place near to it an adjacent Udder upon a bed of Spinage, mollified with a ſufficient quantity of freſh Butter. The Ox's Tongue he thought proper to roaſt, ſaying the particles would appear better after a torrefying evaporation. But, he ſaid, Veniſon Sauce would not be improper to explicate the ſeveral diſcoveries he reſolved to make. He told me that the Hog's and Sheep's Tongues might be got dried in moſt paved allies. I invited him to come the next day about noon, and that all things ſhould be ready, and my microſcopes in order.

He came according to his promiſe; and the boiled Tongue, Udder, and buttered Spinage, were placed upon the table as preſcribed. "I ſet myſelf to examine the ſkins of the ſame, and "particularly the external particles that are upon the thickneſs "of the Tongue; and where, as I conceive, is the place that ad-"mits the juices into the Tongue, by which that ſenſation is "produced which we call the Taſte. I ſeparated thoſe afore-"ſaid external particles as well as I could from thoſe that lay "under them; and obſerved that the latter, that is to ſay, the "internal, were furniſhed with a very great number of pointed "particles, the tops of which for the moſt part were broken off, "and remained ſticking in the outmoſt ſkin. When I placed "one of thoſe internal particles of the Tongue before a mi-"croſcope, it appeared to me to be as it were a tranſparent body, "ſomething larger than a Thimble," as appears in the figures G, N° 1, 2. I told my Friend each moment what occurred to me; but he was ſo intent upon his eating, that I was afraid I ſhould ſcarce have materials enough wherewith to perform my microſcopical obſervations. At laſt, I perſuaded him to look upon a part of the Tongue, which appeared to me to have a very great reſemblance of Thimbles. "Upon viewing with a micro-"ſcope ſome of the Tongue which is between the protuberances, "I obſerved that it was all over covered with a great number of "riſing roundneſſes," p. 111, as appears by the figure, N° B. He immediately told me that the repreſentation of Thimbles ſhewed that it belonged to a Female, and the repreſentation of Mountains ſhewed the country it came from: from whence he concluded,

concluded, that it was the Tongue of a Welſh Cow; and for further demonſtration, he ſhewed me Pen-Man-Maur, and Pen-Man-Roſs, as delineated in the Figures A. and D. He explained to me, that in the Figure G, N° 2, I was miſtaken to think that the tops of the Thimbles were broken off: for he ſaid they were complete, though without a top, as being Taylors Thimbles: from whence he concluded the rationality of that ſentence, that Taylors were ſo congenial to the feminine ſex, "That Nine of "them muſt go to the compoſition of One Man." Now, ſays my Friend, if you pleaſe to take this little piece of Tongue and view it with the microſcope, "you will find ſeveral long "particles in it." In the mean time I will cut myſelf another piece, and demonſtrate to you how I reliſh or taſte it.

"You ſee, I ſuppoſe, the aforementioned long particles, as in "Figure, Letter H. Now, when I preſs my Tongue againſt the "roof of my mouth, in order to taſte any thing, theſe long parti-"cles, as numerous as the graſs in the field, the ends of which are "exceedingly ſlender, preſs through the uppermoſt ſkin, which at "that place is very thin; or, to ſpeak more properly, is endued "with ſmall pores or holes, and ſo receives a little juice; from "all which proceeds ſuch a ſort of ſenſation, which we call "Taſte," p. 113. When theſe particles are ſharp, and meet with other ſharp particles in the thing that is chewed, they produce a poignancy or pungency, as in eating of Sorrel and Tongue-graſs. Muſtard-ſeed originally is globular, and would conſequently roll over theſe graſſey particles of the Tongue, as a Bowling-green: but, being contuſed in a bowl by an iron ball, it aſſumes a ſharp pointed figure, and conſequently has that poignancy or pungency which has occaſioned the epithet given it by Mr. Robinſon in his learned Treatiſe, called "Quæ Genus," of Scelerata Sinapis; or, as Horace, in his "Art of Cookery," expreſſes it, ver. 174,

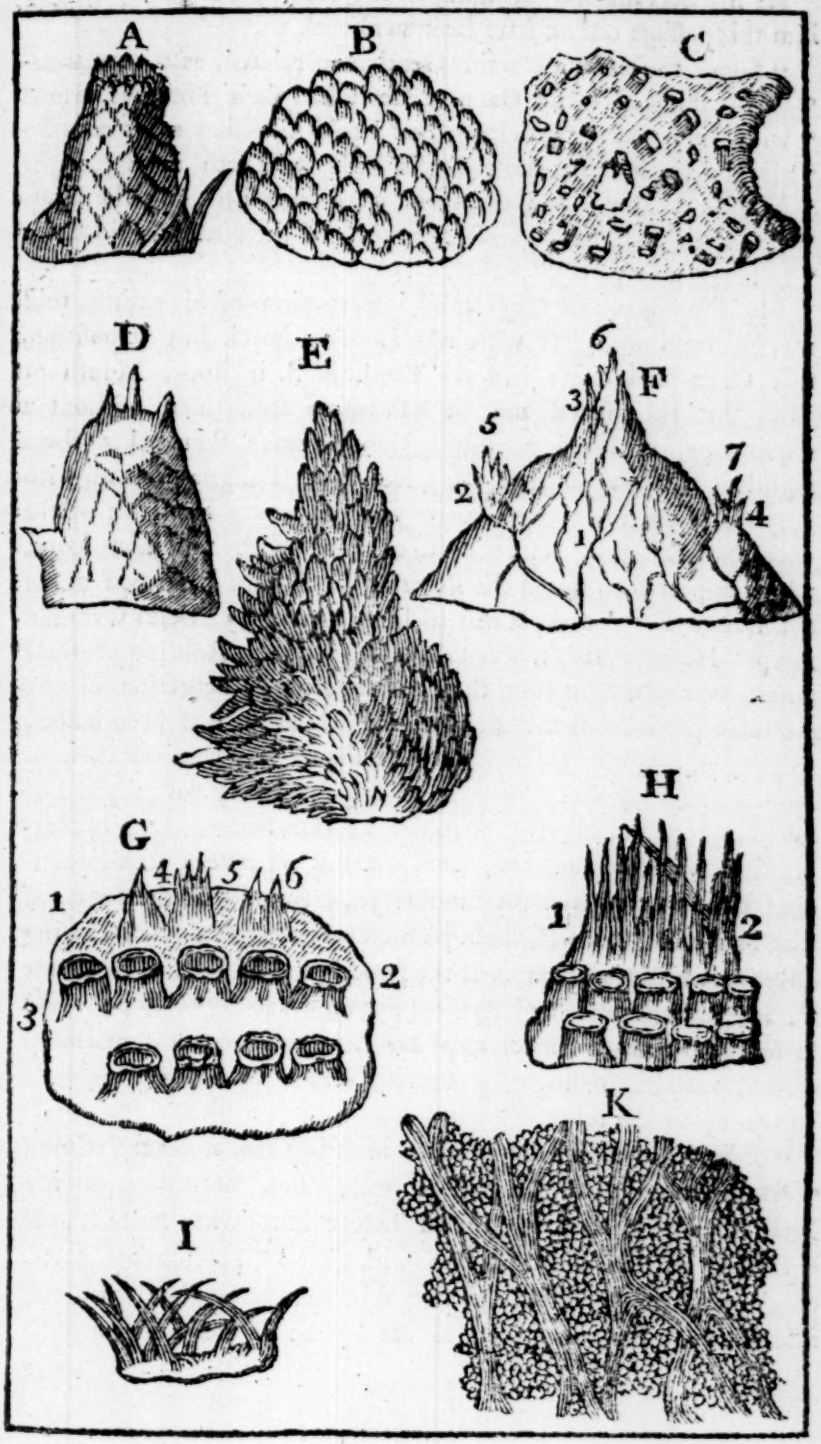
"The roguiſh Muſtard, dangerous to the Noſe;"

which explains the phænomenon, that as the Noſe is a ſuppletory organ to the Speech, ſo it is likewiſe to the taſte.

When the particles are more obtuſe and round, there is a ſort of glibneſs in the taſte, not without a pleaſantneſs in the deglutition, as in Sack-poſſet, Quaking-pudding, Oatmeal-caudle, or the like.

FIGURES

FIGURES of PARTS of the TONGUE, taken from the Plate before PHIL. TRANS. N° 315.



As my Servant was bringing in the roaſted Tongue, I read to him this paſſage out of Mr. Leeuwenhoeck:

"Some time ago a certain Gentleman related, as a very wonderful thing, that the Oxen or Cows had their Tongues armed with very ſharp particles. But I told him they muſt neceſſarily be ſo, becauſe thoſe beaſts had no Teeth in the upper Mouth or Jaw; and therefore were forced to preſs the Graſs with their Tongues againſt the roofs of their mouths, in order to break it to pieces." Ibid.

My Friend, with a very ſmall interruption of his eating, told me, he could not agree with Mr. Leeuwenhoeck in that poſition, that Oxen and Cows had no Teeth in their upper Mouth or Jaw; for, he aſſured me, he had often ſeen them without a microſcope, as lodging with a Gentlewoman that bakes them nightly. He owned that Oxen had their Tongues armed with very ſharp particles; and thereupon gave me a ſmall bit of the Ox's roaſt Tongue before him, to view with my microſcope, which appeared to me in the ſhape of the Figure deſcribed under the Letter E. I complained to him, that the particles were not ſharp. He anſwered, it was true and that the ſubſiding of their points was occaſioned in their torrefaction by deſuction of the globular particles of the Butter with which it had been baſted, which made it more luſcious to the Palate. To confirm this, he ſhewed me a ſurprizing inſtance. He cut a very large piece of the Tongue, and involved it in the Veniſon Sauce, which is compoſed of ſweet ingredients; and, cutting off a very ſmall particle for me to view with my microſcope, I found that the virtue of that Sauce had made all thoſe pointed particles to ſubſide; leaving only ſome veſtiges or traces of the ſame in the middle, as in Letter F; and three pointed and aſpiring Pyramids, as N° 2, 3, 4; there being ſome pointed particles, as N° 5, 6, and 7, ſtill remaining which, notwithſtanding the ſuavity of the Sauce, may give pungeney to the reliſh.

"I had cauſed a Hog-butcher to bring me, at ſeveral times, "divers tongues of Hogs," p. 114; and, according to my Friend's advice, laid one dried before him, who, immediately "cutting off" the outward ſkin with all its "protuberant particles," gave me a bit of the ſaid ſkin to contemplate with my microſcope. He was going to eat a piece of the Tongue with

ſome

ſome Muſtard, when very ſurprizingly and earneſtly he called for ſome Loaf-ſugar, which he ſcraped into it. Now, Sir, ſays he, if you will look a little cloſer you will ſee the abſolute neceſſity of ſome mollifying, dulcifying, and ſmoothing body; otherwiſe the ſharp pointed particles of the Hog's Tongue, together with the ſaline particles and the fumous or ſmoaky particles which it contracted or acquired in its drying, joined to the hamate and poignant particles of the Muſtard, would too ſharply pierce the Tongue, ſo that a perſon might as well eat a thouſand of pins or needles, in their proportion, as a very little bit of a Hog's Tongue, unleſs, as I ſaid before, it were mollified, dulcified, or ſmoothed with Sugar. Then I, looking intently through my Microſcope, "with great wonder diſcovered a mighty number of "very ſlender long particles, which always run into a ſharp point "at the end, juſt as needles do appear to the naked eye," p. 115, much in the nature of thoſe deſcribed in Fig. H, N° 1, 2; only thoſe, being of an Ox's Tongue, appeared like Pack-needles, and theſe of the Hog like Needles fit for a Nun's working of Point of Venice. My Friend ſcraped a few minute particles of Loaf-ſugar upon a diminutive bit of the Hog's Tongue. I ſaw them immediately ſubſide, and bend as in Figure I; "whoſe "inward parts, as it were, ſhrunk inwards. My Friend gave me "ſeveral thin ſlices cut from the Tongue; the phænomena, or "appearances, whereof were always various; yea, ſo much that "I was quite aſtoniſhed at it; and if I could but repreſent them "to any other body's eyes in the ſame manner as I ſaw them my-"ſelf, they would cry out, WHAT WONDERS ARE THESE!" p. 121, 2.

From this wonderful variety of the phænomena, I cannot fix any certain concluſions; only this, That it ſeems that, the Tongues of Hogs being compoſed of ſuch ſharp particles, and the voice of the Hog being partly framed by the Tongue, there is a ſharp, harſh, or unpleaſing ſound, which proceeds from that animal, which is called in a moderate expreſſion *grumbling* or *growling*, but more properly and philoſophically, after an *onomatopoietical* formation, it is called *grunting*, from the Latin *grunio*, or *grundio*, to *grunt* like a Swine; which ſound ſufficiently denotes the nature of the beaſt. Theſe ſharp particles of the Tongue preſſing upon the palate of the Hog ("upon which I have "often ſtroaked my fingers upwards and downwards, but could

" perceive no more roughneſs than if I had been feeling a piece of " velvet," p. 116,) pierce the Palate ſo as to wound it in many places, of which you have an inſtance in the figure C, repreſenting a very minute bit of a Hog's Palate, wounded after a moſt barbarous manner. This makes it very painful and uneaſy for that creature to expreſs itſelf, and ſo different from a *ſwan* in its dying agonies: ſince there is nothing more harmonious than the laſt accents of the former, but of the latter nothing more diſagreeable.

Theſe long acicular ſharp particles " are not all of them round; " but each of them aſſumes ſuch a figure as ſuits beſt to the others " to which it is joined, and ſo as to leave no ſpace nor vacuity " between them, inſomuch that I have ſeen ſome of them that " were in a manner of a triangular figure," p. 121. Hereupon I made a very curious and uſeful obſervation, being reſolved to know how many of theſe long fleſh particles, or rather fleſhy muſcles, might be contained in an inch. I conſidered that the diameter of one of theſe little muſcles of fleſh " does not exceed " two hairs breadth of one's head; and when we compute that ſix " hundred breadths of a hair does not exceed the diameter of one " inch, it follows, that three hundred diameters of theſe ſmall " muſcles is but equal to the diameter of one inch; and conſe- " quently then, that ninety thouſand of the ſaid ſmall muſcles of " fleſh make no more than the thickneſs of one inch;" p. 120. This ſhews what a voracious creature Mankind is; who, in a ſmall piece of Tongue, of no more than the thickneſs of one inch, can chew and ſwallow muſcles of fleſh, which, computed by the diameter of the hair of one's head, amount to and equal a hundred and eighty thouſand hairy diameters, which is a ſum prodigious. But more exact calculations of this and many other things ſhall be fully demonſtrated, in a large Treatiſe I intend, concerning the proportion of a *Hair's-breadth* to a *Cow's Thumb*.

My Friend told me, that his buſineſs would not ſuffer him to ſtay very much longer, yet ſtill he was deſirous that he might taſte, or I might inſpect into, a ſlice or two of the Sheep's Tongue, which I had prepared for him. It was very ſtrange to ſee the difference of this ſpecific creature's Tongue, from that of the Hog's before-mentioned. The very figure of it is as ſmooth as the ſound it pronounces, which we call *bleating*, from the Greek βληχάομαι, which nevertheleſs in my opinion is more properly

expreſſed by the Latin word *balo*, *ba* being the only ſound that Sheep which I have had the opportunity of knowing ever make, though perhaps in ſeveral tones, or notes, according to their ſex, age, or ſtation. That which I can neareſt repreſent it to is a ſmooth bright-ſhining ſtrand, newly left dry by the ebb, in which there ſtill remain many gulls of water flowing down gently, as appears in the whole figure K: and this philoſophically explains what ſeemed before to be only metaphors, when we mention torrents, floods, and ſtreams of eloquence; ſince they are all naturally inherent in the Tongue, though they have been improved by Ariſtotle and Tully, in their Treatiſes of Rhetorick and Oratory.

I then told my Friend, that by theſe ſpeculations we might eaſily ſee the ſeveral uſes theſe various particles might be put to, in the ſeveral occurrences of man's life. I ſhewed him how the long acute particles of the Tongue, as deſcribed N° H, were proper for Scolding, Snarling, Criticiſing, Slandering, and Backbiting. That the particles, N° I, had in themſelves much of the nature of the former, and carried with them an equal poignancy; but could make their ſharpneſs bend itſelf and comply as occaſion might offer, ſo as to produce the effects of Lying. The Figure E, ſets forth the ſhape of an eternal Pratler or Tatler, who has a multitude of theſe particles, whoſe ſharpneſs is rendered obtuſe or blunt by the perpetual uſe that is made of them. The Figure G, by the multitude of its Thimbles, N° 3, ſhwes itſelf to be feminine; and the firſt pointed hillock, N° 4, denotes Maundering; the ſecond protuberance, N° 5, imports Scolding; and the third, N° 6, being forked, demonſtrates Cuckoldom, which is likewiſe denoted by the bottom of the Figure A, though there the forked particles ſeem more concealed, as being perhaps likely to be received with greater contentment, the coronet at the top denoting riches and preferment to be gained by it.

The Figure repreſented by the Letter F, ſhews the true nature of Pleading and Haranguing; the ſtreams of Eloquence flowing from the root in ſeveral rivulets, N° 1; but terminating ſtill in a poignancy, or pungency, which is not ungrateful, but rather tickles than offends the ears of the audience, after a various manner; as in N° 2, and 4, which are what are vulgarly called *wipes*, or *girds*; and N° 3, which is extreme Satire. When theſe little ſharpneſſes are wholly removed, then it comes to the ſmoothneſs,

which appears in the Figure Letter K, and is proper for Flattering, whence all things flow ſo eaſily, that the current is not to be reſiſted. I was purſuing my notions, when my Friend, being thirſty with eating his dried Tongues, called firſt for a tankard of ſtrong Ale, then for a bumper of Claret; and then, taking up the root of the Hog's Tongue, which was almoſt the only thing he had left of all four of them, he told me, "that he had often "thought our Taſte proceeds alone from the Tongue; but within "theſe few days he was of another opinion; for, when he viewed "that part of the roof of the Mouth, oppoſite to the top of the "Throat, where the notched or jagged parts of the Hog's Tongue "are determined, he judged that that was the place from whence "the Head did partly diſcharge itſelf, and the matter to be caſt "out which comes into the Mouth, without its proceeding from "the Lungs; as alſo that there are a great many parts in it "which receive the matter which he calls the Taſte," p. 122, 3. Then, taking another glaſs of Claret, he deſired that within two or three days I would get him a Hog's Head, powdered, roaſted whole. I deſired it might be on Wedneſday; for I was impatient; and that, he having left me at preſent in ſuch uncertainties, in the mean time I ſhould continue *taſteleſs*.

No III.

MIGRATION OF CUCKOO'S[f].

A Letter concerning the Migration of Cuckoo's, with their Deſtruction of Eggs: And general Remarks concerning Birds Neſts, with the Speech of Birds. Communicated by Mr. Martin Cheapum, M. A. F. U. S.

SIR,

I HAVE often conſidered, that it would be neceſſary for a Uſeful Society, as we are, to contemplate well the *migration*, that is, the coming *hither* to a place that we do know, and the going

[f] This Eſſay was inſerted by that arch veteran Poor Robin, in his annual publication for 1775; but without any notice of the ingenious Author to

going *thither* to a place that we do not know, of that celebrated Bird the Cuckoo: for I conceive that the knowledge of the place of his habitation in *winter* may "conduce to the diſcovery "of a very pretty phænomenon g."

The Bird has prudence indeed, and acts according to the way of the world. To ſtay in the climate where he was well received during the continuation of proſperity; and then to leave his benefactors amidſt the chillneſs and ſtorms of Fortune, till ſuch times as he believes they have a freſh ſupply for him to ſpoil them of.

"The buſineſs I would humbly recommend is, that the mem-"bers of the *Uſeful Society*, all over the realm, would themſelves, "or procure their inquiſitive Friends, to obſerve and note down "the very day they firſt ſee or hear of the approach of that "migratory Bird the Cuckoo." P. 123.

To promote this the more effectually, in my judgement, it might not be improper for the Secretaries of our Society to ſend circular Letters to all School-maſters, School-miſtreſſes, and to

to whom he was indebted for it. From his great age, however, Poor Robin may be excuſed this neglect in citing his authority. He muſt now be conſiderably more than a hundred years old, as he began to publiſh his Almanack early in the reign of Charles II. In this particular, he takes place of his fellow-labourer Francis Moore, who has been a writer only 77 years. Honeſt Partridge, whoſe *natural life* was of ſhorter duration, continues to inſtruct us from the ſhades—*etiam* MORTUUS *loquitur!*

g See in Phil. Tranſ. vol. XXVI. No 315. p. 123, "A Letter from "the Rev. W. Derham, F. R. S. concerning the Migration of Birds." —This eminent philoſopher and divine was born Nov. 26. 1657; and entered of Trinity College, Oxford, May 14, 1675. He was preſented to the vicarage of Wargrave in Berkſhire, July 5, 1682; which he quitted, Aug. 31, 1689, for the valuable rectory of Upminſter in Eſſex. There he applied himſelf with great eagerneſs to the ſtudy of nature, to mathematicks, and natural philoſophy; and became ſo eminent that, he was ſoon elected F. R. S. and proved a very uſeful and induſtrious member of that learned body, as is plain from the many valuable papers of his in the Tranſactions. In 1716, he was made canon of Windſor; and in 1730 had the degree of D. D. from the univerſity of Oxford, on account of his great learning, and "the ſervices he had done to religion by the culture "of natural knowledge," as was expreſſed in the dip'oma. After publiſhing many valuable books, he died April 5, 1735; and left behind him, amongſt other curioſities, a ſpecimen of inſects, and of moſt kinds of birds, of which he had preſerved the male and female.

all perſons bearing a rule and authority over youth, that they give full liberty and leave to them to go a Bird's-neſting as often as the ſaid youth may think convenient: for by this means they may arrive at greater knowledge and preferment, than by always poring on their Books. "The ſeveral obſervations which they "make ought to be communicated to the Society." Ibid.

I would have theſe lads enjoined to take notice what day, what hour, "how the wind ſat," ibid. when they found any Birds-neſts whoſe eggs had been ſucked: for it is my opinion the Cuckoo migrates hither long before we generally hear it; and, knowing his voice not to be of the cleareſt or moſt pleaſant, continues for ſome time the ſucking of raw eggs, with an intent to clear it.

They ſhould likewiſe obſerve what neſts it chuſes to borrow, to lay its egg in; from whence we might probably make a good gueſs at the commodities of the country it comes from, "whether "fromward the Eaſt, or any other point;" ibid.

Here is a noble field of contemplation for lads to ramble in: to conſider why Jackdaws and Magpies differ in the ſtructure of their habitations from Tomtits and Screech-owls; why ſome Birds are brought to bed in wool, ſome in hair, the Martins in dirt, the Sparrows in thatch, and the Rooks on the tops of trees in bruſh-faggots.

There is one thing which I am ſorry I have forgot, "till the "Iynx, or Wryneck, juſt now come," has brought it to my thoughts. "This I take undoubtedly to be a Bird of paſſage: "the wind has ſtood SOUTHERLY to-day, WESTERLY yeſter-"day," (ibid.) EASTERLY the preceding day, and the day before that NORTHERLY: ſo that we may be certain, if he came to-day, it was from the South; if yeſterday, from the Weſt; if on Tueſday, from the Eaſt; but if on Monday, from the North. Thus, by fixing the time of the Bird's coming, together with the change of the weather-cock and the blowing of the wind, we may arrive to that knowledge of Migration of Birds, which will amount to little leſs than a demonſtration.

"But, for a further ſample, I ſhall annex my obſervations laſt "year. The Swallow came March the 31ſt, making a great out-"cry at his approach, as if he ſaw ſomething ſtrange," p. 124. I was then walking in my garden, in my new ſilk night-gown, and a velvet cap. At firſt I thought he might be ſurprized at ſeeing me in that habit, as having left me in a ſtuff one laſt year: but,

but, upon further liſtening to him (being verſed, as I ſhall hereafter acquaint you, in the language of Birds), the firſt word he ſpoke diſtinctly was "Summer, Summer." I ſmiled to myſelf, and ſaid, "We old ones are not to be caught with chaff. Sum-"mer is a good thing indeed; but, if you would have me be-"lieve that you brought it, you ſhould not come ſingly."

Immediately after, in a great conſternation, he cried "Smoak, "Smoak," in my old Lady Sparewell's kitchen chimney, where he had ſeveral years laſt paſt taken up his ſummer's reſidence.

This ſight was indeed not only to the poor bird, but likewiſe to myſelf, unuſual: for it was but the night before I had buried the lady; and her grandſon, jolly Sir John, was that day got in poſſeſſion of her jointure.

April the 1ſt, 1708. The "Iynx firſt yelped here," p. 123, being a day remarkable for ſeveral wiſe paſſages.

April the 2d. The Certhia, or Creeper, crept here, p. 124.

April the 4th. I eſpied the Ruticilla, or Redſtart, bluſhing here, ibid.

April the 5th. I ſaw the Martin, and welcomed him as my nameſake, ibid.

April the 6th. The "Nightingale firſt ſang with us," ibid. But ſhe ſang the day before at a lady's in the next pariſh, at a viſit ſhe made there.

April the 7th. "The Cuckoo, I was told, was heard by "Thomas Tatler," ibid.; but, he being a perſon not of the brighteſt reputation, I could ſcarce believe it till he had made a voluntary affirmation of it before the Juſtice.

April the 8th. I continued from before day-break, till it was dark, in our home field, waiting its coming, but without ſucceſs.

"Upon the 9th of April, I heard it myſelf with great joy," ibid.; and immediately (being now a widower) I plucked off my ſhoe, to ſee what coloured hair my next wife would have; and found two red ones, which gave me great ſatisfaction, according to an antient Receipt approved by many experiments.

April the 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, I ſpent each day in doing the ſame thing, that is, hearkening to the Cuckoo.

April the 17th, "I heard the Swift or Black Martin ſqueak in "a hole at my houſe, in which it has quietly built for ſeveral "years," ibid. though I never required any thing for his lodging. His voice told me, that he was ſomething indiſpoſed by

his journey; that he hoped reſt might do him good. "So, it "being cold weather, he did not fly abroad till ſome days after," ibid.; when the Swallow and Martin received him with a regard due to ſo near a relation.

I do not know that I ſpent a month more to my ſatisfaction than this, upon the reception of theſe my *migratory* acquaintance.

I know this matter may ſeem new to ſome. But Mr. Randolph [h], a noted Author (whoſe Plays and Poems now bear the Fifth Edition, in his "Amyntas, or Impoſſible Dowry," p. 206, tells us, that Cuckoo's do preſage conſtancy; and then introduces Mopſus, a learned Augur, with his Miſtreſs Theſtylis, and his Brother Jocaſtus; where he numerates the ſeveral dialects that the Birds uſe in their language.

THEST. Mopſus, where have you been all this live-long hour?

MOPS. I have been diſcourſing with the Birds.

THEST. Why, can the Birds ſpeak?

JOC. In Fairy-land they can. I have heard them chirp very good Greek and Latin.

MOPS. And our Birds talk far better than they. A new-laid Egg of Sicily ſhall out-talk the braveſt Parrot in Oberon's Utopia.

THEST. But what language do they ſpeak, ſervant?

MOPS. Several languages, as Cawation, Chirpation, Hootation, Whiſtleation, Crowation, Cacklehation, Skreekation, Hiſſation.

THEST. And Foolation?

MOPS. No—that is our language; we ourſelves ſpeak that, that are the learned Augurs.

The ingenious Mr. D'Urfey [i] was ſenſible of all this; and therefore, to divert the Town, has in his Play, called "The "Wonders

[h] Thomas Randolph, born June 15, 1605, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. The moſt generally admired of his works (which conſiſt of poems and plays, collected by his brother Robert in a fifth edition 1664) is his "Muſes Looking-glaſs," in which there is a great variety of characters of the paſſions and vices, drawn with much truth, and interſperſed with ſome ſtrokes of natural humour. He died in March 1634.—Robert, who was alſo a good Poet, was a ſtudent of Chriſt Church, vicar of Dorrington in Lincolnſhire, and died in 1671.

[i] Thomas, or, as he was more frequently called, Tom Durfey, in the year 1706 brought on the ſtage a performance intituled, "Wonders in "the

"Wonders of the Sun," introduced the "Kingdom of the Birds," with all their Croaking, Chattering, and Whiſpering Language.

It is a piece, I may venture to ſay, that excels any of his preceding performances: a ſubject ſo elevated; a conſiſtency of ſo various impoſſibilities; ſuch a multitude of characters or epiſodes conducing to one ſingle deſign, to which they ſeem not to have the leaſt coherence: the language of the whole, and particularly the eloquence of the Vice-roy in the Sun, who ſtutters gibberiſh of the Author's own compoſing:

"Keelin, Seelin, Dalley mazzow, gollin bellin kendilango
"Garzzokta blowzin minger bounce, Pofflary gomon.
"Wowla kan riggan, wawla kan roo."

That ſatirical genius which he ſhews, by repreſenting Birds as High-fliers and Low-fliers, ſufficiently declare him a complete maſter of the Emblematic and Comic Opera.

He ſhews us what ſports the Birds have in their kingdom. That the greateſt in office there are moſt gay and divertive. And Sir Pratler Parrot, Favourite and Hiſtorian to the King, and Sir Owl Mouſer, the King's Attorney General, are made to dance after the French manner; which is extremely natural, becauſe they are both Low-fliers.

"the Sun, or the Kingdom of the Birds, A Comic Opera," and printed it the ſame year. He was deſcended from French parents who fled from Rochelle when it was beſieged by Lewis XIV. They ſettled at Exeter, where Mr. Durfey was born. He was the Author of 31 dramatic Pieces, and Songs without number. An impediment in his ſpeech, which is ſaid never to have affected him when ſinging his own ſongs, prevented his application to the Law, which his father intended him for. He appears to have lived in great familiarity with the principal Noblemen and Wits and even ſome of the crowned heads of the times in which he flouriſhed; but was generally in a ſtate of poverty. After a very long life, he died Feb. 26, 1723; and was buried in St. James's Church-yard. He frequently uſed to reſide with the Duke of Dorſet at Knole, where a picture of him painted by ſtealth is ſtill to be ſeen. The 67th Number of The Guardian was written in his favour, when grown old and poor, to procure a full houſe to a play of his own compoſing, which was then going to be acted for his benefit. It is no ſmall commendation of Mr. Durfey to have been loved, and, though in jocular terms, even praiſed, by Mr. Addiſon. Had he lived in an age when ballad operas were faſhionable, he would have been eſteemed a firſt-rate writer,

It is obſervable, that all along, whatever occaſion he may have for his Birds, he makes them preſerve that character there, which they bore heretofore in another place. So, Sir Oliver continues his paſtime of Mouſing; and Sir Pratler is continually calling for his Sack, as being allowed him by his Prince:

"O rare Parrot, Parrot! Parrot's a Bird for the King.
"A Cup of Sack for Parrot; quick, quick, quick."

His genius of the Black Bird, the emblem of jollity and contentment, aſſuming a human figure, deſcants on his own freedom and happineſs in the Region of the Sun; and ſatirically raillies on the vices of the under world, pitying us mortals, and chanting forth this moſt ſublime Pindarique:

"Whilſt in eternal day, Terrey, Terrey, Rerrey, Rerrey.
"Hey—Terrey, Terrey, ſings the Black Bird,
"And what a world have they!" p. 67.

Then, after a comical Dance of Birds and other creatures is performed, he makes the Nightingale finiſh the ſport in a Chorus:

"Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug.
"The jolly, jolly Philomel,
"Upon the haw-thorn ſings, &c." p. 69.

But nothing is more pretty than his Epilogue, where he makes Cits and Ladies of his Starlings and Wagtails; Beaux of his Woodcocks, Snipes of his Low-fliers, and Rooks and Hawks of his High-ones; to whom he joins Ducks and Geeſe for good Company. Cuckoo's and Owls are placed in the Galleries, and Swans ſit ſtill in the Boxes: whereas, "were they ſwimming in "The Thames, there were ſeveral perſons preſent, whom he "need not name, that would dive to pull of their mourning "ſtockings," denoting that Swans have black feet.

My gravity would not give me leave to go to ſee the machines, nor nature of the Birds which Mr. D'Urfey had brought upon the Stage; but I got one Mr. Slyford to go thither every time of its performance, who, coming lately into the country, gave me the following account.

He ſays, he was credibly informed, by the Keeper of the Firſt Gallery, that, near adjoining to the back-ſide of the Roſe-Tavern, and contiguous to the Play-houſe, there is a large neſt, in which a ſufficient quantity of Turtle-doves and young Pullets are brought

up

up by He and She Canary Birds, to ſerve Gentlemen at a rate certain, not only in the performance of theſe Hieroglyphical Operas, but likewiſe on many other preſſing occaſions.

My Friend aſked him, if theſe Birds were not migratory, or kept to any one place more particular. He ſaid, that the chiefeſt of them were of the migratory nature, often moving from the Hay Market to Drury Lane, and from Drury Lane to the Hay Market.

He ſaid, they are at the firſt much dearer than Wheat-ears, Pheaſants with Eggs, or Ortolans. Theſe, at great expences, may be kept for a year or two without any migration: but, as their price grows leſs, ſo their wandering increaſes daily; and ſometimes numbers of them pour themſelves down from Drury Lane and the *neſts* adjacent, upon Covent Garden, The Strand, and Fleet-ſtreet, where they become *ambulatory* and *noctivagous*: that as for their *neſts*, it is obſervable, at their firſt ſitting, that they make them in fine chambers, over down and feather-beds: that they generally advance up two pair of ſtairs the next ſeaſon, and may chance to neſtle in the cock-loft at the third; from whence often, upon a North-eaſterly wind, they *migrate* into the Plantations; but that he has obſerved their return from thence not to have been altogether ſo certain.

I have deſired my Friend to ſearch further into the nature of theſe Birds; which, as ſoon as the particulars come to hand, I ſhall communicate to the Publick.

N° IV.

Some Material Remarks upon Mr. ANTHONY VAN LEEUWENHOECK's Microſcopical Obſervations on the Membranes of the Inteſtines and other TRYPAL VESSELS; communicated by a grave Matron in Field Lane, long accuſtomed to Experiments of that nature.

GENTLEMEN, Field Lane, April 20, 1709.

"I TAKE the liberty to acquaint your Honours, that Pro-
"feſſor Slaughter came to my houſe, April 7, telling me, that
"he had lately viewed through a Microſcope a little piece of GUT,
"which,

" which, he ſaid, was part of the BOWELS of a WOMAN: and, " having ſeparated a ſmall particle thereof from the reſt, he diſ- " covered in one of the thin Membranes, of which for the moſt " part the GUT is compoſed, a great number of little fibres and " veſſels, which lay in great multitudes over and acroſs each " other; as alſo ſome particles of Fat, which lay like bunches of " grapes on the ſaid fibres. He likewiſe obſerved, about the " blood veſſels which he diſcovered ſhut up as it were under the " outmoſt membrane, a great many fat particles lying; from " whence he concluded, that the WOMAN who was the OWNER " thereof had been very FAT [k]." I made him a courteſy, and told him, I believed the " little piece of Gut" at preſent was the property of his Worſhip; and that the " Woman" could not juſtly be ſaid to be the " Owner:" that, by the particles of Fat, he might conclude the Woman had been " very fat:" and that I agreed with him in that opinion; adding further, that ſince particles of Fat " lay like bunches of Grapes," it was very probable ſhe had been the buxom wife of ſome hen-pecked Vintner. It ſeems, that Gentlewoman, according as Mr. Profeſſor Slaughter had the goodneſs to tell me, died ſomething unfortunately; " and thereupon he produced two Diſſertations, ſub- " ſcribed with the name of Peter Evertſe in Latin, dated March " 12;" from whence he explained to me, " that the Woman to " whom that Gut belonged had been hanged, and that in her " life-time ſhe had been troubled with the Falling-ſickneſs." He then laid down two very extraordinary maxims; viz.

" That, in ſuch perſons as are hanged or ſtrangled, as this " Woman was, the circulation of the blood is in a great meaſure " interrupted by the rope," p. 54. And this he proved by innumerable inſtances of perſons, whoſe blood not only ſtagnated, but whoſe breath had been ſtopt, and their necks broken, by that fatal operation.

And, ſecondly, that there is a great difference between a Dog that is hanged for worrying of Sheep, and a Thief that is hanged for ſtealing of them, becauſe " there will be a much greater " protruſion of blood" of that of a rational creature than that of a beaſt; and, " that the former has great concern at that time, and

[k] See " Microſcopical Obſervations on the Blood Veſſels and Mem- " branes of the Inteſtines, by Mr. Anthony Van Leuwenhoeck, " F. R. S." Phil. Tranſ. vol. XXVI. No. 314. p. 53. 57.

" diſmal

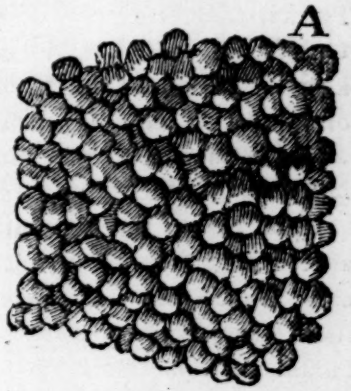
" diſmal thoughts of approaching death, upon account of the " deſerved puniſhment he undergoes, none of which things " occur to Beaſts," who under thoſe circumſtances are altogether thoughtleſs and unapprehenſive; ſo that it is altogether untrue to ſay of a man that is hanged, " that he died like a Dog," ſince " his blood has ſo much greater protruſion."

And, thirdly, " that, in any ſuch accidents as Hanging, Bleed- " ing is highly neceſſary, in order to give the Blood room enough " for a free circulation," p. 58. For " we muſt ſuppoſe that a " violent protruſion," or expulſion, of the Blood through the Tunica's of the veſſels which would there coagulate, might be occaſioned by the great and " ſudden fright and ſorrow," which at that time Jack Ketch might put the Criminal into.

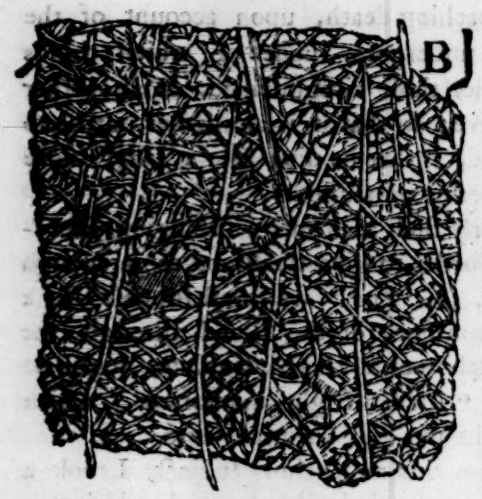
To divert him a little from this melancholy ſubject, I took a large piece of Double-tripe out of the kettle, and, placing it before him in a clean diſh, with Muſtard, Vinegar, and Onion, juſt by, I deſired him, if he pleaſed, to diſſect and eat of it; and that he was heartily welcome.

I told him, that at preſent this Tripe " belonged to me;" that it formerly had been in the poſſeſſion of an Ox; that it was never " troubled with the Falling-ſickneſs," till it was knocked down by the Butcher, that he might the more eaſily cut its throat; and in that manner it died, as " a great many other animals loſe " their lives by the ſpilling of their Blood," ibid. To this I attributed the delicate whiteneſs of my Tripe: whereas I believed I ſhould have found the " Tunicas or coats of the ſmall Veſſels " extended, and the Blood philtrated through them lying dry in " little lumps upon the extreme membrane," in caſe the Ox had been hanged. And I then ſhewed him how very fat my Double-tripe was; upon which, taking a picture out of his pocket, he cried, " Oh! " in theſe fat particles are the Grapes " exactly;" p. 53. " the Bunch only " wants a Stalk." The Picture he gave me, and according to that draught a copy of it is here delineated, as Figure A.

A



Then,



Then, looking upon the ſmooth part of the Single-tripe, which was extremely ſleak and clean, he produces another Picture, which he did me the honour likewiſe to give me. Pray, Madam, ſays he, accept of this drawn by my own hand, from the Membranes beforementioned. You ſee the various crevices in it, as appears by the Figure marked B.

From the crevices in the Hand, the Learned have framed the Art of Palmiſtry, or Chiromancy; from the wrinkles in the Forehead, that of Metapoſcopy: but the moſt noble of all is, that which the Romans uſed, called Aruſpicy, or Extiſpacy. That great people, when they ſacrificed, cauſed ſome of their nobleſt perſons to open and view the bowels and entrails of the beaſts; and thence to foretell things likely to happen to the commonwealth. Now, Madam, ſays he, when you know that an Ox is killed for a Lord Mayor or a Sheriff's Feaſt, it will be eaſy for you to get the Tripal parts, and thence to learn what would be the ſucceſſes of the year enſuing. If "the Blood ſhould be protruded ſo as to "ſtagnate and lie coagulated upon the outward membranes," it would ſignify a plentiful Seſſion; and that, in all probability, there would be "decent Executions." If the colour of the fat Particles ſhould be very bright and yellow, it might denote that Goldſmiths Hall would be a proper place for his Lordſhip to keep his Mayoralty in. If the figures ſhould appear in the ſhape of grapes, as aforementioned (Figure A.) then Vintners Hall would be moſt proper for him. And if the crevices ſhould appear reticular, or like a net, then Fiſhmongers.

Upon this, I thanked Mr. Profeſſor; and told him, that hereafter I would make my obſervations upon the Entrails as they came to me: that I was proud to think that ſo great a nation as the Roman ſhould condeſcend to be ſkilled in my Trade, and that ſhould make me more diligent for the future: that, at another time, if he would do me the honour of a viſit, he ſhould ſee the

"Crop of the Rand," and all the various mazes of the Honey-comb Tripe in perfection, which, by a Microſcope, could not but, in his own expreſſion, "appear wonderful."

Our farther converſation was interrupted by a Patient that came to the Profeſſor; but, when I ſee him next, I doubt not but that I ſhall have ſomething new to communicate to the Publick. In the mean time, I hope your Honours will believe me a well-wiſher to Uſeful Experiments; and that I am, with due ſubmiſſion,

Your Honours, &c.

N° V.

An Hiſtorical and Chronological Account of Conſecrated Clouts. Communicated by the Ingenious and Learned Virtuoſo Signior GIOVANNI BARBERINI, of CHELSOGNIA. Occaſioned by a Paſſage in the Poſt-Boy, that the POPE has lately made a Preſent of the ſame nature to the Young Prince of ASTURIAS.

THOUGH ſome modern Authors, out of ſpleen and prejudice, oppoſe the great antiquity of Conſecrated Clouts, and would ſink them down many ages beneath their antient date and original: yet the Primitive Writers are not ſilent on ſo material a point of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory; and we have ſufficient authority to trace them as far backward as the middle of the Sixth Century, from the following ſtory.

When Boniface the Third was advanced to the Papal Chair, with a fatherly care and piety becoming ſo great a Prelate, he promoted his relations and natural iſſue to the moſt eminent ſtations both in Church and State. One old Aunt only was left unprovided for, who had many years lived a Semſtreſs of repute *under a bulk* in Rome: but it was now thought by his Holineſs not ſo honourable, that ſhe ſhould longer continue to make dowlas ſhirts for footmen, or vend coarſe ſocks for the unſanctified feet of the vulgar. The young Princeſs of Parma being big with child, Pope Boniface was deſired to do a neighbourly office, and ſtand godfather to the ſon and heir that about that time was expected into the world. He, being frugal in his nature, and knowing

what

what a Heatheniſh expence the luxury of the times had run it up to, in preſenting Goſſips and Midwifes, and giving to Nurſes, Chambermaids, and Butlers—that, in return for Lambs-wool, Cake, and Groaning-cheeſe—the child muſt have preſents of Silver Caudle-cups, Porringers, Spoons, and Suck-bottles, and thoſe often with the additional expence of *double-gilt*. Having therefore maturely conſidered theſe things, he very prudently makes an accurate collection of old Shirts, and orders his ſagacious Aunt to transform them with her utmoſt ſkill and management into a ſett of Child-bed-linen; which, having received the grand ceremony of his Holineſs's benediction, with a plain but decent ſett of Coral-bells and Whiſtle, the old Lady is ſent Embaſſadreſs extraordinary with this ſpiritual preſent for the carnal poſteriors of his young Parmezan Highneſs.

To give the better turn to this new miſſion, three or four old women were laid-in at the firſt ſtage on the road, that were ordered to be mightily afflicted with the tooth-ach; but the ſanctified Clouts were applied with wonderful ſucceſs to their luminous cheeks, that by their primary inſtitution were calculated only for the blind ones of the future Prince of Parma. They were received at court with that exceſs of joy and gratitude that ſo unexpected and ſurprizing a bleſſing deſerved; and as the conſecrated bundle promoted the bearer of them to an annual Penſion, a coach and ſix; ſo we muſt do them this Juſtice, to ſay they proved wonderful and infallible preſervatives againſt all manner of Fits, Looſeneſs, and Rickets: they did the whole buſineſs of Black Cherry Water and Goddard's Drops[1]: and, when compleatly fouled, they did not require half that profuſion of ſoap ſuds that is neceſſary to reſtore common and unſanctified Clouts to a ſecond application.

This whimſical preſent from Old Infallibility gained wonderful credit and eſteem in the world; and a Royal conſort no ſooner began longing for Green Peas in December, and Ripe Cherries at Chriſtmas, but the next word was, "My Dear, I ſhall never "have a good time of it, unleſs you get me a bundle of Con- "ſecrated Clouts; I cannot but fancy I miſcarried the laſt time "for want of them. Why, there is the Princeſs of Parma could "have them, I warrant you, brought by his Holineſs's own Aunt,

[1] A ſoporific medicine, not yet quite out of vogue.

"and

" and a chopping boy came tumbling out after them— and ſure, " my Dear, I am as good as ſhe; for my Father had a Crown on " his head, when hers carried but a commiſſion in his pocket." In ſhort, this ſort of Ware was ſo much in vogue, and turned to ſo good account, that the price of 50,000 Crowns was ſet on them by the Conſiſtory, and a Holy-Lumber Office erected for the benefit of Infants, Royal Commiſſioners of the Childbed Duty appointed, and a handſome yearly income by it flowed into the Pope's Exchequer. And from that time forward, from the mighty Emperors of the Eaſt and Weſt, down to the Kings of the Iſle of Man, the German Princes, and the innumerable Monarchs of North and South Wales, they were all furniſhed from the Holy-Clout Office at a ſtated rate, from the Whiſtle and Suck-bottle down to the Go-gart and Leading-ſtrings.

For the two ſucceeding centuries this continued a moſt conſiderable and flouriſhing branch of the revenue of the Papal Chair; but then unfortunately came on that long, bloody, and expenſive *war*, known by the Name of *holy*, which impoveriſhed our Chriſtian Kings and Princes to that degree, and reduced their illuſtrious Families to that low ebb of caſh, and want of the *ready*, that, for the ſpace almoſt of three following ages, our European Queens were forced to run on tick for Baby-cloaths, and take in every rag from Rome on the ſtrength of Royal credit. To remedy theſe grand inconveniences, and ſecure the mighty ſums that Monarchy ſtood engaged for to the Apoſtolical Chamber for Swaddling-clouts, a large and ſubſtantial Vellum Shop-book was ordered into the Audit-houſe; and a Commiſſion of a Foreman and two Clerks erected, for the ſending out of bills, and writing dunning letters, to all Chriſtian Emperors, Kings, and Princes.

And this (ſays my compaſſionate Author, like a good Catholick) was that unhappy age, when the great debts and neceſſities of our Holy Mother Church put her firſt upon ſophiſticating her good ſtaple-ware, and debaſing her vendible commodities, that ſhe had hitherto managed with great profit, credit, and reputation. But now, like a decaying Cit, ſhe began to put off counterfeit Coral for good, her Bells, Suck-bottles, and Whiſtles, were not Sterling, and wanted weight as well as the Hall-mark; ſhe would ſell you Go-carts and Rattles for new, that were but ſecond-hand; and, on her honeſt Pontifical word, recommend to you Dowlas, Locrum, or Kenting Swaddling-bands, for ſuperfine

Holland and Cambrick of the beſt. By which means, cuſtom fell ſtrangely off; and ſhe loſt the buſineſs of many good and ſubſtantial families.

About the latter end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, out comes Pope Leo, with a thundering Bull, in the nature of a Commiſſion of Bankrupt, againſt the Houſe of Auſtria, eight Crowned Heads, and three hundred German and Italian Princes, for vaſt ſums of money, and long arrears due to the Holy-Clout Office, and Chamber of Accompts. Commiſſioners were appointed to meet twice a week at the Triple Hey Tavern in the Flaminian Way; and a competent number of anathema's, in the nature of Spiritual Catchpoles, were directly iſſued out againſt all that ſhould refuſe to come in, and diſcharge their reſpective incumbrances, or give bond and ſecurity to the ſatisfaction of the Court.

But, after many delays and remonſtrances againſt ſo public a grievance, a compoſition was agreed on of five ſhillings in the pound, and a longer time allowed for paying off the old ſcores and clearing the debt. And, to prevent all inconveniences of this nature for the future, and for the better encouragement of cuſtomers to bring ready money, and get good penny-worths, the price of a complete ſett of Baby Clouts, and all neceſſary equipments fit for infants, was ſunk down from 50,000 to 10,000 crowns: but then it was all clear gain; you found your own materials, and paid only for the ceremony and benediction. This Order of the Conſiſtory was publiſhed with a *Nota Bene*, "No "goods delivered without the money down, or ſufficient ſecurity "given."

In this ſtate of fair barter and ſale this matter continued till towards the latter end of the ſixteenth century; and then we find, by the public regiſter and accompts of the Apoſtolic Chamber, that the price was beat down 2000 crowns, and a mortgage of plate and jewels accepted for the remaining ſum on the deficiency of ready caſh. For the good old Dowager of Modena [m], Anno

[m] Deſcended from the ancient Houſe of Eſte. She was mother to Maria Beatrix, whom Lewis XIV. adopted as his daughter, and preſented with a ſuitable portion upon her marriage with James then duke of York: when ſhe was reduced, at the Revolution, to ſeek for ſhelter in France, ſhe was kindly received by Lewis, who treated her with a generoſity that did him much honour. She died at St. Germains, April 26, 1718.

1688.

1688, being deſirous to equip her young grandſon his Welſh Highneſs's poſteriors with a choice ſett of Holy Catholic Clouts, and being a good Market-woman and hard bargainer, ſhe procured a complete equipage, conſiſting of Mantle, Swathe, Clouts, and Whiſtle, &c. for the ſum of 8000 crowns: though it is reported by ſeveral creditable Authors, that his Holineſs at the ſame time made a ſolemn proteſtation he was a loſer by the bargain, and that he would not have ſunk the price ſo manifeſtly to the prejudice of the public revenue, was it not in hopes of engaging the cuſtom of the Family of D'Eſte, and having the honour of ſerving England for the future, that, on ſome little diſguſt, had laid out their money at other ſhops for near two ages. But, the old lady not having the whole ſum by her, and the Pope little faith, ſhe was forced to ſend into Limbo the great Gilt Baſon and Ewer that graced the Side-board on Coronations, Rinaldo's old Goblet, her Ear-rings, Croſslet, and Necklace, to her very Silver Tea-pot and Gold Spoons.

Having thus given you an hiſtorical and chronological account of the origin and growth of Conſecrated Clouts, and of the different fate and ſucceſs that has attended them through ſo many ages, viz. from the ſixth to the ſeventeenth century; it may not be improper in this place to tell you how Authors differ on this ſubject. There are not wanting men of learning and character, that affirm Pope Joan was the firſt inſtitutor of this ceremony, and invented theſe conſecrated preſents as rewards for the Nurſes and Midwives that attended and delivered her of three or four Nephews, it being contrived for their benefit, that other Crowned Heads ſhould pay for her lyings-in. Perhaps you may be ſurprized at the expreſſion of "being delivered of a Nephew;" but that is a peculiar privilege the Pope reſerves to himſelf, let his children be never ſo many: yet the moment he is promoted to the chair, they ceaſe to be ſons and daughters like the common offſpring of the world, but commence Nephews and Nieces from the very hour of his exaltation.

I might here likewiſe mention a ſchiſm that crept into the Clout-office about the ninth century, occaſioned by Starchanelli, the Pope's Laundreſs, counterfeiting the goods, and vending falſe ware to ſeveral illuſtrious families: but ſhe was condemned by a General Council for her crime, with a ſevere ſentence: and after-

wards growing penitent, ſhe turned Camp Laundreſs, went to the Holy War, and waſhed foot ſoldiers that had ſhirts out of love and charity.

And now, Sir, perhaps you will aſk me the uſe and application of this Diſcourſe; which when you hear, may be very ſurprizing and out of the way, when I tell you it is, to prove the title of Charles the Third [n] to the Crown of Spain; to demonſtrate his being the rightful and lawful Prince; and that the Duke of Anjou has no pretence to, and is only an uſurper of, the Catholic Throne.

And this I ſhall prove from a paragraph in a late Poſt Boy, now to be ſeen in my Repoſitory, that his Holineſs has made a preſent, and freely given a ſett of Conſecrated Clouts to the young Prince of Aſturias, the Duke of Anjou's ſon: which cannot be done to a lawful Monarch, without violating all former precedents, and breaking in upon the very conſtitution of the Vatican. To a private perſon, ſuch as his Baker, Butcher, or Shoe-maker, he may freely give a benediction of this nature, without treſpaſſing upon ordinances and ſtatutes: but to lawful Kings and Princes the ſtated price is ſet; it is out of his power to give; and I dare affirm, that the very virtue and quality of the Clouts would be loſt, if the utmoſt farthing was not paid down on the nail. I would therefore have his Holineſs conſider what

[n] The archduke Charles of Auſtria (ſecond ſon to the emperor Leopold), to whom the Spaniſh crown was allotted by the two treaties of partition, of 1698 and 1700. Charles the Second of Spain, provoked at the indignity of parceling out his dominions without his conſent, and urged by the intrigues of the Marſhal de Harcourt with the cardinal Porto-carero, (ſee "The Way to Modern Preferment," in our firſt volume, p. 185,) by a will made about a month before his death, bequeathed his monarchy entire to Philip duke of Anjou, ſecond ſon to the dauphin of France; with a very diſtant remainder to the archduke Charles. The king of Spain dying Nov. 1, 1700, Philip was proclaimed at Madrid on the 24th of that month; and was acknowledged as king both by England and Holland. Yet the Grand Alliance was concluded, Sept. 7, 1701, in ſupport of the emperor's pretenſions. Leopold and his eldeſt ſon the king of the Romans having reſigned their right to the archduke, the latter was declared king of Spain, by the title of Charles III, Sept. 12, 1703. He was unanimouſly elected emperor, Oct. 12, 1711, on the death of his brother Joſeph; and died Oct. 20, 1740.

a falſe

a falſe ſtep he has made, and how far by this he has weakened his friend Philip's title to the Monarchy of Spain: and, unleſs he ſpeedily ſends in his bill, lays claim to the debt, and out of hand arreſts him for the money, this may be brought as evidence againſt him into the Heralds-office, to invalidate his pretenſions, and may be one ſubſtantial reaſon to ſend him packing from Madrid.

USEFUL TRANSACTIONS.

PART III.

For MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER, 1709.

CONTAINING

A VOYAGE to the Iſland of CAJAMAI in AMERICA.

Giving a brief Account of the Natural Rarities, Inhabitants, and Diſeaſes, of the Country: Together with their Cures, after the Method uſed by JASPER VAN SLONENBERGH, a Learned Member of the Royal VIRTUOSI of GREAT BRITAIN, in the Relation he has given of his Voyages into thoſe Parts.

Tranſlated into ENGLISH from the DUTCH.

"Still Fame will grow, if once abroad it flie,
"Whether it be a troth, or be a lie." M. DRAYTON.

PREFACE OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE World having been ſo taken up with Wars, Treaties, and other Political Amuſements, Poetry and Philoſophy have of late found little encouragement: ſo that uſeful Treatiſes in Natural and Experimental Philoſophy have in a manner been laid aſide by the Curious.

However, the Publiſher of theſe Tranſactions was reſolved not to be totally diſheartened. After a diligent ſearch of what probably might pleaſe, he conſidered that the liking of the Town generally runs in the ſame vein for ſome time together. At one ſeaſon nothing pleaſes but Novels, then Tranſlations from the French, then Tragedies, when on a ſudden all vaniſhes into Operas; then nothing will take place but Diſcourſes concerning the Church, and all people arm themſelves with arguments as to its ſafety, rites, and diſcipline; then all again is ſwallowed up in Bickerſtaff's Aſtrological Predictions * and Tatling †. But that which ſeems moſt generally to have prevailed, is the pleaſure

* By Dr. Swift, and printed in his Works, vol. III.

† Mr. Steele was at that time engaged in the Tatler.

taken

taken from the peruſal of accounts given by Travellers. The ſucceſs at Darien [q] gave no inconſiderable amuſements, nor were Dampier's [r] relations leſs acceptable to the Ladies than the men of buſineſs. Pſalmanazar [s], by deſcribing the Iſland of Formoſa, with the ceremonies of their human and bloody ſacrifices, of their garments, ſhoes, garters, and top-knots, was reſpected by the moſt Learned and moſt Curious, who were deſirous of ſeeing him eat his Beef, Mutton, and ſecond Courſe, as they came raw

[q] A colony, eſtabliſhed by the Scots, in 1699, at great expence, on the iſthmus of Darien, between South and North America. This eſtabliſhment, unlike the bloody conqueſts of the Spaniards, was formed by agreement with the natives of the country. But the Spaniards complaining that it was an infraction of treaty; and the Engliſh, that it would ruin their commerce; the ſettlement was reluctantly abandoned in 1700.

[r] See vol. III. p. 92.

[s] George Pſalmanazar was the fictitious name of a very extraordinary perſon, who was undoubtedly a Frenchman born, and received his education in a college of Jeſuits in an archiepiſcopal city, the name of which, and alſo of his birth-place and parents, remain inviolable ſecrets. At the age of ſixteen, he fell into the wild project of paſſing for a Formoſan; and ſet himſelf to form a new character and language, a grammar, a diviſion of the year into twenty months, a new religion, &c.—After being three months in London, he was cried up as a prodigy, and was ſet to tranſlate the church catechiſm into the Formoſan language; and was prevailed on to write the well-known "Hiſtory of Formoſa." He was ſent by the Biſhop of London to Oxford, to purſue ſuch ſtudies as he ſhould ſeem inclined to; and had all the advantages of learning that the univerſity could afford him. Among other practices to obtain credit with the publick, he uſed to take a prodigious quantity of opium, and eat his meat raw (which he ſoon habituated himſelf to by uſing a good deal of pepper and ſpices). On his return to London, he continued, for about ten years, to indulge a habit of idleneſs and extravagance. Some abſurdities, however, obſerved in his Hiſtory, effectually diſcredited the whole relation, and ſaved him the trouble, and his friends the mortification, of an open confeſſion of his guilt. He ſeemed, through a long courſe of life, to abhor the impoſture; and, in a work compiled by him, intituled, "A Syſtem of Geography," 2 vols. folio, made an expreſs declaration of it to the world (which he ſolemnly confirmed by his laſt will, dated Jan. 1, 1760). His learning and ingenuity, in his latter days, procured him a comfortable ſubſiſtence from his pen. He was concerned in compiling and writing ſeveral works of credit; particularly the Univerſal Hiſtory, and the Hiſtory of Printing publiſhed as Mr. Palmer's; and lived exemplarily for many years. He died in 1763, aged 84.

from the Clerk of the Kitchen, without the unneceſſary help of a Cook to alter their natural flavour. Even the deſcription of the New Atalantis [t], from the fluency of its ſtyle, and the tenderneſs of its love-expreſſions, gained upon ſeveral hearts, who were not cautious enough to obſerve what might lye under them; nor ſo wiſe as to conſider that it is ſafer talking of Ants, Ele-

[t] Mrs. Manley, daughter of Sir Roger Manley, a zealous Royaliſt, was early in life cheated into marriage with a near relation, of her own name, who had at the ſame time a former wife living. Deſerted by her huſband, ſhe was patronized by the ducheſs of Cleveland, a miſtreſs of Charles II; but the ducheſs, who was of a fickle temper, grew tired of Mrs. Manley in ſix months, and diſcharged her on pretence that ſhe intrigued with her ſon. Retiring into ſolitude, ſhe wrote her firſt tragedy, "The "Royal Miſchief," acted in 1696, with great ſucceſs. In the ſame year, ſhe alſo publiſhed "The loſt Lover, or jealous Huſband," a comedy. In her leiſure hours ſhe wrote the "Atalantis;" for which, as ſhe had made free in it with ſeveral diſtinguiſhed characters, her printer was apprehended, by a warrant from the ſecretary's office. Mrs. Manley, unwilling an innocent perſon ſhould ſuffer, preſented herſelf before the court of King's bench as the author. Lord Sunderland, then ſecretary of ſtate, being curious to know from whom ſhe got information of ſeveral particulars which were ſuppoſed above her own intelligence; ſhe replied, with great humility, "that ſhe had no deſign in writing, further than "her own amuſement and diverſion in the country, without intending "particular reflections and characters; and did aſſure them that nobody "was concerned with her." When this was not believed, and the contrary urged againſt her by ſeveral circumſtances; ſhe ſaid, "then it muſt "be by inſpiration; becauſe, knowing her own innocence, ſhe could ac-"count for it no other way." Whether thoſe in power were aſhamed to bring a woman to trial for a few amorous trifles; or whether (her characters being under feigned names) the law did not actually reach her; ſhe was diſcharged after ſeveral public examinations. On the change of the Miniſtry, ſhe lived in reputation and gaiety. A ſecond edition of a volume of her Letters was publiſhed in 1713. Several political pamphlets, to which ſhe contributed largely, are printed in the "Supplement to Dr. "Swift's Works." "Lucius," a well-received tragedy, was written by her, and acted in 1717. It was dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, whom ſhe had abuſed in her "Atalantis," but who was then on ſuch friendly terms with her, that he wrote the prologue to this play, as Mr. Prior did the epilogue. While ſhe was employed in defence of the Miniſtry, ſhe connected herſelf with Mr. Barber the printer; and with him ſhe *lived* until the time of her death, which happened in his houſe, July 11, 1724.

phants,

phants, Hedge-hogs, and Butterflies, than of perſons of quality under the moſt ſecret diſguiſes.

The Publiſher of theſe Papers therefore thought this Treatiſe might give ſome ſatisfaction to the Learned World. It was written in Dutch by the accurate Dr. Jaſper Hans Van Slonenbergh, a perſon whoſe name carries reputation along with it. It is filled with variety of knowledge: the Author is modeſt; his ſtyle humble; his obſervations, raiſed from the appearances of things, made as uſeful as they poſſibly could be; for it is truth that Natural Philoſophers muſt ſearch after, and not ornamental expreſſions. "Feeding of Fowl," Intr. p. 16, 17; "the educa-"tion and diſcipline of Swine," p. 30, 31; "the making of Beds, "the untying of Breeches, and looſening of Girdles," p. 47, with many other things deſcribed by this Author, may ſeem at firſt to be trivial, yet contain in them great penetration of thought and depth of judgement. By theſe means philoſophers ſearch into the receſſes of Nature; which though to nice perſons they may not appear ſo cleanly, yet have not therefore the leſs uſe in the animal œconomy. Dr. Van Slonenbergh, in this Diſcourſe, propoſed to himſelf, as far as he could, the example of a Britiſh Author[u], who, in the year 1707, publiſhed a large Folio of his Voyages into the American Iſlands, and is deſervedly eſteemed by the Curious. He has traced his methods and expreſſions, as Virgil did thoſe of Homer and Theocritus, and (as it is the common opinion) with equal ſucceſs: but that and the performance of the Tranſlation out of Dutch muſt be left to the candour of the Reader. I know it will be objected to the following papers, that many things ſeem impertinent; that moſt are ſuch as were known without traveling; that an old woman could effect ſuch cures; and that the obſervations, which run ſometimes a little upon *the naſty*, are made from the meaneſt actions of mankind, and the very dregs of Nature. To this I ſhall only reply, that ſuch perſons ought to be quiet, rather than to expoſe their own ignorance and want of reading; for they muſt ſhew themſelves not to have ſtudied any late Tranſactions of Philoſophy, and that they do not know the methods of gaining a reputation at preſent, and carrying the Modern Learning far above any thing that could be pretended to by the Ancients.

[u] See an account of Sir Hans Sloane, above, p. 3.

PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

"IT is now *ſeven* years ſince I went Surgeon, Apothecary, "and Chief Phyſician, to the Count Dhona, to Cajamai," Pref. p. 1. "I had been in my youth very much pleaſed with "the ſtudy of plants, and had ſeen moſt of thoſe kinds of curi- "oſities which were either in the fields or gardens of the curious "in theſe parts." In my infancy, being left to the care of an uncle I had in Ireland, I had ſearched into the nature of Water-graſs and Chambrook of all kinds, and I found the pungency of the former very much corrected by a lump of raw Butter eaten with it, p. 64. As I grew up, I was admitted into the Potato-garden, the cultivation of which I ſhall diſcourſe of hereafter. I found Potatoes to be an earthy, flatulent, mealy, inſipid ſort of food; but, ſearching among the records of our Family, I diſcovered that they were to be rendered more nutritive and delicious by the vehicle of Butter-milk. I was not above fifteen, before I had ſeen various ſorts of Beans, Peaſe, and Barley, in the cabinets of our neighbouring Virtuoſi.

Having one day pleaſed my uncle, he gave me ſome of his *ſneezing*, which, upon my enquiry, he told me was made of "Tobacco," p. 16; the ſame herb that the Family ſhort Pipe uſed to be filled with; and that, being twiſted like a cord, ſerves for a *chaw*, and ſupplies the want of proviſion; but that it grew a great many miles from our country.

This inſpired me with a deſire of "caſting my mite towards the "advancement of natural knowledge. To deſerve a place amongſt "the great and worthy perſons, the ancient and beſt Phyſicians, "who travelled to the places whence their drugs were brought, "to inform themſelves concerning them," p. 64.

I had practiſed ſome time when, the Count Dhona ſetting out for Cajamai, "Dr. Swammerdam was employed by him to look "out for one that could take care of him and his family in caſe of "ſickneſs. The Doctor ſpake to me in this matter, and I reſolved "to go, provided ſome preliminaries and conditions" (as the *Rhino*, the *Darby*, &c.) "were agreed to; which were all granted," Pref. p. 2.

I could not "take ſuch care" of the Count and his Family as I would have done, "nor make ſuch experiments and obſervations "in

" in the voyage as I intended, being prevented by a very long and " tedious ſea ſickneſs," ibid. Some of the women, that had done puking, aſked me, " Doctor, Why don't you cure yourſelf?" To which I replied, Sea-ſickneſs was not in my " preliminaries " nor conditions;" and then diſcourſed to them concerning the nature of Saline Particles, Aquatic Exhalations, unuſual Vibration and Tolutation of the Inteſtines, p. 3, 4, (of which more hereafter); but they ſeemed to have little apprehenſion of ſuch philoſophical ideas, being immediately called away to dinner.

" Upon my arrival at Cajamai, I ſearched ſeveral places for " natural productions, meaſuring their ſeveral parts by my " thumb," p. 2. Now *pollex* being Latin both for a Thumb and an Inch, I thought " my Thumb, with a little allowance, might " be reckoned an Inch;" that is, ſpeaking of human Thumbs; for a Cow's Thumb is only a figurative expreſſion.

I obſerved that " the leaves of Plants are greeneſt on their " uppermoſt ſides, or that expoſed to the ſun-beams; and lighter, " and more whitiſh underneath," p. 3. I thought it a ſufficient recompence of my " ſea-ſickneſs" and labour, to find ſuch a harmony in Nature; " this being ſo not only in Cajamai, but in " all places where I have been." Whereupon I fell upon this ſerious contemplation, " That, when leaves or tops of plants " have not been expoſed to the light and ſun, they are not only " whiter, but tenderer, and often digeſtiable by our Stomachs," ibid.; and this is moſt apparent in Cabbages, whoſe inward leaves, being contorted, involved, and conglomorated into a circular ſort of figure, and defended from the " light and ſun," p. 4, by many ambient leaves, that envelope the inward and unexpanded circumferences, I have known them boiled and eaten by Taylors and other perſons of very good faſhion " Hop Tops" ibid. are likewiſe excellent good, and " Aſparagus" juſt ſprouting. It would be too long to enumerate " Lettuce, Chardons, Selery, and " Endives," all rendered white and tender by only being covered with earth from the ſun and light; for theſe we ſee in our Kitchen-gardens, without travelling. " I have known a common " Bramble put into a dark room (at Dr. Newton's near Iſlington) " whoſe twigs were white and tender," p. 3; but afterwards coming to the ſun and light, it produced Blackberries. It is obſervable " in Tulips, at firſt ſprouting, they are all whitiſh, then " green," p. 3.; which, if they at that time expand themſelves,

are

are called "Parrots;" but, when "the ſun and light has further "acted upon them, we obſerve them with pleaſure," till they arrive at that ſwarthy or rather ſooty complexion, which makes them be called "Chimney Sweepers." I know ſome Philoſophers do not attribute ſuch active qualities to light; and tell us that Roſes and Mulberries were white, till tinged with the blood of Adonis, and that of Pyramus and Thiſbe, by which they became of a deeper dye*; but theſe are of the Hermetic ſtrain, and perſons that we Botaniſts look upon to be madmen.

I muſt own the obligations I have to the labours of Monſieur Plumier, who went into the Caribee Iſlands, "and obſerved many "plants very acurately; he has engraved them himſelf, and "printed a Book, which conſiſts chiefly of Ferns; to which I "have added ſeveral new ſpecies," p. 3, 4. I was the more pleaſed with this Book, becauſe it treats of Ferns or plants, which is of great uſe in our country, not only to brew and bake with, but likewiſe for its aſhes; "in my youth," I have been peculiarly curious concerning it, and cauſed hundreds, I may ſay thouſands, to be dug up, to ſee if upon cutting the root any two of them might have the ſame figures painted in them by Nature, which I could never find. I have been likewiſe very curious about Fern-ſeed, and would very fain have got ſome; but, being informed by ſeveral people of good conſideration, that the Devil held it for his property, and that he goes out every Midſummer-night to gather it; upon conſulting the Curate of our Village, and he holding it unlawful for me to ſtrive for it; out of conſcience, I deſiſted. I was told, it might be ſafely gathered in Cajamai; but, after diligent ſearch, could not find it ſo: for I am very far from a Conjurer, "being ſenſible of my faults, not only "in my opinions, which I propoſe only as conjectures; but that I "have many imperfections in my language and in my obſerva-"tions themſelves, which were generally written in haſte, and by "one who knows too well how unduly qualified," p. 4, he is for ſuch an undertaking; and therefore, when I talk of "Monope-"talous, Dipetalous, Tripetalous, Tetrapetalous, Pentapetalous, "and Exapetalous Plants; and of Quadrupeds, Teſtaceous, and "Cruſtaceous Animals," p. 6, I would have my Reader underſtand that they are no magical terms, but ſignify only, One, Two, Three, Four, Five, or Six-leaved Flowers, Four-footed Beaſts, or

* As Ovid in his Metamorphoſis, and Majerus in his Emblems.

Animals with Shells on their backs. "I know it is impoſſible to "eſcape the cenſure of ſeveral ſorts of men, as the envious and "malicious; I am ſure they will ſpare no pains to find fault," p. ult.; but if, for the future, "they ſhould endeavour" to render any "Diſſertations of this kind ridiculous," however they may look upon "themſelves as great Wits," yet I ſhall think them "very ignorant, and to underſtand nothing of the argument, and, "upon ſerious conſideration, ſhall treat them with the utmoſt "contempt."

If "any perſons" therefore "ſhall aſk to what purpoſe ſerve "ſuch accounts" as theſe I make, I ſhall only tell them what is reported of Gabriel Naude[x], "That he uſed to ſay he acquieſced "in the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, doubted the Civil, and believed "the Natural;" and that ſuch ſorts of men as "theſe great "Wits," p. ult. have "been in all ages ready," not only to ridicule "the publication of ſuch Works," but "even to abuſe "their Princes, and blaſpheme their Maker;" and therefore I would have all ſuch as do not with Naude believe "Natural "Hiſtory," and mine in particular, to be delivered over to the ſecular power, to undergo the pillory or gibbet, and by eccleſiaſtical anathema's to be ſent to the Devil and his Angels.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

MY Introduction, though it may ſeem ſomething long, yet from the variety of matter, and ſeveral ſurprizing though common accidents, may to the curious and obſerving Reader prove not unuſeful.

The Iſland of Cajamai has "one continued ridge of hills run-"ning through its middle, which are generally called the Blue "Mountains, from their appearing in that colour." This I

[x] Author of "Political Conſiderations upon Refined Politicks, and the "Maſter-ſtrokes of State, as practiſed by the Ancients and Moderns." This work was tranſlated into Engliſh, by Dr. King, in 1711, as a compliment to Mr. Harley. The Dedication (to the Duke of Beaufort), which contains ſeveral anecdotes of Gabriel Naude, will be printed in this collection.

thought

thought the more obſervable, becauſe it is the ſame in all countries, that "the ſky appears ſo, when in a clear day we look to-"wards the Heavens. The tops of ſome of thoſe mountains are "higher than others, and the hills of each ſide are lower than "the mountains," p. 8; Nature, it ſeems, in Cajamai, as in the Alps and Pyrenees upon the Continent, and the rocks called The Biſhop and his Clerks in the Ocean, being delighted with ſuch variety.

The Count Dhona was very deſirous to have found large quantities of "Salt-petre," upon account of his own private intereſt; and had therefore "carried ſeveral people thither, on purpoſe to "try to make it, having had a patent for that deſign," p. 9; but being chiefly encouraged by an ancient Prophecy:

There was Seven Men came out of the Weſt
To make Salt-petre ſtrong,
To turn it into Gun-powder
To charge the King's Cannon:
Then let this Health go round,
Then let this Health go round;
Although your Stockings are made of Silk,
Your Knees ſhall touch the ground, &c.

I told his Excellency, "that there was not any Salt-petre to be "had from any natural earth, but ſome kind of Tineal or Borax "out of a red earth; and that what Salt-petre was to be had "there, was from the earth dug out of caves where Indians were "buried, or where bats and their dung are in great quantities." Ibid.

I told him likewiſe, "that I had ſeen in the woods many of "theſe Indians bones in caves," p. 4; and propoſed to him a collection of them and bats dung; the uſefulneſs of which had not been treated of by any European Virtuoſo; but this great deſign, as likewiſe nurſeries I had projected for Bats, Owls, and other noctivagous creatures, fell to the ground without further encouragement.

Copernicus

Concerning WATER in CAJAMAI.

WATER in the hot ſeaſon is very uſeful, of which there are many ſorts in Cajamai; "River Water, Pond Water, "Well Water, and Spring Water, &c." p. 10, are the moſt common. "Freſh Water" of all ſorts is "very ſcarce in dry years; "and cattle are forced to be driven a great way to it. If Well "Water be near the ſea, it is brackiſh. River Water, if it run "down precipices, and carry with it much clay and earth, is apt "to be thick and muddy. Spring Water is reckoned preferable "to other kinds," p. 11. I know there are ſome who add to theſe ſpecies, under the names of Rock Water, Strong Water, and Maids Water: the firſt is only the denomination given to water when it is extremely clear or cool: the ſecond is ſub-divided into Aqua Vitæ, Geneva, Brandy, and Rum, which is of the moſt general uſe in this Iſland, as being an extract from its Sugar Canes; and, when incorporated with the aforeſaid Rock Water, Lemon Juice, and Sugar, makes an Elixir which conjoins ſouls, as itſelf is compoſed of conjoined liquors, where the ſweet being melted by the ſour, and ſmooth ſoothing the ſtrong, from the concurrence of all together there ariſes a harmony of friendſhip, which, begun over night, will reign till it is diſturbed by the envious approach of the morning. As for Maids Water, we have little made in Cajamai, our paſſengers generally having left what they could ſpare of it in Europe.

I made many obſervations concerning Muddy and Stinking Water; I found that "Water being thick and muddy will have "an odd taſte if you drink it," p. 10; that the beſt method is to give it time to ſettle. We have a way in Cajamai of letting it "percolate through a porous ſtone, made into the form of a mor-"tar;" but here great care muſt be taken of "putting the water "into the concave ſide," ibid. for otherwiſe Water is of that fluid nature, that it will not eaſily remain upon the convex. This obſervation may be of great uſe to many perſons, eſpecially to ſuch as are accuſtomed to bite and ſup their milk, and have not ſeen the uſe of ſpoons; for they, not underſtanding the nature of concavity and convexity, and that the concave ſide is more capacious of liquids than the convex, when they firſt handle that inſtrument are apt to ſlobber. The learned Zacutus has given us a

definition of a Spoon, which is delivered to us by Dr. Eachard, in his "Dialogue between Timothy and Philautus [y]," to Mr. Hobbes [z]. A Spoon is, "Inſtrumentum quoddam concavo-con-

"vexum,

[y] Publiſhed in 1672, and intituled, "Mr. Hobbes's State of Nature "conſidered, in a Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy." This work was ſo well received, that the next year he publiſhed another piece, under the title of "Some Opinions of Mr. Hobbes's conſidered, in a ſe-"cond Dialogue, &c." It does not appear that Mr. Hobbes ever vouchſafed to enter the liſts with this adverſary.—Dr. Eachard was alſo author of a noted piece of drollery, intituled, "The Grounds and Occaſions of "the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into, in a Letter "written to R. L." This pamphlet, which was publiſhed without the author's name, made a great noiſe, and was ſoon anſwered by ſeveral clergymen. He took the inſtances of abſurdity and nonſenſe, in this letter, from his father's ſermons. The "Letter to R. L." and the "Dialogue "betwixt Philautus and Timothy," are the moſt eminent of his works, which were long a favourite companion both of divines and laymen. Swift ſpeaks of them with reſpect, and ſeems indeed to have read them with attention. Some outlines of the "Tale of a Tub" have even been ſaid to be traced in the writings of Eachard. But it has been obſerved of him, that he had no talent at all for ſerious ſubjects. Mr. Baker, of St. John's College, Cambridge, in a blank leaf of his copy of Dr. Eachard's "Let-"ter to R. L." obſerves, that he went to St. Mary's with great expectation to hear him preach, but was never more diſappointed. He was admitted of Catharine Hall, May 10, 1655; B. A. 1656; fellow, July 9, 1658; M. A. 1660; was choſen maſter in 1675; was twice vice chancellor; and died July 7, 1697, aged 61. He intended to have rebuilt the whole or greateſt part of Catharine Hall; but did not live to compleat that generous deſign. He was buried in the chapel; and the inſcription on his tomb will be a laſting monument of his worth, and of the gratitude of that learned ſociety. It is printed in the ſhort account of his life prefixed to a good edition publiſhed in 1774 by T. Davies, in 3 vols. and containing a "Second Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy," not publiſhed in any of the twelve former editions.

[z] Thomas Hobbes was born at Malmeſbury, April 5, 1588; ſent in 1603 to Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and in 1608 taken into the family of lord Hardwicke (ſoon after created earl of Devonſhire) as tutor to his ſon, with whom he made the tour of Italy and France. On his return, he became known to perſons of the higheſt rank, and eminently diſtinguiſhed for their parts and learning. Lord chancellor Bacon admitted him to a great degree of familiarity; he was much in favour with lord

Herbert

" vexum, quo poſito in aliquod, in quo aliud quoddam diverſum
" à poſito, ante poſitum fuit, & retropoſitum in os ponentis,
" concipitur

Herbert of Cherbury; and was particularly eſteemed by Ben Jonſon, who reviſed the firſt work which he publiſhed, an Engliſh tranſlation of Thucydides. His patron dying in 1626, and the young earl in 1628, Mr. Hobbes went abroad a ſecond time, with Sir Gervaſe Clifton. In 1631, the Counteſs of Devonſhire put the third earl, then about 13, under his care, whom he accompanied in his travels from 1634 to 1637. On the breaking out of the civil war, he withdrew to Paris, and continued there ten years, in which time he wrote many works, particularly his famous book " De Cive;" and his " Leviathan," printed at London in 1650. After the publication of the latter, he returned to England, and paſſed the ſummer commonly at Chatſworth, the ſeat of his patron; and his winters in town, where Harvey, Selden, and Cowley, were his intimate friends. In 1672, he wrote his own life in Latin verſe; and in 1675 publiſhed a tranſlation of the Iliad and Odyſſey, in which he did as much injury to Homer as he had before done juſtice to Thucydides. In 1674, taking leave of London, he went to ſpend the remainder of his days in Derbyſhire: where, notwithſtanding his great age, he publiſhed from time to time ſeveral pieces. In June, 1674, he ſent his " Behemoth" to a bookſeller, not to be publiſhed till a proper occaſion offered. This appeared ſoon after his death, which happened on the 4th of December following, at the age of 92. His character and manners are deſcribed by Dr. Kennet, in the Memoirs of the Cavendiſh Family, annexed to the Funeral Sermon on William Duke of Devonſhire. This Sermon occaſioned an excellent pleaſantry of Dr. King, printed in vol. III. p. 37. Mr. Hobbes's Writings, both in his life-time and ſince his death, have been treated with great ſeverity. It is certain his notions concerning civil government have the moſt pernicious tendency. But, notwithſtanding the errors in his opinions are many and great, he will ever be eſteemed a man of very extenſive genius. A Writer, to whoſe ſentiments much deference ought to be paid, ſpeaking of him, ſays, " But here let us do juſtice to that great " man's memory, at a time his Writings ſeem to be entirely neglected, " who, with all his errors, and thoſe of the moſt dangerous nature, we " muſt allow to be one of the firſt men of his age, for a bright wit, a deep " penetration, and a cultivated underſtanding. Several of whoſe uncommon ſpeculations, while they remained with him, lay unregarded; but " when taken up by others, of whom we deſervedly have a better opinion, " received their due applauſe and approbation. The learned Reader ſees " I have Mr. Locke principally in my eye; and, indeed, that incompa- " rable man received no ſmall aſſiſtance from Mr. Hobbes's notions. I " could name ſeveral, upon which Mr. Locke values himſelf, as diſco-

" veries

" concipitur is, qui poſuit primum poſitum in ſecundum, ex his " poſitis aliquid concludere."

Now concerning Foul Water: I take " Thames Water, as " paſſing by ſo great a city as London, to be the fouleſt in con- " tents," p. 11; though, for foulneſs, I ſhould give the preference to " Water gathered off the Ships decks from rain, which ſmells " and ferments preſently, becauſe of ſpittle, dung, &c." ibid. Here perhaps Sir Courtly would hold his noſe, and I agree that the remark is ſomething naſty; but in Natural Hiſtory ſuch deſcriptions are neceſſary; and as I hinted in my Preface, p. ult. we muſt not be diſcouraged from publiſhing ſuch lucubrations, for fear of being ridiculed by Traitors and Atheiſts. " Upon the " whole matter, the cleanſing water from clay, mould, water- " herbs, and other accidental impurities it meets with in its " courſe, ſeems to be the way of making it good in all the world," p. 11.

I had one day a long diſpute with the ingenious Dr. Van Slyboots, concerning " Water, which is the common drink of Caja- " mai." I told him, " it was the common cuſtom to drink a large " glaſs of it in the morning, which is thought to prevent the true " Belly-ach; and that by cleanſing the Guts of ſour and ſharp " parts that may lye in them, the relicks of Lime juice, or other " heterogeneous or morbific matter," p. 17. He would not in the leaſt agree with me as to the uſe of Water after hard drinking; but referred me to a myſtical Hypotheſis of the Dutch Phyſicians, that in ſuch caſes a hair of the ſame dog was moſt proper. I

" veries and improvements in knowledge; but which he really borrowed " from the other, though admirably improved, and carried to a greater " length: for that other haughty man was conciſe and dogmatical, and " breathed the exact ſpirit of his maſter Lucretius. But to mention one " only, and that Mr. Locke's aſſertion, *That Liberty belongs not to the* " *Will*; the fineſt, and (as he confeſſes in a Letter to P. Limborch) the " moſt intricate Diſſertation of any in his Eſſay. This his predeceſſor " had before aſſerted on his Leviathan." See Bp. Warburton's " Miſcel- " laneous Tranſlations, &c. 1724," p. 123.—Cowley addreſſed an Ode to Mr. Hobbes, in an exaggerated ſtrain of panegyric; in which, however, (as the judicious editor of Cowley's Select Works has obſerved) " he does " but juſtice to the vigour of his ſenſe, and the manly elegance of his " ſtyle; for the *latter* of which qualities, chiefly, his philoſophic writings " are now valuable."

proceeded

proceeded to tell him, "that Water, by its analyſis, ſeems to be "next akin to the ſpittle, and excretions of the glandule or ven- "tricle and guts; that it is every where ready at hand to all man- "kind; and all ſanguineous Animals coming near the ſtructure "of mankind make uſe of no other with their good wills," p. 27. He ſeemed to fly into a ſort of paſſion; and ſaid, that ſanguineous animals would drink Mum, Cyder, Perry, Pomperkin, Beer, Ale, and Canary, and other vinous Liquors, if they had ſkill to make them, or opportunity to get at them; and therefore it was not out of "good will," but neceſſity, they drank Water. He inſtanced to me in Rats getting fuddled by the aſſiſtance of their Tail, and ſo oftentimes dropping into Butts of Malmſey—how Pack-horſes would drink Ale, and that as often as the Carrier, had they but voice to call, or money to pay for it—that Monkeys, who imitate the ſtructure of mankind, would participate any ſort of liquor they ſaw another taſte before them—and that Swine, whoſe fleſh comes neareſt human, would never by their good wills touch any Water, if ſtrong liquors were before them; in which they delighted to ſuch exceſs, that David's Sow was become a Proverb for her drunkenneſs. I told him, theſe were particular inſtances; "but that Negroes, Indians, Mahometans, and a great part of "mankind, know not the uſe of Wine or vinous liquors, and "yet looked freſher and are much healthier than we," p. 27. He ſaid, if by a black, ſallow, or tawny complexion, I meant looking "freſher or healthier," he would agree with me; but otherwiſe he thought that Europe could ſhew ruddier cheeks and more roſy countenances, by the help of Ale, Wine, or Brandy, than any perſons in Africa or America could pretend to, by the aſſiſtance of Water and Tobacco. I then inſtanced to him, "in the "Northern nations, Goths and Vandals, who overcame moſt part "of the world, and did not end their victories till, by coming "over the Alps, they taſted and drank the Wines; whence they "ſtopped their conqueſt, became effeminate, and not fruitful." Why, replied Dr. Slyboots, did you ever hear that the Northern nations drank Water? No; it was want of good Ale that hindered the farther progreſs of their glory; it was this [a] inſpired them

[a] All who gave themſelves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conqueſts of their neighbours, and ſlaughters of enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or reſolutions, they went

them with hopes that they ſhould poſſeſs it in a ſtate immortal, as we find in Sir William Temple's Eſſays [b], out of Olaus Magnus being the 25th and 29th ſtanzas of an Ode of Regner Ladbrog [c], tranſlated into Latin by Olaus:

"Pugnavimus enſibus:
"Hoc ridere me facit ſemper,
"Quod Balderi patris ſcamna
"Parata ſcio in Aula.
"Bibemus Cereviſiam
"Ex concavis crateribus Craniorum.
"Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem
"Magnifici in Odini domibus.
"Non venio deſperabundus
"Verbis ad Othini aulam."

And again,

"Fert animus finire.
"Invitant me Dyſæ,
"Quas ex Odini aula
"Othinus mihi miſit.
"Lætus Cereviſiam cum Aſis
"In ſumma ſede bibam.

immediately to the vaſt hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open houſe for ſuch gueſts, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feaſts and mirth, carouſing every man in bowls made of the ſkulls of their enemies they had ſlain; according to which numbers, every one in theſe manſions of pleaſure was the moſt honoured, and the beſt entertained. TEMPLE.

[b] See the Eſſay "of Heroic Satire," vol. III. 8vo. p. 357. Sir William Temple was born in 1628; and, after paſſing with the higheſt reputation through ſeveral honourable departments in the ſtate, retired to the cultivation of his beautiful garden at Sheen; and died in January 1698, in his 70th year. His Life and Character (ſuppoſed to be written by Dr. Swift) are prefixed to his Works.

[c] This ſong, or epicedium, of Regner, one of their famous kings, was compoſed by him, in the Runic language, in the ninth century, after he was mortally ſtung by a ſerpent, and before the venom ſeized on his vitals. The whole ſonnet is recited by Olaus Wormius in his "Litera-"tura Runica," and is well worth peruſal. That which is extraordinary in it is, that ſuch an alacrity or pleaſure in dying was never expreſſed in any other writing, nor among any other people.

"Vitæ

" Vitæ elapſæ ſunt horæ,
" Ridens moriar."

Nor was it any other liquor that the great Engliſh Bard Mr. Dryden celebrates in his Play of King Arthur [d], Act I.

" I call ye all
" To Woden's Hall;
" Your temples round
" With ivy bound,
" In goblets crown'd,
" And plenteous bowls of burniſh'd gold:
" Where you ſhall laugh,
" And dance, and quaff
" The Juice that makes the Britons bold."

I found Dr. Van Slyboots an obſtinate advocate againſt Water; and ſo I left him. But to proceed to Cajamai.

" The mountainous part for the moſt part is very ſteep, and the " high lands that want tillable earth are barren; for all the high " land is covered with woods, which are great high trees, ſome " of them very good timber. Theſe trees ſend down their fibrous " roots into the crannies of the rocks, where here and there they " meet with little receptacles, or natural baſons, wherein the Rain " Water is preſerved, not only for the roots of the trees to give " them nouriſhment; but likewiſe to give Birds and Inſects " drink, and ſometimes paſſengers on the roads," p. 13, 14; I myſelf, upon making theſe obſervations, having had ſeveral opportunities of regaling myſelf with liquors at ſuch places, together with thoſe inferior ranks of my fellow creatures, as Ducks, Water Snakes, Frogs, and Widgeons. I was very well pleaſed to find the " meadow grounds after rain to be very green and plea- " ſant;" but it was ſurprizing to find them after " long droughts " to be very much parched and withered. Low land is very " proper for hay, which feeds horſes very well. Grounds which " have been manured for a long time need dung, and therefore

[d] Publiſhed in 1691. In a Dedication, to the Marquis of Halifax, Mr. Dryden tells us, this Dramatic Opera was the laſt piece of ſervice he had the honour to do for his gracious maſter King Charles II; who did not live to ſee the performance of it on the ſtage. The Poet has beſtowed a very handſome panegyric on that Monarch in the Dedication, as well as a juſt compliment to his friendly patron.

" huſbandmen keep their traſh in great heaps, to rot in time, to " make the better dung," p. 14, 15. Theſe are Remarks which I take to be as valuable as any made by VARRO, PLINY, COLUMELLA, and the late WRITERS concerning Huſbandry.

Concerning the FOOD of CAJAMAI.

PART of the Food of the beſt inhabitants is " Poultry of " their own raiſing, as Ducks, Hens, Geeſe, and Turkeys, " whieh are fed with corn," p. 17. They are very careful in their education; in ſhort, I could obſerve their Poultry lay eggs, ſit upon them, hatch them, walk about the garden, and ſee what they can pick up, as Ants, Worms, Flies, looſe Grain, &c. ibid. They hold up their heads as they drink; and their Ducks eat up the dirt, that children may go abroad, juſt as they do in Holland, England, and other countries. But in Cajamai they have " Muſ- " covy Ducks, which come originally from Guinea; theſe are " moſt plentiful, and thrive extremely," p. 17. It ſtartled me at firſt, to think how " Muſcovy Ducks" ſhould come originally from Guinea; till, conſulting with a learned Negro, who practiced Phyſick, he told me, " That, many ages ago, the Emperor of Guinea trafficked with the Czar of Muſcovy; and that they changed theſe ſort of Guinea Ducks for Snow and Ice to cool their liquors; and that Ice and Snow would be valuable commodities if carried there at preſent. He told me how much Guinea, and indeed all Africa, had been wronged, as to the original of Poultry, of which honour they had been robbed by other nations; and that they had great injuſtice done them concerning Turkey Cocks and Turkey Hens, for that they were Guinea Cocks, or Numidian Cocks, or African Cocks; and that ſo much had been allowed by the learned Columella, who calls the Hen by the Name of Numidica and Africana; and that the ingenious Martial, who, being a Spaniard, might probably beſt underſtand the Fowls of his neighbouring continent, calls the ſpotted Turkey the Numidica Guttata; by ſome it is called Garamantica, the Garamantes being a people in the region of the Inward Libya. So that all Authors agree that the original of theſe Birds come from our country;

and

and yet, becauſe the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, thoſe great maſters in the Art of Sailing, carried ſome of them into Aſia, to humour the luxury of Sardanapalus the laſt Monarch of Aſſyria; and the Medes, upon his death, transferring the Monarchy and this ſort of Fowl together; in ſome time after they came to be called Galli Medici. Alexander, in his Expedition into India, to ſhew his grandeur, carried all rarities, and ſome of theſe among the reſt; which propagated there to that degree, that they had the general name of Indian Cocks, the French calling them ſo to this day; but ſeveral of the Europeans, and the Engliſh in particular, uſe us barbarouſly, in calling them Turkey Cocks, for they cannot but know that the Turks were an up-ſtart handful of men; and that, coming from Scythia, they had more notion of Horſe-fleſh than any other dainties; and that they had no ſettled ſeat of Empire till their taking of Conſtantinople, which was not till about the year 1453, according to your Chriſtian reckoning. Pardon me, Sir, ſaid the Black Doctor, if the love of my country has made me ſomething too particular." I excuſed him, as I hope my Reader will do me; for I take the obſervation to be wholly new, and that it may in time help to rectify the vulgar error concerning Turkey Cocks.

The next principal part of their food is Swine, ſome of which run wild in the woods. When thoſe are "ſhot, cut open, the "Bones taken out, and the Fleſh, gaſhed on the inſide into the "Skin, filled with ſalt and expoſed to the Sun, they are ſaid to "be *jirked*," p. 16, 17. This gave me a more clear idea of that threatening expreſſion uſed in Europe, "I'll jirk your jacket;" which carries greater terror with it than is generally apprehended. "This is ſo brought home by the Hunters to their maſters, and "eats much as Bacon if broiled on coals," ibid. I had the curioſity to have ſome fried with Eggs, and ſtill it "eat much as "Bacon;" then boiled with Herbs, then with Fowls, and ſtill it "eat much as Bacon;" ſo that I could not attribute that taſte of Bacon to the Coals, but to ſome "Baconic Particles in Swine's "Fleſh," which make it, when "ſalted, dried, and jirked, rather "eat as Bacon" than as red Herrings or dried Salmon. The inhabitants have "other Swine," which lye in "Houſes and "Styes," p. 17; theſe are creatures of great ingenuity and ſagacity, and obſerve extraordinary "order and diſcipline." They march out in the morning, "ſeveral hundreds of them together,

"to feed on the fruits in the neighbouring woods;" which they do with great civility and moderation. I have often "gone into "the woods, to ſee theſe Swine, where they have occaſioned "me no ſmall diverſion," ibid. The evening ceremony is thus performed: Their Steward, or principal ſervant, having provided all things neceſſary at their ſtyes, both for their repaſt and their repoſe, acquaints the Swine with it, by the blowing of "a Conch "ſhell, whoſe ſound is like that of a trumpet. On the firſt "ſound, they lift up their heads from the ground where they are "feeding, and prick up their ears to hearken for the ſecond; as "ſoon as ever they hear the ſecond, they begin to make ſome "movements homewards; on the third they run with all their "ſpeed to the place where the Overſeer uſes to throw them corn. "They ſeem to be as much, if not more, under diſcipline than "any Troops I ever ſaw;" ibid. I was relating this ſtory to Dr. Van Slyboots, before-mentioned, who had been a great Traveller, and had ſpent much of his time in England. He told me, that their Swine there had ſomething of this diſcipline, but nothing equal to that of Cajamai; that twice a day they were called to their food, which was Whey, Butter-milk, or common Hog-waſh; that the ceremony was performed by a Wench, who, with a ſtick ſtriking upon a trough or pale, uſed to endeavour to repreſent a drum, and then, with a ſhrill voice, cry, "Come, Tig; come, "Tig; come, Tig." That they never ſtaid for the word of command, of "One, Two, Three, and away;" but he that heard the firſt ſound ran as if the Devil drove, and left *him* to take the hindmoſt. That they never complimented, as, "Pray, "Captain Swineface, help yourſelf. Where's the Silver Ladle "and a Soup-plate for Colonel Porker's Lady? I will not be ſo "rude as to carve the Carrot-tops before Madam Pigſney;" but all fall to like Hogs, and eat like Hogs. They tell us indeed of a place where Pigs play upon the Organs; but I take it to be fabulous. One of their Poets[e] has given them a laudable character:

"So

[e] George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in "The Rehearſal."—This noble writer, a man of great wit and humour, and of the moſt whimſical caprice, was the admiration and the jeſt of the reign of Charles II. He was the alchemiſt and the philoſopher; the fiddler and the poet; the mimic and the ſtateſman. He has left us a ſpecimen of his admirable wit in

" So Boar and Sow, when any ſtorm is nigh,
" Snuff up, and find it gathering in the ſky:
" Boar beckons Sow to trot in cheſnut groves,
" And there conſummate their unfiniſh'd loves.
" Penſive in mud they wallow all alone,
" And ſnoar and gruntle to each other's moan [f]."

In truth, he endeavours to make their amour come little ſhort of that of Dido and Æneas, in the Firſt Book of that incomparable Poet Virgil. But the Ladies of Bayonne have found out the excellency of this creature, and therefore (as it is recorded in "The "Lady's Travels into Spain [g]") they adorn them with ribbons,

in his "Rehearſal," which had a conſiderable effect in reforming the ſtage. It was finiſhed before the end of 1664; when the poet, who was drawn for Sir Robert Howard, had the name of Bilboa. But, the great plague and other accidents having prevented its being acted before 1671, the name was changed from Bilboa to Bayes, and the whole artillery of the Author's wit was leveled at Mr. Dryden. He is ſaid to have been aſſiſted in this comedy by Dr. Sprat, Mr. Clifford, and the celebrated author of Hudibras.—The Duke was born January 30, 1627, the year before his father's aſſaſſination. After many ſufferings in the royal cauſe, he ſolicited one of the daughters of Cromwell in marriage; but was mortified with a denial. He afterwards married the only daughter of lord Fairfax; and was ſoon committed to the Tower by the Protector. On the Reſtoration, he was at firſt ſlighted by the King; but the charms of his wit and converſation ſoon prevailed, and he was appointed a lord of the bedchamber. In May 1688, he purchaſed the office of maſter of the horſe; June 7, 1671, was inſtalled chancellor of Cambridge, and was deprived of that office in 1674. He died, in contempt and miſery, April 16, 1688; a melancholy example of the proſtitution of talents. His end is pathetically deſcribed in Mr. Pope's Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt. And ſee ſome further particulars of a Peer, "who was of ſo *great* and at the ſame "time of ſo *little* a character," in Granger, vol. III. p. 192. A neat edition of his works, with memoirs of the author, and a few explanatory notes, was publiſhed by T. Evans, in 1775, in 2 vols. 8vo.

[f] A parody on ſix lines in Dryden's "Conqueſt of Granada," part ii. p. 48.

"So two kind Turtles," &c.

[g] Written in a ſeries of Letters to a Friend at Paris, by the Counteſs of Danois, who had married a grandee of Spain, in the beginning of the preſent century. Theſe entertaining Letters, after paſſing through at leaſt ten editions, were republiſhed, with improvements, in 2 vols. 12mo. by T. Davies, in 1774.

carry them a viſiting, and treat them with the ſame civility as the Ladies of other countries do their Lap-dogs. I muſt do your Swine this juſtice as to martial affairs you have been ſpeaking of: I muſt own that I have ſeen the Armies of the Confederates, and of the French; and I am of opinion, that "the Swine of Cajamai "are as much, if not more, under command and diſcipline than "any Troops I ever ſaw," p. 17; always excepting the French in one particular, who, by many Battles, have been brought to this diſcipline, that, upon the approach of the Confederate and Britiſh Forces, and their firſt onſet, they "hang down their "heads, and let fall their ears;" on the ſecond, they "make "ſome movements;" and on the third, "they run with all their "ſpeed," till they meet with ſome River to leap into.

It might ſeem a ſtory, but I have been credibly aſſured by a worthy Colonel, that the "Wild Dogs in Cajamai," p. 67, keep an admirable œconomy; and that, without the aſſiſtance of any human perſon, they uſed to hunt of themſelves the cattle that were in the woods; and at night, when one of the "Red "Dogs, called a Buſk, began to howl, he was anſwered by the "others in the woods, who came from all quarters to him, and "then went orderly about to take their Supper," p. 67. Theſe inſtances of Wild Dogs and Swine, with others that I could give, might convince us of the rationality of theſe creatures; and ſhew that their œconomy is better, in taking their Suppers orderly, than of ſuch animals as ſit up all night drinking of Punch, or playing at Baſſet or Ombre, and take what they call Supper when it is a more proper time to go to Breakfaſt.

The Breakfaſt of the inhabitants in Cajamai is "Chocolate, "which is uſed by all ſorts of people at all times, but chiefly in "a morning. It ſeems to be nouriſhing, chiefly by its Oilineſs, "and by the Eggs mixed with it to be rendered more ſo," p. 20. Sometimes I have thought it "hard of digeſtion," othertimes "to be a wholeſome Food," ibid. but of this I am certain by many experiments, "that Chocolate colours the Album Græcum "of thoſe feeding on it of a dirty colour."

Concerning

Concerning the Effects of HEAT in WARM CLIMATES.

I Found Heat in Cajamai to be very flaggative of Candles; and therefore the "niceſt ſort of people," eſpecially the Ladies, "were deſirous of Wax Tapers;" becauſe, through "the heat of "the Air, Tallow Candles were often ſo very ſoft as not to be "able to ſtand upright without falling or doubling down. Butter "is likewiſe as ſoft there, as when it is half melted in Holland," p. 10; and conſequently cannot be kept from turning to Oil, without great judgement in the Cook-maid.

I find all Authors to agree concerning the effects of Heat in the Torrid Zone upon Butter and Tallow Candles; but I cannot agree with them concerning Lice. I know "it is a commonly-"received opinion by ſome ingenious men, that Lice die on "change of the Winds, or paſſing the Æquator; and that on the "South of the Tropick of Cancer are none to be found: but "this notion is certainly falſe, for although I think the great "ſweatings and little apparel of the inhabitants and travellers of "the Torrid Zone occaſion leſs diſturbance from this ſort of "Vermin; yet Indians, Moors, and Europeans, are ſubject to "them, though they be not in ſo great plenty as in more Northern "countries, where the inhabitants ſweat leſs, and go better "cloathed, in the plies of which apparel thoſe creatures find good "ſhelter." To this purpoſe may ſerve the ſtory of Starchaterus, a famous Prince and Giant of the North, who, in a Journey he had taken to his Miſtreſs, in a great ſtorm of ſnow, to ſhew the hardineſs of his conſtitution, the greatneſs of his mind, and contempt of cold, ſat down by a mountain, to encounter the innumerable enemies that lay in ambuſcade in his Doublet, as we find in the moſt authentic Runic Hiſtories.

The Dog-days are "intolerably hot and unhealthy: few people "find themſelves perfectly well and eaſy," p. 10. This was obſervable even amongſt the Ancients, who, notwithſtanding their ignorance in Natural Hiſtory, complained of the "Sirius ardens," or the parching heat of the Dog-ſtar; as likewiſe by the moſt vulgar Almanack-makers, who tell us when the Dog-days begin, and what is likely to proceed from their fatal influence.

In

In the midſt of "this heat" of the air, people endeavour to amend it, "by Fans, Umbrellas, lying cool, and many other "ingenious contrivances," ibid.

The heat of the country produces very ſtrange effects upon their Liquors. "Wine brought hither muſt be kept cool; and "will for all that remain but a ſmall time, without being pricked "and turning ſour. Cyder, Beer, and Ale, when bottled, huff "and fly in this ſtrange climate," p. 28. So that the Natives and Indians, when they ſee ſuch a prodigious deal of Froth come out, wonder extremely how it ever came to be ſtowed in ſo ſmall a veſſel. "It ſeems to me that it ſhould be very unhealthful to "drink their ſmall Beer; which is the ſecond or third running off "of the Malt, whence it muſt come that a great many feculencies "remain in the blood." Therefore it is very wiſely provided by the magiſtrates, that near every great town there ſhould be a public officer, who, amongſt other things, ſhould take the ſolemn affirmation of paſſengers, upon a pair of Rams Horns, "That "they will never drink *ſmall Beer* when they can get *ſtrong* [h]."

"The heat of the air exhauſting the ſpirits, no wonder if ſome "of the edge of mankind to Venery be taken off. It is thought "by ſome men they are bewitched, or charmed by the air: but "by what I could find this appetite is the ſame as in other places; "neither are men more bewitched or charmed here than in Eu-"rope," p. 31.

This is a very bad country for Chimney-ſweepers; the beſt inhabitants having "no chimneys or fire-places in their houſes, "but in their Cook-room," p. 47. "which word is uſed for a "Kitchen, and is a ſea word, as many others of that country," p. 52: ſo here they cry, "All hands to work," as at ſea they cry, "All hands to prayers" when they are in great extremity.

[h] Alluding to the ancient cuſtom at Highgate (now almoſt obſolete); where it was uſual for every public houſe to have a large pair of horns placed over the ſign; and, when travellers ſtopt for refreſhment, a pair of large horns fixed to the end of a ſtaff was brought to them, and a kind of burleſque oath to the above purpoſe, and abundance of other things of the ſame kind, with the ſalvo of "Except I like the other "better."—This ludicrous ceremony was principally practiſed at the Gatehouſe, erected there in the fourteenth century, to receive toll for the Biſhop of London; occaſioned by an old miry road from Grays Inn Lane to Barnet being turned through a park belonging to that biſhoprick.

"The

"The Negroes, who lie on the floor, and not in beds, are "not ſaid to go to bed, but *to go and ſleep*; and this phraſe has "generally obtained all over the Plantations. Upon their going "to ſleep, they untie their breeches, and looſen their girdles, "finding by experience this cuſtom healthy, becauſe they were "the cooler for ſo doing," p. 31. "But they did not know a better "reaſon, that by ſuch means the circulation of the blood is not "interrupted, and ſo conſequently humours are not depoſited in "the ſeveral parts of the body, which ever follows ſuch inter-"ruptions," p. 77. I have, in my practice, ordered the unbottoning of collars when too ſtrait, unbuckling the ſhoes upon the caſe of corns, unlacing of ſtays in fits, &c. with very good ſucceſs.

The better ſort of perſons "lie as in Europe, though more on "Quilts, and with few if any coverings," p. 30. Therefore I found it not proper to bolt into a chamber till notice given, leſt there ſhould be more expoſed than in the colder climates, where we lie under Feather-beds. Once adviſing a perſon to be put to bed in a cold fit of an Ague; I preſcribed a Warming-pan. They told me, they had no ſuch utenſil; and that there had never been but one cargo of Warming-pans ſent over ſince Cajamai was a Dutch Plantation, and that came from an eminent Merchant in London.

It ſeems "that Froſt and Snow are never ſeen in this hot cli-"mate," p. 32; by which means the youth are deprived of many paſtimes, as Sliding, Skating, Foot-ball upon the Ice, and the great diverſion of throwing Snow-balls; but indeed "exerciſes "here are not many, becauſe of the heat of the air. Riding in "the mornings is the moſt ordinary, which, by eaſily moving the "Abdomen, and conſequently the contents, by that means for-"wards the depuration of the blood in the ſeveral emunctories "there placed," p. 34. The want of exerciſe is the cauſe of ſeveral diſeaſes; and ſuffers "the paſſions of the mind to have a "great power on mankind, eſpecially hyſterical women and hypo-"condriacal men. They who cannot live eaſily elſewhere have "been of bad lives, who have not their wills, minds, or affairs "ſettled, are much worſe to cure than thoſe who have ſedate "minds and quiet conſciences; in all which reſpects the Indians, "who are not covetous, nor trouble themſelves about many "things as we do, have much advantage of us," p. 31; for, excepting their inclination to "Venery, and Bawdry, and Theft," they cannot be ſaid to lead bad lives; they have no Church con-

troverſies

troverſies to diſturb them, and but few ſcruples of Conſcience, as generally having their Religion to chuſe; they having no Eſtates, "their affairs are ſoon ſettled;" and there is little need of a Scrivener to frame a Will, when they have no more to diſpoſe of to their Widow and Pigganinnies, but a Calabaſh, ſome Potatoes, a Pipkin, their Canvas Doublet and Breeches, and "perpetual "Slavery," p. 57. Beſides, they are not ſo inclined to lazineſs as the Europeans; but "at night, although hard wrought, will "ſing and dance with great activity." Their Scaramouches, Maſques, and Operas, are performed by "tying rattles to their "legs and wriſts, and cow-tails to their rumps, and adding ſuch "other odd things to their bodies, in ſeveral places, as gives them "a very extraordinary appearance." I got one of their Songs, in which all the words are,

"Ho—Baognion Ho—Baognion,
"Ho—ha Ho—Ba
"O Ognion Ognion.
"Meri Bonbo
"Mich Langa
"Meri wa Langa."

At the baſe, clap hands, and cry "Alla, Alla," p. 49, 50.

I did not get it interpreted, becauſe I was told "their Songs were "all bawdy, or that ways." I deſign a ſmall Diſſertation, concerning the Laplandiſh, Old Greek, Perſian, Turkiſh, and Indian Muſick, of which I have ſpecimens out of divers Authors. If I am not impoſed upon by a Negro Phyſician, I have a Song, that has a great deal of Love and Gallantry in it, compoſed by a Negro Prince and Princeſs, who were made captives, and ſent hither. I have the Original: but, few I believe underſtanding it, I have here only ſet down the Tranſlation, made by himſelf, as he told me.

O D E.

DARCO. "Cæſar, poſſeſs'd of Ægypt's Queen,
"And Conqueror of her charms,
"Would envy, had he Darco ſeen
"When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA. "Should Memnon that fam'd Black revive,
"Aurora's darling Son,
"For Zabra's heart in vain he'd ſtrive,
"Where Darco reigns alone,

DARCO.

DARCO. "Freſh Mulberries new-preſs'd diſcloſe
"A blood of purple hue;
"And Zabra's lips, like crimſon Roſe,
"Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA. "The amorous Sun has kiſs'd his face;
"And, now thoſe beams are ſet,
"A lovely Night aſſumes the place,
"And tinges all with jet.

DARCO. "Darkneſs is myſtic prieſt to Love,
"And does its rites conceal;
"O'erſpread with clouds, ſuch joys we'll prove
"As Day ſhall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA. "In gloom of Night, when Darco's eyes
"Are guides, what heart can ſtray?
"Whoever views his teeth, deſcries
"The bright and milky way.

DARCO. "Though born to rule fierce Libya's ſands,
"That with gold's luſtre ſhine,
"With eaſe I quit thoſe high commands
"Whilſt Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA. "Should I to that bleſt world repair,
"Where Whites no portion have;
"I'd ſoon, if Darco were not there,
"Fly back, and be a Slave."

Of Things common with other Countries; ſafe Poſitions, Burying-Places, &c.

"THUNDER is here; and on the ſeveral ſubſtances it meets "with, either animate or inanimate, the ſame effects as "follow Thunder in Europe," p. 45. "Lightning for the moſt "part precedes Thunder in this Iſland, as elſewhere; eſpecially "in the hotteſt ſeaſons it lightens almoſt all the night over," ibid. "Falling Stars are here as common as elſewhere, and ſo are "Rain-bows," ibid.

I made

I made ſome general remarks in my Voyage to Cajamai and ſtay there, p. 32; which I think may be depended upon, and may be certain rules to perſons who go thither.

"Servants who get fuddled with Rum, and ſo in going home "fall off their horſes faſt aſleep, lie ſometimes whole nights ex- "poſed to the injury of the air," p. 29. "When you are in a "neighbouring plain, and it thunders and rains in the mountains, "you may ſee the rain, and hear the thunder," p. 45. "Sur- "veyors do know their different ſort of Trees by their Bark." "A Widow, that has a Sugar-work and near Forty Thouſand "Cattle, may be reputed rich."—"When Sheep come from "Guinea to Cajamai, they come in a Ship." Introd. "It is "eſteemed here the wholeſomeſt way to go to bed early, and "riſe early," p. 30. "Perſons who being ſea-ſick, if they can- "not eat as they uſe to do at land, they cannot expect the ſame "quantity of Excrements." Voyage, p. 3.

I think it one of the moſt neceſſary things in the world, for a Phyſician, when he ſets up in any place, to look out for proper and convenient Burying-places for his Patients; conſidering that we are all mortal, and it would be too much charge to embalm every perſon, and therefore the ſooner out of ſight the better. Cajamai is a moſt excellent place for this; "the air being ſo hot "as to corrupt and ſpoil meat in four hours, no wonder if a "diſeaſed body muſt be ſoon buried; they uſually bury twelve "hours after death, at all times of the day and night," p. 48; ſo that the melancholy object of the corpſe is ſoon removed from being a reproach to the Phyſician; who, if he be prudent enough for ſo many hours to keep himſelf from touching the dead body, ſo as not to make it bleed, may eſcape well enough without cen- ſure; but is not ſo advantageous to another Faculty, who have little opportunity of compoſing Funeral Harangues, for want of time; ſo that I remember not above two, for perſons whoſe thread of life I had lengthened in conſumptions, that time might be given for ſuch laudable compoſures. "The Burial-place is a "little out of town. In the Town, or Church, is thought very "unhealthy for the Living. Planters are buried in their Garden; "and yet I never heard of any of them who walked after their "deaths, for being buried out of conſecrated ground," ibid. This I look upon as a farther happineſs, becauſe Spirits in that country

tell no tales, nor how they came to be ſeparated from their body, which leads me to my next head; viz.

The Method I uſed to cure DISEASES in CAJAMAI.

"UPON my coming thither, I was very uneaſy, leſt by ignorance I ſhould kill, inſtead of curing; and indeed at "firſt the inhabitants would ſcarce truſt me with the management "of the leaſt Diſtemper, till they had made trial of what I could "do with ſome of the meaner ſort," p. 90. But time gave me boldneſs in my practice, and then aſſurance of ſucceſs. I remembered the ſtory of a young Scholar, who afterwards came to great preferment, That he, ſeeing a good likely woman aſking an alms, not only relieved her, but told her the beſt method ſhe could take for a livelihood was to practice Phyſick; that ſhe ſhould be a *Stroker*[i], and ſo cure all diſeaſes; that her fee ſhould be a penny loaf, and a penny ready money; and that, during the operation, ſhe ſhould pronounce this cabaliſtical and energetical expreſſion,

"For the Loaf in my lap, and the Penny in my purſe,
"If you're never the better, you'll be never the worſe:"

that, through the ſtrength of her Patients imaginations, ſhe performed incredible cures; and that, many years after, the ſame Gentleman, being forced to come to London for relief in a diſtemper, had this famous Lady brought to him by the importunity of friends; and that the ſight of her, and the recollection of the former paſſages, made him fall into ſuch a fit of mirth and laughter, as contributed mightily to his cure, and made the Doctreſs in ſome meaſure able to recompenſe her Benefactor. So I found that "my medicines had the better operation, when I had brought "people to a belief that I could help them; ſo that they would "take the remedies in the order they were preſcribed, without "altering the method, or judging harſhly in caſe the perſon died," p. 90. Now this I take to be the perfection of a Phyſician, to bring people "not to judge harſhly in caſe the perſon dies." And indeed it ſhould be conſidered how uncertain the art is, and that all perſons do not think or practiſe alike; and that, as a Night-cap and Pepper-poſſet are not always infallible remedies in

[i] A banter on the advocates for Greatrax; ſee above, p. 45.

the

the country, ſo neither are "Liquid Laudanum, Decoctum "Album, Spirit of Harts-horn, or the Cortex," in your great Cities. It is with much difficulty that we bridle the tongues of Nurſes, Midwives, and Chamber-maids, unleſs oftentimes we give them higher fees than we and our ſervants get from the Undertakers. I find the generality of men to be eaſily quieted; and that, upon the death of their Fathers who held plentiful Eſtates, Grandmothers and Mothers that had large jointures, Wives either expenſive or diſagreeable, they have great reſignation, in duly ſubmitting to whatever is diſpenſed to them by the means of the Phyſicians; but Parents parting with their only Children, Clergymen and Cuſtom-houſe Officers Widows who loſe their maintenance with their huſbands, are in ſuch caſes the moſt cenſorious and uncharitable, not to ſay unchriſtian, in their expreſſions concerning perſons of our profeſſion.

I had one patient, named Iſaac, who was a diſmal inſtance of infidelity. "He had a vomiting and looſeneſs, which had been "violent upon him, and weakened him conſiderably. I gave "him Liq. Laud. and Sp. C.C. I thought him very well reco-"vered; but he, on the contrary, thought himſelf very ill, and "that he ſhould certainly die of this illneſs. I ſaid, I could FIND "NO DISEASE. He ſaid, he was ſure, ſay WHAT I COULD, "THAT HE WOULD NOT RECOVER. As he ſaid, ſo he did; "for he died, being very moroſe; and ſeemed to have no diſ-"temper upon him, but ſullenneſs and melancholy," p. 130. So that either there muſt be Spiras[i] in Phyſick as well as Divinity,

[i] A name become proverbial, from Francis Spira, a learned counſellor of repute at Citadella in Italy, in the middle of the ſixteenth century. This wretched man, the father of eleven children, was educated in the Romiſh faith, and continued in that communion till he was 44 years old. He is ſaid to have acquired a plentiful eſtate by corrupting juſtice, and other iniquitous practices; but, meeting with ſome treatiſes of Wickliffe, he became ſenſible of his crimes, and commenced a zealous teacher of that great Reformer's doctrine. At the end of ſix years, being cited before the Pope's Legate at Venice, he was prevailed upon to ſign an inſtrument of abjuration, and was again received into the Romiſh church. He ſurvived this recantation but two months, which were paſſed in the moſt unhappy deſpondency imaginable. He appeared a perfect ſkeleton, was always raging for drink, ever pining, yet fearful to live long; dreading hell, yet coveting

nity, or elſe there may be diſeaſes which have ſymptoms that I am not acquainted with; though my opinion is, that his death ought rather to be attributed to his unbelief, than to my want of knowledge.

I had likewiſe a Mother, that, upon the death of her Child, was very troubleſome. I was ſent for to a Colonel's Son, taken "with a Fever, and who was then in Convulſions, cold Sweats, "&c. I had him cupped and ſcarified, gave him cordials and "drops: but in ſome hours, his weakneſs increaſing, he died," p. 95. I had no ſooner diſcharged my duty, in receiving my fees, and making my bows, &c. but, as I was getting on horſe-back (for in that town I was forced to ride from door to door to my patients) an out-cry was made, that the Lady of the houſe was dying. The fooliſh "Mother, upon the Boy's death, "had fallen into violent Hyſteric Fits," p. 96. It ſeems ſhe had been very laviſh of her tongue, That the curſed Dutch Dog and ſometimes Doctor had cut her child to pieces, tore out its heart blood, and given it poiſon; and that ſhe would be the death of him. I conſidered whether the provocation was not ſo great as that I might have let her gone after him; but compaſſion made me give her twenty drops of Sal Armoniac, and let her "ſmell "to my bottle of Volatile Salt, which was only half full, whereby, "there being particles ready to iſſue out in plenty, the ſenſories "were irritated, and the fits taken off." Though ſuch language and paſſion ought to be corrected; yet ſince they proceed more from ignorance and ill-breeding, and want of converſation with the Learned rather than malice, Death may ſeem to be too ſevere a puniſhment.

I had ſeveral Noſtrums, that I generally made uſe of upon ſuch occaſions: As, "Liquid Laudanum, Decoctum Album, Rice-"milk, Cortex Peruv. Extractum Rudii, Venice Treacle, Luca-"tellis Balſam, Infuſ. Croc. Metall. Confect. Alkermes, Cin-"namon Water, Syrup of Clove-gillyflowers, Elixir Proprie-"tatis, Flos Sulphuris, Oxymel. Scill. Vinum Emeticum, Spirit "of Caſtor, Oil of Amber, Spirit of Sal Armoniac, Caſtile Soap, "and Diaſcordium," p. 91—96.

coveting death; in a continual torment, yet his own tormentor; till at length, worn out with grief and terror, impatience and deſpair, he departed this miſerable life, an extraordinary example of the juſtice and power of the Almighty.

Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe Medicines, Art was often forced to yield to the prevalence of the Diſeaſe. Death ſet a period to the Apothecary's Bill; and the Patients found reſt, either in the Church-yard or their own Gardens.

The perſons I had to deal with happened for the moſt part to have been jolly companions and hard drinkers. I was ſent for to ſeveral when they were *drunk*, and left them *dead drunk*.

One of my firſt Patients was a Gentleman who had "the Gout, "and tampered with it; his ſtomach was always out of order, "becauſe of his exceſſive drinking, eſpecially Brandy and Sugar, "by way of Dram, in a morning, to ſettle, as he thought, his "ſtomach. He fell into a vomiting and looſeneſs, which con- "tinued, notwithſtanding the Decoctum Album, Eaſy Opiates, "and whatever I could think of, till he died," p. 29.

"The Chevalier Mahoni, given to drinking and ſitting up late, "much troubled with belchings, died of a Dropſy," p. 98. "I "had a Wheelwright died of a Dropſy; another of a Dropſy, "Conſumption, and Pox," p. 101. "One, by a Saliv'ation ill "managed, was choaked, notwithſtanding what could be done "for him," p. 93. "Mounſieur Homperus had loſt his limbs "by drinking Rum Punch: I in ſome meaſure recovered him; "but afterwards he fell into a violent vomitting and looſeneſs, "and in a very few days he died," p. 105. "Dr. Hopman had "been a great drinker of Rum Punch; I gave him Chicken "Broth and Watergruel; he ſent for another Phyſician, fell in "Convulſions, and died," p. 112. "James, a Servant Man, "though I ſtruggled all I could, died of a Dropſy. A Joiner "died of a Conſumption, notwithſtanding Confect. de Hyacin. "and other things of that nature, given to ſtop his Looſeneſs," p. 112. "I found ſeveral whoſe brains and ſenſes were diſturbed "by their exceſſes: one aged about ſixty, from drinking too "much wine, for faintneſs fell into a lethargic diſtemper, talked "incoherently, and died. A Gentleman, much given to venery "and intemperance, had a Dropſy; and, although my medicines "wrought well, the watery humour overwhelmed his Brain, made "him delirious, and alſo ſeized his Lungs, ſo that he had a great "Cough, and died," p. 149. "Roger Bran, a Baker, by Wine, "Sugar, and Water, from morning till night, fell ill of a Vomit- "ting and Frenzy. I endeavoured what I could to remedy both "the one and the other; but he grew more outrageous, and died

"in

"in a few hours," p. 144. "Not to mention Simon Stoker, who, "after a great debauch, lying on a cold marble floor, fell into a "Mania, ſo that he was obſerved to ſpeak and act very inco- "herently, and to get up in the night; nor Snap, the Poſtilion, "who uſed to grow mad by drinking Rum Punch," ibid. "One "Skellum's wife fell ill of an intermitting Fever; one of the fits "ran ſo high, as that after long and phrenetic diſcourſe, notwith- "ſtanding Bliſtering, &c. ſhe, after falling into cold ſweats, died," p. 151.

Here, I confeſs, may have appeared a large ſcene of morta- lity, and ſufficient to have depopulated a ſmall Plantation. How- ever, it demonſtrates my former propoſition, concerning the ne- ceſſity which a Phyſician has of looking out for good Church- yards for his Patients.

But now, to come to ſome of the Cures I have effected, I may be bold to ſay, that no perſon has made more uſe of Water-gruel, Chicken-broth, Betony, Sage [k], and Roſemary-tea, nor with better effect than myſelf. I may likewiſe boaſt of my improvement of the uſe of Feathers in the caſe of Vomiting.

I cured Mrs. Buller, "of troubleſome fancies and chimeras in "her thoughts, amongſt other things, by the Sage and Roſemary- "tea which I gave her. A ſanguine Major, who had debauched "in Brandy for ſeveral days and nights, without reſt, ſent for "me. He complained of a giddineſs in his head, and a fluttering "at his heart: I gave him Betony, Sage, and Roſemary-tea; ſo "his diſtemper wrought off by degrees of itſelf, by temperate "living," p. 109.

In like manner Mrs. B——, "on drinking too much wine, "fell into a vomiting, and going to ſtool very often. I ordered "her a great deal of very thin Chicken Broth, and, after a ſuffi- "cient evacuation, and a draught in the evening, ſhe was perfectly "well," p. 113. "A gentlewoman, Mrs. ——, was troubled "with the Belly-ach, by drinking Brandy and ſtrong Liquors: "I cured her with Broth, Water-gruel, &c." p. 118.

I had ſeveral Patients that I called my Pellet-merchants, all which I cured by the fore-mentioned ſpecificks. "Mrs. Buller

[k] The incomparable Tincture of Sage and Elixir of Bardana were then unknown; the diſcovery of their virtues being reſerved for the immorta- lization of Sir John Hill!

" fell into a conſtipation of her belly; I ordered her phyſick, by " which ſhe voided ſome hard round balls, or Pellets, like Sheeps- " dung. Then I gave her Sage and Roſemary-tea, then a " vomit, which I promoted by thin Water-gruel and a Feather " put into her throat," p. 98, as I had done to Sir Henry Muſtard and others, p. 93; and afterwards ſhe was perfectly well. " I " cured a Turner of his Pellets by much Water-gruel. And " a Taylor by the ſame medicine, though his Pellets were as hard " as ſtones," p. 134.

I had great ſucceſs with " a Laundry-maid, who was troubled " with a Pruritus, or Itch; I cured her with Brimſtone:" by which I found a wonderful alteration between her " fingers, " which before were uneaſy, both by their itching and unſeemli- " neſs;" it being a diſeaſe the moſt improper that could be for a perſon of her profeſſion.

" I cured a Cooper, by ſending him from his Wife; for, he " having a great pain in his Stomach, I doubted whether the " Compreſſion *in congreſſu* might not depreſs the Sternum, and " make him worſe; he being worſe every morning when at home, " and better when at ſea abſent from his wife," p. 117. I have found the ſame preſcription very prevalent, where married perſons have been troubled with *diſcontents*, *peeviſhneſs*, or *jealouſy*.

I was as fortunate in my applications to " one Beſs, a Negro " woman, who uſed to tend children; ſhe grew melancholy, mo- " roſe, taciturn, and by degrees fell into a perfect mopiſhneſs or " ſtupidity; if ſhe was bid to do any thing, ſhe would forget it; " for inſtance, put a broom in her hand to ſweep the houſe, there " ſhe ſtood with it looking on the ground. By cupping, vomit- " ing, and jalap, I made her ſtir the broom, ſweep the houſe, do " as ſhe was bid, and tend the children," p. 114.

I pleaſed one of my Patients, Mr. Doe, whom I had " re- " lieved of the Belly-ach. I wiſhed him to avoid taking away " any Blood, or making uſe of Phyſick; and that he ſhould take " an exact care of his diet, that it were eaſy of digeſtion, and " pleaſant to his palate. To theſe laſt preſcriptions he readily " agreed, and I heard no more of him," p. 129. Whenever I made uſe of the method before-mentioned, my Patients never died under my hands.

One of my moſt complete ſucceſſes was with " a Servant," for whom I had deſigned " burnt Wine and an Opiate: his Miſtreſs" (for

(for women will be tampering) " had given him a Vomit, which " worked with him till he was ſeized with a Cramp." Upon this, ſhe was frightened, thought ſhe had killed him; and in this laſt extremity, as people then uſually bethink themſelves of a Phyſician, ſhe ſent for me. I ordered him burnt Wine, and deſigned to have given him an Opiate; " but he was well without it."

I had many extraordinary caſes, amongſt which I muſt reckon this as one: " About the month of September, in the year 1708, " Count Dhona's family were taken very ill of continual violent " Fevers, one after another being ſeized till it it went round the " whole houſe; it uſually invaded them without any apparent " cauſe," p. 31, or at leaſt a very ſmall one. My Lady's Woman, being called in haſte, ran with her mantua unpinned, and had it an hour after. The little Page fell into it immediately, becauſe the Houſekeeper did not give him Cake for his Breakfaſt juſt when he aſked for it. Mrs. Bridget took it, becauſe ſhe was ordered to mill the Chocolate when it was Mrs. Chriſtian's buſineſs to do it, p. 57. La Roache and Valiere, two rival Footmen, were taken ill out of complaiſance to Suſan the Laundry-maid, who fell ſick of it, p. 48. " I myſelf had it, and could not aſſign " any cauſe, if not being a little uncovered in the night by the " ſheets falling off." But we all recovered.

I had a remarkable caſe: I was called " to a Tavern-keeper's " wife." I found her " taken with a Lethargy, inclining to an " Apoplectic Fit; on very violent irritations, ſhe would lift up " her Eye-lids, but would not ſpeak. I ordered her to be bled " and bliſtered; I gave her Diagridium and Drops of Sal Armo- " niac; then I ordered one to hold a bottle of Volatile Salt to " her noſe, and a Snuff to be given her, of Marjoram, Betony, and " White Hellebore. I ſtill proceeded." Now, to ſee the wonderful operation of theſe Medicines, the Drops, the Bottle, and the Snuff! The Gentlewoman was " about forty, fat, and phlegma- " tic," juſt upon her falling into this " Lethargy and Apoplectic " Fit." During my operations, I was often interrupted by two or three old women: Lord, Sir, do not butcher the poor woman ſo; ſhe is only a little overtaken with a quart or two of Brandy more than uſual; ſtay but till we have drunk three or four bowls of Punch, and ſhe will come to herſelf; ſhe has been often ſo, and no harm came of it. " By the help of what I had given her

" firſt, ſhe went to ſtool in the bed; then her bliſters roſe, and then " ſhe ſneezed, and was heard to cry, *Ough! Ough!* three or four " times." Some of her neighbours aſked me, if it were not proper ſhe ſhould be ſhifted? To which, after due conſideration, I agreed, and preſcribed ſome Frankincenſe to be burnt in the room. By plying her hard for two days, ſhe looked up, nay more, could " ſay a word or two, as *Dry*, *Beer*, *Drink*, and call for the " pot to make water;" afterwards " ſhe grew better, but ſhut " her eyes; and, being moroſe, would take nothing, and ſhut her " eyes. I threatened to get a pan of coals, and burn her with " them on her head; which ſo alarmed her, that ſhe took things." I heard afterwards, that, as ſhe grew ſober, ſhe grew well, and that her moroſeneſs of temper proceeded chiefly from her being aſhamed of what ſhe had done. But ſhe perfectly recovered of that drunken fit, by the aforeſaid remedies.

I had an inſtance of the ill effect of not taking remedies in the order they were preſcribed, in one Broomfield. " He had a " Vomiting and Looſeneſs, by drinking to a great height in Ca- " nary; I gave him Liq. Laud. and ſome other things; but he " being ſomething moroſe and ill-natured, and at other times " phrenetic, and ſo not taking his medicines as he ought, in ſome " time he died," p. 142.

I was more than ordinarily ſatisfied by the good ſucceſs I had concerning Hogs Puddings. " A Hog being boiled, the Blood, " kept *ſomething too long*, was made into Black-puddings; ſe- " veral of the perſons eating them were taken ill of a Vomiting. " Being called, upon enquiry I concluded the Puddings to be the " cauſe; and, to follow the motion of Nature, gave them a Vomit, " to diſcharge the cauſe, eſpecially conſidering the Puddings " were ſcarce out of the ſtomach; upon Vomiting and a Cordial " Draught, they all recovered," p. 92. I found ſeveral things dubious in this caſe: Firſt, whether they were " ſurfeited, or poi- " ſoned?" Secondly, whether Nature would not have diſcharged the cauſe if I had not been called? Thirdly, what ſhould be the reaſon, " Why ſome ſhould be violently ill, and others who had " eat of them ſhould not complain at all?" I attribute this laſt to the averſion that ordinary perſons generally bear to Phyſick, and that they durſt not complain, as being more afraid of the Doctor than the Poiſon. As to the lawfulneſs of eating Black Puddings, ſee the Poem of " Pugna Porcorum," verſes the 90th, &c.

I found

I found an excellent Receipt to cure a melancholy moroſe Huſband. Mrs. Barnevelt "brought me to ſee her Huſband, who "had been very melancholy for ſeveral months; he was moroſe," ſo that he never pulled off his hat, nor aſked me to ſit down; "he would ſcarce ſpeak," except it were "No, or, You ſhan't," when his Wife aſked any thing of him; he was always "drowſy "and ſleepy," as well up as a-bed. "I bled him, purged him, "gave him Sp. C.C. then bliſtered him," p. 151. In a few days he was quite well; and his Wife had a new gown and petticoat, and any thing ſhe would deſire, rather than ſhe ſhould bring the Doctor again.

I had great ſucceſs in affairs concerning Children. In the year 1700, I diſcovered the ſecret, "That Children lying in Huts, "expoſed to the winds, were taken with Chincoughs; that raw "Fruit will breed Worms, and that Worm-ſeed is proper for "them," p. 104. "Face-cloaths, or Linen to be pinned over the "face of new-born Children, are never uſed in Cajamai," p. 115, it being hot, and thought there very unhealthy; and indeed the true reaſon is, they would ſtifle them. Infant children, "that "have not the Breaſt, are brought up by hand very well," p. 147; and I adviſed this, rather than having them ſuckled by Nurſes that were very debauched as to drinking. "I always thought "tampering with Phyſick too much with Children, where the "diſeaſe is not plain, not to be ſafe, they not being able to inform "the Phyſician of their malady, but by frowardneſs and crying," p. 148. It were to be wiſhed, therefore, for the help of Phyſicians in ſuch caſes, that women of good ſenſe and ingenuity ſhould be made Nurſes for ſome time; ſuch perſons, I mean, as ſhould be choſen according to the method of Quinctilian; that they ſhould ſtudy Dr. Wallis's[1] rules for making *dumb* and *deaf* perſons

[1] In 1653, in a treatiſe "De Loquelâ," annexed to his "Grammatica "Linguæ Anglicanæ," Dr. Wallis tells us, "he has philoſophically con-"ſidered the formation of all ſounds uſed in articulate ſpeech, as well of "our own, as of any other language that he knew; by what organs, and "in what poſition, each ſound was formed; with the nice diſtinctions of "each, which in ſome letters of the ſame organ are very ſubtile; ſo that "by ſuch organs, in ſuch poſition, the breath iſſuing from the lungs will "form ſuch ſounds, whether the perſon do or do not hear himſelf "ſpeak." Purſuing theſe reflections, he was led to think it poſſible,

perſons be underſtood; that they ſhould have Bp. Wilkins's [m] *univerſal character*, and ſee by the Picture how every Letter is

that a deaf perſon might be taught to ſpeak, by being directed ſo to apply the organs of ſpeech, as the ſound of each letter required; which children learn by imitation and frequent attempts, rather than by art. He made a trial or two with ſucceſs; and particularly on Alexander Popham, ſon to the famous admiral; which involved him in a controverſy with Dr. William Holder, who claimed the merit of the cure (which the latter had performed, it ſeems, in 1659; but Popham loſing what he had been taught by Holder, he was ſent to Dr. Wallis, who brought him to his ſpeech again).—Dr. John Wallis was born Nov. 23, 1616, was educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge; and was choſen fellow of Queen's about 1640. He was one of the earlieſt members of that learned body which gave birth to the Royal Society, and was appointed Savilian profeſſor of geometry at Oxford, in 1649, by the parliamentarians. At the Reſtoration, he met with great reſpect from king Charles II, was continued profeſſor, and appointed king's chaplain. His works were collected by the curators of the preſs at Oxford in 1699, and publiſhed in 3 vols. folio. He died Oct. 28, 1703.—Dr. Holder was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; in 1660, proceeded D. D. and was afterward canon of Ely, F. R. S. canon of St. Paul's, ſub-dean of the royal chapel, and ſub-almoner to his majeſty. He publiſhed ſeveral ingenious works; and died Jan. 24, 1696-7.

[m] Dr. John Wilkins was born in 1614; entered a ſtudent of New Inn in 1627, whence he removed to Magdalen Hall. Joining with the parliament, he was made warden of Wadham College, April 13, 1648; in 1656, he married Robina, ſiſter to the Protector, and obtained a diſpenſation for keeping his wardenſhip. In 1659, he was made maſter of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Richard Cromwell; but was ejected, on the Reſtoration, next year. He then became preacher to Gray's Inn, and rector of St. Lawrence Jury. About this time he became an active member of the Royal Society; was ſoon after made dean of Ripon; and in 1668, biſhop of Cheſter; which preferment he did not long enjoy, dying Nov. 19, 1672. He publiſhed "A Diſcovery of a new World, &c." at the age of 24; "A Diſcovery of a new Planet, &c." in 1640; "Mercury, or the ſecret and ſwift Meſſenger, &c." in 1641; "Mathematical Magic, &c." in 1648. Theſe pieces were publiſhed entire, in one volume, 8vo, in 1708, under the title of "The Mathematical and Philoſophical Works of the Right Reverend John Wilkins, &c." with an account of the Author's Life. To that collection is ſubjoined an extract of his larger work, printed in 1688, folio, and intituled, "An Eſſay towards a Real Character and a Philoſophical Language." He was alſo the author of ſeveral theological works of reputation.

framed

framed by the organs of ſpeech. This would ſhew us the infancy of Letters, and the firſt formation of articulate ſounds. Hence we ſhould know what children mean by ſcrewing their faces, and claſping their hands; and whether they call for Milk or Panada when they *whimper*, whether they do not aſk for Sack when they are *froward*, and whether by their *crying* and *ſquauling* they do not poſitively demand ſomething to eaſe them of the Worms or Colic. But of this I ſhall treat briefly hereafter, in my Sixth Folio of the Generation of Butterflies.

There was a Reverend Gentleman that I had cured, by preſcribing, amongſt other things, my old remedy of "Sage and "Roſemary made into a drink, after the manner of Tea," p. 146. (I often gave this to my Patients, for I knew, according to my maxim, that by ſuch medicines, if they were "never the better, "they would be never the worſe," p. 147.) He had fallen into a Conſumption, by ſtraining "his lungs in preaching." I adviſed him "to remove from his pariſh, to a place where no op-"portunity ſhould be given of exerciſing his lungs ſo much," and to make a Sine-cure of his Living; "by this method he was "relieved." But afterwards, I ſuppoſe, being troubled with a ſqueamiſh conſcience, and having no Phyſician by him, "he re-"turned to his pariſh, fell into a ſpitting of blood, turned con-"ſumptive, and died; *a fatal inſtance of not following pre-"ſcriptions!* I have often obſerved, that the immoderate ſtraining "of the lungs, by ſinging, hunting, trumpeting, inviting people to "ſhows, &c. have brought Hoarſeneſs, Coughs, Conſumptions, "great Pains, Ulcers under the Sternum, and Death." What a number of worthy perſons have been loſt by this means! Ballad-ſingers innumerable, who have caught violent colds at the corners of ſtreets and at country markets; Trumpeters to Monſters, High German Artiſts, and Lotteries; Merry Andrews, Orators, Bullies, Welcomers, and other eloquent perſons, who, at the expence of their own lungs, have in a manner extorted money from the audience, by the rhetorick of "Rareſt Show in all the Fair, "juſt going to begin; Gentlemen and Ladies, come in and take "your places!" But I hear that the Britiſh nation have in ſome meaſure prevented this evil, by the ſuppreſſion of Lotteries [n]; and

[n] A ſpecies of Gaming which was ſoon revived, and has within theſe very few years been extended to an enormous exceſs.

that

that May-Fair [o] and Bartholomew-Fair [p] are regulated; and that the Magiſtrates of London hunt with decent and becoming gravity [q]. I am extremely glad of this, for the ſake of my old acquaintance, whoſe aſſiſtance and civilities I acknowledge to have received when I practiſed there as a Mountebank.

"I ſaw moſt of the Diſeaſes in Cajamai which I had met withal "in Europe. Among the reſt, it is very ordinary there for

[o] So called from the month of May. It has been entirely aboliſhed near forty years. Shepherd's Market, near Curzon Street, was built on the ſpot where it was held; and the ſurrounding diſtrict is ſtyled "May "Fair."

[p] Fitzſtephen, in 1174, deſcribes Smithfield (p. 36, ed. 1772) as a plain *field*, both in reality and name. "Here," ſays he, "every Friday, unleſs "it ſhould happen to be one of the more ſolemn feſtivals, there is a "celebrated rendezvous of fine horſes brought to be ſold. Thither "come, either to look or buy, a great number of perſons reſiant in the "city, earls, barons, knights, and a ſwarm of citizens.—In another quar"ter, and apart from the reſt, are placed the vendibles of the peaſant, im"plements of huſbandry in all kinds, ſwine with their deep flanks, and "cows with their diſtended udders." Fitzſtephen takes no notice of Bartholomew Fair, though it was granted by Henry II. Neither Maitland nor Strype mentions the date of the grant; ſo that perhaps it might be poſterior to the year 1174. Richard Sandwich, *cuſtos* of the city in 1295, diſputed with the prior of St. Bartholomew's concerning the profits ariſing from the fair; alledging, that, as the city privileges were forfeited to the crown, all the cuſtoms and benefits ariſing within the ſaid city muſt belong to the king.—The fair is now reduced to a mere ſhadow of its original conſequence; and is, in fact, little more than a mart for toys and gingerbread, and a place of exhibition for jugglers and occaſional monſters.

[q] "Many of the citizens take great delight in fowling, with merlins, "hawks, &c. as likewiſe in hunting; and they have a right and pri"vilege of hunting in Middleſex, Hertfordſhire, in all the Chiltern coun"try, and in Kent as far as the river Cray." Fitzſtephen, p. 52.—It appears from the ſame writer, p. 26, that Middleſex Foreſt was then of conſiderable extent: it was deaforeſted in 1218. Amongſt the officers of this great corporation, that of "The Common Hunt" (at preſent enjoyed by James Chamneſs, eſq.) is not the leaſt diſtinguiſhed. He has the care of the pack of hounds belonging to the lord mayor and citizens, and attends them in hunting in thoſe grounds to which they are authorized by charter. The Sword-bearer, the Common Cryer, the Common Hunt, and the Water Bailiff, are ſtyled "the Four Eſquires of the Lord Mayor's "Houſehold."

"ſervants

" ſervants to pretend or diſſemble ſickneſs of ſeveral ſorts; but " theſe by attention may be found out by Phyſicians, and by pro- " per Queſtions be diſcovered as Forgeries, PERJURIES, and " LIES," p. 141. I have found ſeveral young Scholars, after the time of breaking up, troubled with great inflammations and ſoreneſs in their Eyes, ſo as not to be able to look on a Book; and ſometimes with great pains in their Bowels and Stomach. The former I cured by Bliſters behind their Ears, and adviſing more between their Shoulders and upon their Wriſts in caſe their illneſs continued; to the ſecond I preſcribed *bitter medicines*, as Wormſeed, Centaury, or Hiera Picra, to be often repeated, according to the violence of their diſtemper; and by theſe I ſeldom failed of a cure. I had great difficulty with " a luſty Negro " Footman, who was to go ſeveral miles of an errand; about " twelve at night he fell extraordinary ſick, lay ſtrait along, " would not ſpeak, groaned, and ſeemed in a great agony; ſome " who ſtood by thought him dead, ſome bewitched, others that he " was poiſoned. I examined matters as nicely as I could, con- " cluded this was a new ſtrange diſeaſe, ſuch as I had never ſeen, " or was not mentioned in any Author I had met with. At laſt it " came into my head that he counterfeited; whereupon I told the " by-ſtanders, that a Frying-pan with burning coals applied to " his head, and lighted Candles to his hands and feet, was the " only method to awake perſons in ſuch caſes. Upon giving " him a quarter of an hour's time to conſider, he came to his " ſpeech, and went about his buſineſs," p. 141. I do not mention this as a Receipt, but as a turn of thought, or *coup d'eſprit*, which I had, and is very uſeful for a Phyſician. But the caſe which puzzled me moſt was that of " a Carpenter, a luſty He- " Rogue, who ſaid he had the Belly-ach. He had a blanket about " his middle, made wry faces, and bemoaned himſelf very much; " he went to ſtool very well, and did not vomit. I told him, that " I believed he diſſembled, and that, if he were well chaſtized, " it would be his beſt Phyſick—he ſeemed not to be of my mind." This ſomething ſtaggered me; when a young man I had with me deſired he might ſpeak. He had been apprentice to an Engliſh Mountebank, and could name twenty Diſcaſes, all which, he ſaid, his Maſter could cure more than any other Orator could pretend to. Sir, ſays he, the poor man is dangerouſly ill; and, if you let me examine him, you will find he has the Yawns, the Bones,

and

and the Hookle-grockles.—Pray, Friend, ſays the young man, do not you find in a morning, when you are called to work, that your eye-lids ſink down again when juſt lifted up; that your mouth opens by degrees, and very wide, and your breath comes out leiſurely, with a Y—A—W—N at ſome diſtance; that your arms ſtretch beyond your head, and then fall down again by your ſides; that you have a ſort of liſtleſſneſs or I-don't-know-how-iſhneſs upon your ſpirits, when you ſhould riſe; and that you had rather turn on the other ſide, and go to ſleep? Oh, Lord, Sir, cries the Carpenter, every morning, indeed, Sir; and often in the afternoon, Sir. Why then, ſays the young man, you have the Yawns extremely.—But pray, Friend, when you ſhould go of a meſſage, and are bid to do or lift any thing, do not you find that you have a Bone in your Leg, and another Bone in your Arm? Oh Lord, Sir, cries the fellow, Bones, Sir! I feel Bones all over me, from my Fingers ends to my Great-toe. Why then, replies the Youth, it is evident that you are extremely afflicted with the Bones; and I pity you with all my heart.—But again: As to your Stomach; when you are to work, do you find you have any ſtomach to your work? Truly, cries the Fellow, very little or rather no ſtomach at all, Sir.—But, ſuppoſing you had a Plum-pudding, a Loin of Veal, or Pig, provided for you, do you think you could find a ſtomach? What ſhould ail me, ſays he?—But if, a ſecond time, you had a tit-bit, a hollow Bird, or ſo, do you believe you could find another ſtomach? I warrant you, cries he, I could a very good one; pray try me.—Then, turning to me, ſays the Orator, Moſt noble Doctor, you perceive the honeſt Man has the Hockle-grockles, a deſperate diſeaſe; you ſee he has two ſtomachs to eat, and never a one to work; this can never be cured, unleſs he ſtands the *pointing*, which is a ſcarification with a Cat-and-nine-tails, and a fomentation, or imbrocation, of the bleeding parts with ſalt and fair water. His Maſter promiſed that the operation ſhould be forthwith performed; but our backs were ſcarcely turned, when the Patient fled for the ſame.

Here I intended to begin my Book, and to have ſhewn what diverſity I found in the Leaves of the Weeds growing in the Plains and Woods of Cajamai; how ſome were ſmaller, ſome larger, ſome whiter, browner, or greener, than others of the ſame ſpecies in Europe, with their Figures curiouſly delineated; but the Engraver,

graver, who ſhould have deſcribed "the various ſorts of Ferns that "I have collected, the White Bramble, the Buſk, the Diſciplined "Swine, the Negroes Jackets," and ſeveral other things of great importance, was ſo ungrateful as to diſappoint me; but I hope ſpeedily to make my Reader ſome amends.

In the mean time, I ſhall give an account of the ſtrange variety of Food uſed in ſeveral Nations, either out of neceſſity or wantonneſs; which I took occaſion to conſider of, from ſome extraordinary ſorts of Diet that I found in Cajamai.

Concerning ſeveral ſorts of ODD DISHES uſed by the Epicures and nice Eaters throughout the World.

"BESIDES the ordinary proviſion of Cajamai, the Inhabitants "eat the Racoon, a ſmall Quadruped; Rats are there ſold "by the dozen, being thought delicious when feeding on Sugar-"canes," p. 20. They are much better than tame Rabbits or Kittens, ſo much eſteemed by Gypſies. "The Indians eat "Snakes or Serpents;" which they take not to be ſo muddy as Pond Eels. "They likewiſe eat the Coſſi, a ſort of Worm, "breeding in rotten Timber," with as much eagerneſs as Fiſh bite at Caddes or Gentils, and Robin-red-breaſts fly at Maggots when we have cracked naughty Filberds.

"It is very happy for mankind that they were not reſtrained "by nature to any limited kind of food; for otherwiſe they "ſhould be at a great loſs when they came to multiply and "repleniſh the earth, and live in climates where the difference "of air and ſoil raiſes new variety of vegetable and animal pro-"ductions, they would want ſuſtenance, were they not fitted "by nature to make uſe of what they found ready for that pur-"poſe," p. 20. There would not be Beef and Mutton, Barn-door Fowl, Geeſe, Hogs-puddings, and Apple-pye, enough for the common people, if the Gentlefolk had not taken a fancy to Herons, Bitterns, Peacocks, Swans, Hares, Cocks-combs, Hogs-ears, Muſhroons, Terrenes, Soups, and Oglios.

"Nature has for this reaſon given to mankind their Cutting "and Tearing, as well as Grinding Teeth," ibid.; that tough

meat, paxwax, and griſtles, might not be loſt, and that hard Biſcuit, poor Jack, and Suffolk Cheeſe, might come to be ſwallowed; ſhe has likewiſe given them Cracking Teeth, that ſo they might receive nouriſhment from Cracknells, Nuts of all ſorts, and Kernels; it ſuffers infants to have no Teeth for a while, that ſo Pap and ſugared Milk may be conſumed; and then permits their Teeth to encreaſe by degrees, that ſo white Bread and Butter and Quaking-pudding may have their ſhare in the nutriment of mortals; and afterwards, in old age, it takes away their Teeth again, that ſo Jelly-broths, Sack-poſſet, and many other ſtrengthening things, may have their turn of being uſeful.

"Some people live very well on Vegetables only, thinking "it inhuman to kill any things to eat;" ſo do the Brachmans in The Indies, and all that profeſs the Pythagorean Philoſophy: "others on Fleſh only; others live on Vegetables and Fleſh," p. 21; and in ſome places the Vegetables are in greater proportion than the Fleſh, as in Spain and France: but more care is taken to adjuſt their equality in the Britiſh Dominions; and this puts them upon many inventions, *videlicet*, of roaſt Mutton and Kidney-beans, Leg of Lamb and Collyflowers, Knuckle of Veal and Spinage, and boiled Pork with Peaſe, Potatoes, and Turnips.

That which ſeems the ſtrangeſt is, "that the greateſt part of "mankind have their chief ſuſtenance from grains, Wheat, Rye, "Barley, Oats, Rice, &c. ibid. But of theſe I ſhall diſcourſe at large, when I treat of Buttered Wheat, Maſlin-bread, Barley-broth, Rice-pudding, and Oat-cakes, whether to be fried or roaſted. "Kine, Goats, Swine, and Sheeps Fleſh, ſuſtains moſt "Perſons in theſe Parts; ſo do Camels in Arabia, and Horſes in "Tartary." The common Tartars only juſt warm it under their Saddles; but the great Cham has the Cheeks haſhed, and the Brains fried, much after the ſame manner as we do our Calves-head. See their Countryman Pontakeronſkinſi's Treatiſe of the Tartarian Luxury. "Moſt in Greenland" (eſpecially where there are none but beariſh inhabitants) "feed on large "draughts of Train Oil. In many parts of Lapland, Fiſh is "their chief ſubſiſtence," which they dreſs with great perfection of Shrimps, Oyſters, Anchovy, and Ketchup. The Body is ſerved to the Maſter; and the dried Heads are food for the Cattle. "In England the poorer ſort have their nouriſhment from "Milk Meats," as Curds and Cream, Whitepot, Furmetry, &c."

The longeſt Livers eat Butter from Suffolk, and Cheeſe from Cheſhire and Warwickſhire. Roots affording ſuſtenance are Carrots, Parſnips, Radiſhes, Onions, and Turnips, p. 21; which laſt eat very well boiled with Beef, Dumplin, or Bag-pudding, either with or without Plums.

"Though Stalks and Leaves afford no great Nouriſhment, "yet they have ſometimes kept many from ſtarving, as Celery, "Endive, Sorrel, Lettuce, Spinage, Muſhrooms, Artichokes," ibid. But the perſons who deal in Pickles have introduced a ſtrange variety, ſuch as Cucumbers, Girkins, European Mangoes, Clove Gillyflowers, Berberies, Purſlain-ſtalks, Aſhen-keys, and Broom-buds, ibid. "Many feed on Pulſe, as Garden Peaſe, "Windſor Beans, Kidney Beans," Grey Peaſe commonly in an evening, &c. "I have known a Woman in Holland feed many "months upon Hemp-ſeed;" ſhe by that means cleared her voice ſo as to ſing like a Linnet. "Not to ſpeak of Acorns "and Beechmaſt, the food of our forefathers," ibid. But that was many ages ago: and now we give them to our Hogs; and ſo eat them at ſecond-hand, in Spare Ribs, Chines, and Gammons. "Dates are the food of many people in Barbary and Arabia," ibid. They are ſeldom uſed by us but in old-faſhioned Minced-pies and Florentines. "Figs" are very ſerviceable in Lent. "Piſta-"chias," though dear, are very nouriſhing. "Cheſtnuts make "an excellent and common Soup in France;" and may be put into Veal-pie with good ſucceſs.

Joachimus Struppius, in his Book called, "Anchora Famis," ſpeaks of "Bread made of Apples, Citrons, Oranges, Cherries, "Almonds, Plumbs, Grapes, Raſberries, &c." p. 22. I ſuppoſe he means the ſeveral ſorts of Pies and Tarts compounded by the Relief Paſtry-cooks, and the Marſhpanes, Macaroons, Paſtes, and Jellies, &c. that are made out of the forementioned Fruits by the Confectioners; which are not only eaten in the caſe of Famine, but even in the midſt of affluence, affording great comfort to Children, and likewiſe to Goſſips and other perſons to whom Nature has given Sweet Teeth in their heads, as well as Tearers and Grinders.

"Many ſtrange things have been *eaten in ſieges*, for want of "better food, as Skins of Beaſts and Leather," ibid.; firſt they began with their *ſlippers* and *girdles*, then came to their *ſhields*, which

which were in latter ages, as well as anciently, made of Hides; and thoſe ſometimes ſeven-fold, as was that of Ajax, recorded in Ovid; and at laſt came to eat their *ſhoes*, being more afraid of ſtarving, than going barefoot. Upon great occaſions, they uſed to make a ſtrong Broth of Size or Glew, which, with a Starch-pudding, and a brace of "Tallow Candles," ibid. for ſecond courſe, made an extraordinary entertainment.

Mæcenas was an admirer "of Aſſes fleſh," as other perſons have been "of Mules," p. 22, 23; the mixture of the Mules fleſh, in their opinion, giving that of the Aſs a more high and ſprightly reliſh. In places where they are to be had, "powdered Buffa-"loes" are eſteemed more than hung Beef. As "Lions and "Panthers" in Libya are very good; ſo are "Rhinocerots," though their ſkins are of the tougheſt. "Foxes fleſh" is much eſteemed by Politicians; "Bears," grown fat by ſucking their paws in winter, make good paſties. "Wolves fleſh" is tenderer than Maſtiff's, eſpecially when hunted. "Otters and Beavers" are convenient and ready food for Bargemen, when they have not the opportunity to ſteal Mutton. "Bats" are proper for Conſtables and Watchmen, "Crocodiles" for hypocrites and perſons who deſire tears at command. "Blood of Animals" affords Black Pudding. "Frogs" will produce Fricaſees; but I have not yet received the Receipt how "large Toads are dreſt in New "England."

"Perſons not uſed to eat Whales, Squirrels, or Elephants, "would think them a ſtrange diſh; yet thoſe uſed to them pre-"fer them to other victuals," p. 25. A perſon of my acquaintance, being obliged to ſome Gentlemen for a kindneſs, invited them to dinner, and gave them two brace of boiled Cats and Onions, and a diſh of roaſt Hedge-hogs. Though the Gentleman had taken great pains for his entertainment, yet his Gueſts would have heen better pleaſed with other ſort of proviſion.

Were the Northern Nations as exquiſite in their taſtes as the Romans, they would in their country ſeats have their ſeparate Parks for their Snails, and another for their Rats; for ſo I interpret the Latin word *glires*, though I know the generality of perſons take them for Dormice, p. 25; of theſe they made exquiſite dainties, of the latter there are many learned remarks made by the ingenious Author[r] of "The Soups and Sauces of the An-

[r] Apicius Cœlius.—See the Letters to Dr. Liſter and others, prefixed to the "Art of Cookery," in vol. III.

"cients."

"cients." But I think a Friend of mine has ſurpaſſed them all, by a Park which he made for Spiders; the largeſt of which was a very ſenſible creature, knew his maſter's voice, and anſwered to the name of Robin. My Friend delighted himſelf much in Domitian's way of hunting, which was Fly-catching; moſt of which he ſlew, and took others alive, which he preſerved as food for his Spiders, that he drew out of his Park as the delicacy of his palate from time to time invited him.

This being only a digreſſion from my deſign, I am afraid I may treſpaſs upon my Reader; but, if it find encouragement, I have materials enough to advance it into a complete Treatiſe.

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A VIN-

A VINDICATION

OF THE REVEREND

DR. HENRY SACHEVERELL,

FROM THE

FALSE, SCANDALOUS, AND MALICIOUS ASPERSIONS,

Caſt upon Him in a late Infamous Pamphlet,

INTITULED,

THE MODERN FANATICK.

Intended chiefly to expoſe the Iniquity of the Faction in *genera'*, without taking any *conſiderable* Notice of their poor mad Tool BISSET in *particular*.

In a DIALOGUE between a TORY and a WHIG.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

MR. BISSET'S RECANTATION;

An Anſwer to a SECOND ſcandalous Book that Mr. BISSET is now writing;

AND

Two other Treatiſes on the ſame Subject,

The hiſtory of Dr. Sacheverell affords a very ſtriking example of the folly and madneſs of party, which could exalt an obſcure individual, poſſeſſed of the loweſt talents, to an height of popularity that the preſent times behold with wonder and aſtoniſhment. He was the ſon of a clergyman at Marlborough, and received part of his education at that place. From thence he was ſent to Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was choſen a fellow; and there became known to Mr. Addiſon, who addreſſed to him his poem intituled "An Account of the greateſt Engliſh Poets," dated Apr. 3, 1694. His firſt preferment was Cannock, in the county of Stafford. He was afterward appointed chaplain of St. Saviour, Southwark. While in this ſtation, he preached his famous Sermons, at Derby, Aug. 15, 1709; and at St. Paul's, Nov. 5, in the ſame year; and in one of them was ſuppoſed to point at lord Godolphin, under the name of Volpone. It has been ſuggeſted that to this circumſtance, as much as to the doctrines contained in his Sermons, he was indebted for his proſecution, and eventually his preferment. He was impeached by the houſe of commons; and his trial began Feb. 27, 1709-10; and continued until the 23d of March, when he was ſentenced to a ſuſpenſion from preaching for three years, and his two Sermons were ordered to be burnt. This ridiculous proſecution overthrew the Miniſtry, and laid the foundation of his fortune. He very ſoon after was preſented to a living near Shrewſbury; and in the ſame month that his ſuſpenſion ended, had the valuable rectory of St. Andrew Holborn given him by the queen. At that time his reputation was ſo high, that he was enabled to ſell the firſt Sermon preached after his ſentence expired for the ſum of £. 100. We find by Dean Swift's Letters that he had alſo intereſt enough with the Miniſtry to provide very amply for one of his brothers. After the acceſſion of king George, we hear little of him except by quarrels with his pariſhioners, although he was much ſuſpected to be concerned in Atterbury's Plot. He died June 5, 1724; and by his will bequeathed to biſhop Atterbury, then in exile, who was ſuppoſed to have penned his defence for him, the ſum of £. 500.

A LETTER TO MR. BISSET[a].

MR. BISSET,

THAT there might be ſomething between the Book and the Title-page, as is uſual, I was reſolved to give myſelf the honours of writing to you, and to let you into ſome diſcoveries, which perhaps have not yet occurred to you. The firſt is, that Dr. Sacheverell is very much your *friend* (which I believe is more than you knew, and much more than you deſerve); for, when I ſhewed to him thoſe amazing accounts of your ſcandalous life, which every day flowed in to the Printer's ſhop, from Iver, from Whiſton, from St. Katherine, and your other abodes, he would not ſuffer me to print them. He thought recrimination a poor defence; and that the Devil could not employ two Clergymen

[a] Mr. William Biſſet, eldeſt brother of the collegiate church of St. Katherine, and Rector of Whiſton in Northamptonſhire. He publiſhed, in 1709, "Remarks on Dr. Sacheverell's Sermon;" and in 1710, "The "Modern Fanatick, with a large and true Account of the Life, Actions, "Endowments, &c. of the famous Dr. Sacheverell. This was followed by the "Vindication" here re-printed; and by another piece of irony, a pretended "Recantation of Mr. Biſſet," dated "St. Katherine's, "Jan. 17, 1710-11." Mr. Biſſet prepared a reply, which is dated Feb. 21, 1710-11; but did not appear ſoon enough to prevent the publication of Dr. King's "Anſwer to a Second ſcandalous Book that Mr. Biſſet is "now writing; to be publiſhed as ſoon as poſſible." The Eldeſt Brother of St. Katherine's, however, was not diſheartened from ſending his ſecond book into the world, under the title of "The Modern Fanatick, Part II;" but annexed to it a ſmall poſtſcript, complaining of the "unexampled "folly" of his antagoniſt, in pretending "to foretell what was to be "found in the ſeveral pages" of his redoubted labours. Mr. Biſſet was more ſeriouſly replied to, in "A Letter to the Eldeſt Brother of St. Ka-"therine, in anſwer to his ſcurrilous pamphlet;" and alſo in "A Dia-"logue between the Eldeſt Brother of St. Katherine's and a London "Curate," both publiſhed in 1711.—That, whilſt we illuſtrate our Author we may do juſtice to Mr. Biſſet, his remarks are occaſionally annexed to this and the two following treatiſes, by way of note on the ſeveral paſſages to which they allude. It is obvious that the facts on which the Vindicator formed his arguments were ſupplied by Dr. Sacheverell himſelf, to whom the whole pamphlet has by ſome been attributed.

more to his own ſervice, than in ſuch a taſk; which is the reaſon that in the Book I have brought to your remembrance and ſight ſo few of your ſins paſt. I would adviſe you, in your future controverſies, to believe, that in all diſputes *ill names* are *bad arguments*; that a cauſe may be good, though the eſpouſer wants that character; and that paſſive obedience is a Chriſtian doctrine, though you can prove Dr. Sacheverell "a Rebel, a Gameſter, an "Ingrate, and whatever elſe you pleaſe."

Another ſecret I would diſcover to you is, that the Printer has this *Black Liſt* by him, and was once reſolved to print it by itſelf; but he has a new Edition of "The Engliſh Rogue [b]" in the preſs, and he was afraid that two Books with the ſame title, and contents much alike, would ruin the ſale of each other. But he is determined ſtill to do it, if you perſiſt in this helliſh employment of "accuſing the brethren:" and I believe the Doctor and I myſelf, though we "love you ſo dearly," ſhall not be able to prevent the publication.

A third ſecret is, that by your Book you have confirmed me in my notion, that the poor Doctor is in Cicero's circumſtance: "Nemo hoſtis reip. eſt, qui non eodem tempore illi quoque bel-"lum indicit [c]." And I think I muſt tell you another ſecret, which is the ſenſe of that Latin, "That every enemy of our

[b] The *famous* production of Richard Head, the ſon of an Iriſh miniſter. This unhappy man, who had been educated at Oxford, was bred a bookſeller, and twice failed in that buſineſs. After many afflictions, he was caſt away at ſea, in going to the Iſle of Wight, in 1678. He was the author of "Hic et ubique, or the Humours of Dublin," a comedy, printed in 1663, by which he acquired much reputation, and of ſeveral other pieces; particularly "Nugæ Venales," which would have ſerved for a general title to his works. Roguery, fornication, and cuckoldom, were the ſtanding topics of this author, who was perſuaded that his books would ſell in proportion to the prevalency of thoſe vices. He was of a lively genius, and had a conſiderable knowledge in the ſcenes of low life and debauchery. In the firſt part of "The Engliſh Rogue," he had given ſcope to ſo much licentiouſneſs, that he could not get an *Imprimatur* till he had expunged ſome of the moſt luſcious deſcriptions. Three more parts were added afterward by Mr. Head, in conjunction with Francis Kirkman, who had alſo been his partner in trade, and of whom we have made honourable mention in vol. I. p. 180.

[c] Cic. Philip. ii.

"conſti-

"conſtitution is an enemy to the Doctor," becauſe he has courage to defend it, and expoſe thoſe that would deſtroy it: for this reaſon the faction declare war with him, batter him with ſcandal and lies, poiſon him with deadly ſtench from De Foe [d], the Obſervator [e], and yourſelf. But, alas! you only add to his character, and make him the more conſiderable.

I have room for one diſcovery more; which is, that I have done with you; that I have no deſign to enter into a paper war with ſo weak and trifling an adverſary. If you ſhould happen to diſcover your humble ſervant, it may be you may think it worth your while to write my Life and Character; and, that you may not be at much trouble to enquire into it, I will give it you in ſhort: Some years ago I gave my friends a little reaſon to think that I did believe a Whig Miniſtry would not deſtroy the

[d] Daniel De Foe, equally famous for politicks and poetry, was author of "The Review." When ſentenced to be exalted above his fellows, he chearfully underwent the puniſhment, and wrote "A Hymn to the "Pillory." He was author of an infinite number of books and pamphlets; but is perhaps at preſent beſt known by his Hiſtory of Robinſon Cruſoe. He died at Iſlington, in eaſy circumſtances, in 1731. A daughter of his was married to the truly philoſophical Mr. Baker.

[e] A weekly paper, by George Ridpath and John Tutchin. The firſt of theſe was alſo writer of "The Flying Poſt," in oppoſition to "The "Poſt Boy" of Abel Roper; for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgeled, and were ſo:

"There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
"The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue." Dunciad ii. 149.

Ridpath was committed to Newgate, Sept. 8, 1712; and, what is remarkable, he and Roper both died on the ſame day.—Tutchin was concerned on the ſide of Monmouth, in the time of Charles II; and, for a political piece which he wrote in favour of him afterward, was ſentenced by Jefferies to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the Weſt, and handled ſo ſeverely, that he petitioned James II. to be hanged. When that king died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the latter end of queen Anne's reign; and was the author of a poem called "Foreigners," which produced the "True-born Engliſhman" of De Foe. Neither of theſe writers has eſcaped the laſh of our Engliſh Homer, though it does not appear what provocation the latter of them had given him:

"Earleſs on high ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
"And Tutchin flagrant from the laſh below."

Nation: but I was ſoon convinced to the contrary, and am now, upon mature deliberation, a *great Tory*, as *high a Churchman* as any in the kingdom. I love to read what the Tories write, and to hear what they ſpeak; I meet them at home and abroad, and very often Dr. Sacheverell is one of them. I think as they think, and do generally as they do; and I fancy, if you enquire nicely and very maliciouſly, you may find, from the day of my birth till now, that I have not kept myſelf without ſin. It may be, I have robbed an Orchard, and diſobeyed my Maſter at School, quarreled with the College Cook, ſcolded furiouſly at my Laundreſs, and *taken a Degree too* [f]. If you ſhould in your walks hear any thing of this nature, be ſo kind as to keep it ſecret; for I am related to a great man in the Holy Society for *Reformation of Manners* [g], who I know in his *will* has left me two of Oliver's Shillings, and a great Silver Calves-head; with the Works of the *learned* Bunyan [h], the *devout* Baxter [i], and that admirable Polemical

[f] This expreſſion of our Author miſled Mr. Biſſet, who concluded from it his antagoniſt was a Divine; and took occaſion, on that ſuppoſition, to reprimand him in ſeveral parts of his ſecond book, for "writing out "of character."

[g] This very uſeful ſociety, having been treated cavalierly in Dr. Sacheverell's Aſſize Sermon at Derby, was defended in a little treatiſe under the title of "The Judgement of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, concerning the "Societies for Reformation of Manners, compared with the Judgement "of many of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Honourable Judges "of this Kingdom, and that of Ireland. With ſome Reflections there-"upon. By Joſiah Woodward, D. D. 1711."

[h] John Bunyan, born in 1628, was the ſon of a tinker in Bedfordſhire, where he for ſome time followed his father's occupation. According to himſelf, having a heavenly call, he applied diligently to read the Scriptures, and in a few years became a noted preacher as well as writer. He was long confined in the county gaol, for holding conventicles; and ſpent his time there in preaching, writing books, and tagging laces for his ſupport. After his enlargement, he travelled into many parts of the kingdom, "to viſit and confirm the brethren." He died Aug. 31, 1688; aged ſixty; having written books equal to the number of his years. "His maſter-piece" (ſays Mr. Granger) "is his Pilgrim's Progreſs, one "of the moſt popular, and, I may add, one of the moſt ingenious books "in the Engliſh language.—Bunyan, who has been mentioned amongſt "the leaſt and loweſt of our writers, and even ridiculed as a driveller by

"thoſe

Polemical Divine Ben Hoadly [k]; all which I ſhall certainly loſe, if he hears from you, whoſe veracity he very much confides in, that I have been ſuch a profligate liver, egg and bird.

Farewell.

Jan. 11, $17\frac{10}{11}$.

" thoſe who never read him, deſerves a much higher rank than is com-
" monly imagined. His Pilgrim's Progreſs gives us a clear and diſtinct
" idea of Calviniſtical divinity. The allegory is admirably carried on; and
" the characters juſtly drawn, and uniformly ſupported (an obſervation,
" however, not to be extended to the Second Part). The author's original
" and poetic genius ſhines through the coarſeneſs and vulgarity of his
" language; and intimates, that, if he had been a maſter of numbers, he
" might have compoſed a poem worthy of Spenſer himſelf." This able Biographer, apprehenſive that " his opinion may be deemed para-
" doxical," has modeſtly confirmed it by the ſentiments of two judicious Poets, Mr. Merrick and Dr. Roberts.

[i] Mr. Richard Baxter was born in Shropſhire, Nov. 12, 1615; and died Dec. 8, 1691. He was the author of 145 different treatiſes; and his practical works have been publiſhed in four volumes folio. The moſt conſiderable of his writings are his "Catholic Theology," and his "Saints Everlaſting Reſt."—"A Shove to heavy-arſed Chriſtians," and "Eyes and Hooks for Unbelievers Breeches," with ſome other tracts under equally ludicrous titles, were fathered on him by L'Eſtrange. —He was a man famous for weakneſs of body and ſtrength of mind; for having the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of religion himſelf, and exciting a ſenſe of it in the thoughtleſs and profligate; for preaching more ſermons, engaging in more controverſies, and writing more books, than any other Nonconformiſt of his age. He ſpoke, diſputed, and wrote, with eaſe; and diſcovered the ſame intrepidity when he reproved Cromwell and expoſtulated with Charles II, as when he preached to a congregation of mechanics. His zeal for religion was extraordinary; but it ſeems never to have prompted him to faction, or carried him to enthuſiaſm. This champion of the Preſbyterians was the common butt of men of every other religion, and of thoſe who were of no religion at all. But this had very little effect upon him; his preſence and firmneſs of mind on no occaſion forſook him. He was juſt the ſame man before he went into a priſon (where he was committed by Jefferies in 1685), while he was in it, and when he came out of it; and maintained an uniformity of character to the laſt gaſp of life.—See more of him in Granger.

[k] See hereafter, the note in p. 190.

A VINDI-

A VINDICATION

OF THE REVEREND

DR. SACHEVERELL[1].

" Vir bonus, et prudens, dici delector ego, ac tu;
" Si clamet NEBULO furem, neget eſſe pudicum,
" Contendat laqueo collum preſſiſſe paternum.
" Mordear *opprobriis falſis*, mutemque colores?
" Falſus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
" Quem, niſi Mendoſum, et Mendacem." HOR. Ep. I. xvi. 22.

" As a *madman* who caſteth forth fire-brands, arrows, and death:
" ſo is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and ſaith, Am I
" not in ſport? Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: ſo
" where there is no *Tale-bearer*, the ſtrife ceaſeth." Prov. xxvi. 18, 19, 20.

" The *treacherous dealers* have dealt *treacherouſly*: yea the
" treacherous *dealers* have dealt *very* treacherouſly." Iſ. xxiv. 16.

TORY. MY old Friend, DESTRUCTION! the only man I wiſhed to ſee.

WHIG. How is this? What! do you call me Deſtruction? I am a ſtranger to that name.

TO. What, a Whig, and a ſtranger to Deſtruction! Sure you are but young in that clan! I look upon Whiggiſm and Deſtruction to be inſeparable: I never ſee one of you, but deſolation, and ruin, and all the ills of human life, ſtand foremoſt in my thoughts; my ſurprized fancy gives me an extempore landſkip of all the miſeries and calamities of 41. The head of a Whig, unleſs upon a pole on the City-gate, has upon me in ſome meaſure the effects of Meduſa's in the days of yore; it brings a coldneſs upon my blood, ſtiffens my joints, and for a little while gives me ſome relation to a ſtatue.

WH. Hey-day! the old verboſe high-flying rant! and yet, for all this, " I am the only man you wiſhed to ſee." How does the compliment and the character conſiſt?

TO. It is really true; I never ſaw a Whig with ſatisfaction before, unleſs it was Daniel De Foe in the pillory. I am glad

[1] See an account of him, above, p. 180.

to

to ſee thee, becauſe I would chaſtiſe thee; *non quod amem*, not becauſe I love thee, *ſed quod odio habeam*, but becauſe I hate thee. I intend to roaſt thee, old Ruin; to ſpread thy face with confuſion, as it is with braſs. I will give thee ſuch a lively *portraicture* of the *faction* thou eſpouſeſt, as ſhall impreſs thy conſcience, though it be as hard as adamant; the deteſtable picture ſhall give you loathing and abhorrence, equal to the love you now ſeem to bear to ſome of the odious *originals*. You have found my mind in a poſture [m] ſuited to the enterprize; I will let it looſe upon the occaſion, and take my fill of roaring at your abominable clan, your nefarious timely-defeated comrades.

WH. Why ſure thou art poſſeſt?

TO. I am; not of the Devil though, but of a Book that I believe he dictated, or had a hand in: it is a legitimate ſon of the Father of Lies, the true offſpring of the "Accuſer of the "Brethren;" it is this Book here, "The Modern Fanatick; or, "an Account of Dr. SACHEVERELL'S Life, &c." written by that poor Madman Biſſet of St. Katherine. The character of the man is ſo contemptible, that I wonder your party ſhould chuſe ſuch a miſcreant for their champion; it is a certain ſign you are ſinking, when you catch at ſuch broken reeds for help and ſupport; I know the abilities of the man to be ſo deſpicably weak [n]; his incapacities, even in his moſt *lucid intervals*, are ſo known and open, that nothing but infatuation could have driven you to that choice. The Impeachment and this are the firſt-rate party ſtupidities of your *Faction*; for every Porter has you in ridicule, and anſwers the whole Book with this deciſive, "It "is done by poor Biſſet, the plain Engliſh mad-man [o]!"

WH. Why truly I have brought the Book along with me, and did intend to make it the ſubject of our converſation while I ſtaid. You may talk as contemptibly of Mr. Biſſet as you pleaſe: the Book is admirably well written, he has ſufficiently expoſed *your Champion* and *your cauſe*; and I hope it will open

[m] I have heard of bodily poſtures often, but never of mental, *i. e.* of inviſible, poſtures before; and I fancy it would puzzle even Poſture-maſter Clarke to expreſs them. BISSET.

[n] *Weak abilities* is like *full of emptineſs*; and he that is moſt deſpicably weak has certainly in that reſpect no abilities at all. BISSET.

[o] Here's language!—This is that worſt of ſins called *Συγχαιρεκακία*, or "rejoicing in iniqui ty." BISSET.

the eyes of thoſe deluded ones, who are induſtriouſly blind, and even averſe to ſeeing. I do aſſure you, it has quickened the Spirits of our friends; it has given *the party* a life we did not expect ſo ſoon; and let me tell you, Neighbour Tory, it has ſapt your chief buttreſs.

To. We deſpiſe you, and all the efforts you dare preſume to make againſt us; we are built upon a rock, we have weathered out all the ſtorms that you and the Devil could pour out upon us, and are not to be hurt by theſe little puffs, which give me juſt ſuch apprehenſion of danger, as I ſhould have, if I ſaw a Church-mouſe undermining the walls of it. Have we been acquainted with *that faction* two or three and twenty years? have we ſeen your arts, and known your play? have we learnt, by dear-bought experience, that you have neither honour, conſcience, nor loyalty; that forgery, ſlander, and bare-faced lying, are the chief weapons of your warfare; that you have all along fought with the Church with them only? have we ſo long heard you acknowledge the advantage of throwing dirt, "that ſome "will ſurely ſtick, if plentifully beſtowed;" and do you imagine that by this time we have not erected ſufficient defences againſt all ſuch weapons? do you think they are able to make the leaſt impreſſion upon us, though managed by the moſt dextrous arm? I do aſſure you, they are not: they have now a quite different effect, and ſerve only to give us mirth; they adminiſter now to our pleaſure, and not to our pain. A Book of Whiggiſm, to me, is "A Pill to purge Melancholy [p];" I ſit down to read it, as I do the Hiſtories and Memoirs of Dean Kennet [q], with full aſſurance, that the whole is one long *premeditated lie*. This is a true and a ſhort character of this Book of Biſſet's; there is in it ſuch a viſible averſion to truth, that one would think the Author believed the nature of Virtue and Vice to be changed; that a lie would *ſave*, and truth *condemn*. I have been with Dr. Sacheverell; and he has furniſhed me with ſuch materials as, I think, will convince the moſt implicit Whig, that every ſtory in that Book relating to him is a malicious ſlander; that there is not the leaſt grounds for any of them; that every one of them are entirely the children of that fertile womb of forgery and lies, of malice and

p A title of one of D'Urfey's performances; ſee above, p. 10.

q See p. 37, of our third volume.

revenge,

revenge, the head of an enraged diſappointed Whig. If you will have patience, I will make my Remarks to you upon the moſt material parts of the Book, and confute them as I go along; and leave you to interpoſe and object, in what manner, and as often as, you pleaſe. In the Book, he charges the Tories in general, and the Doctor in particular; and the poor inconſiderable wretch does it with an air, as if he had ſpoken *ex cathedrâ*; he makes himſelf a man of ſtrange importance, that one would imagine the whole kingdom was to ſtand or fall with him: a ſtupid creature, never fixed in any principle, halting between the Church and Conventicle; a pretended zealot for both, and, to the great diſhonour of God and the Church, and the Biſhop that ordained him, an Attendant upon both. In his Study, as I ſaid before, he is ignorant to the laſt degree; in the Deſk, he is irregular, indevout, and, by an induſtrious whine, ridicules the Liturgy; in the Pulpit, he is tedious, nonſenſical, rampant, enthuſiaſtic; his Converſation is impudent, reviling, unhandſomely reproving; "the poiſon of "aſps is under his tongue, and he ſhoots out his arrows, even "bitter words," which he learnt from the Sailors in St. Katherine, his chief companions; in his Morals, he is lewd, ſenſual, deviliſh, even to aſſaulting women[r] at noon day, and in his gown. This, I aſſure you, is a true account of the man, and I can make it good by *undeniable teſtimony*; but I think I am not obliged to bring my vouchers againſt him, till he thinks fit to produce any but Hearſay againſt the Doctor.

WH. I ſhall be very glad to lay out the time I have to ſpend with you in the manner you propoſe; but I muſt beg of you to obſerve ſome moderation, and bridle your tongue: you give it a very unchriſtian liberty, and ſeem to revile us with pleaſure. I have heard a quite different account of Mr. Biſſet, and he ſtands very fair in the eſteem of our people; I proteſt, we always cried

[r] Why don't they or their relations bring their action? I once more declare, before God and the world, that I never committed fornication, much leſs adultery; never offered to pick up any woman in my life, nor entertained a thought or purpoſe of ſo doing. My wife and children are in Northamptonſhire; and I have had for theſe two years a widow gentlewoman, younger than myſelf, with a maiden daughter about 16, living with me in the houſe. And is it likely ſhe would venture her perſon, daughter, and reputation, with ſo lewd a miſcreant? BISSET.

him up as a very able man, and ſome amongſt us are not a little proud of him, eſpecially ſince this Book. I ſhall be very much ſurprized if you can clear the Doctor and his friends, and wipe off the aſperſions in that Book, which truly I think they are very open to, and which he has very judiciouſly and fairly faſtened upon them.

To. What I have ſpoken of the man, I again affirm to be true; I do not doubt but *the Faction* is proud of him, and of themſelves too, becauſe he is a Clergyman; to debauch a Parſon, is more pleaſure to them than ten other converts. The Devil is more pleaſed with one Chriſtian of his ſeducing, than ten Heathens.

Wh. Well, pr'ythee hold thy tongue, and go on with your cauſe; ſee what he ſays in the Preface.

To. In the Preface? Nothing but a little High-treaſon, or ſo! He wonders that the Whigs can be yet ſo tame and paſſive; he thinks that they are all dead, or ſtrangely ſtupid, that they do not immediately riſe, and "diſpenſe the contents of a few Muſque-"toons" at the Queen and her Miniſters. It is a great ſurprize to him, that they do not prepare their powder and ball, with a few texts of Scripture, and fight for "the kingdom of Chriſt;" that his Saints may be re-eſtabliſhed, and have the rule of the earth: for his part, he is ready, his Muſquetoons are charged, and he "thinks it his duty" to fall on; his fingers itch to be dipt in the blood of a Churchman, that "the tongue of his dogs "may be red through the ſame." I never heard a fellow talk of Murder with ſo little concern in my life; he makes no more of killing a thouſand men, only for hollowing for the Church and the Doctor, than if they were ſo many Waſps in a Honey-pot: it would delight his ears, to hear the Daughters of his Brethren ſing, that "Hoadly[s] had killed his thouſands, but Biſſet his ten "thouſands."

[s] Few writers of eminence have been ſo frequently or ſo illiberally traduced; yet fewer ſtill have had the felicity of "living till a nation "became his converts," and of knowing "that ſons have bluſhed that "their fathers had been his foes."—This great divine was born Nov. 4, 1676; educated at Catharine Hall, Cambridge; was elected lecturer of St. Mildred, Poultry, 1701; was rector of St. Peter's Poor in 1704, and of Streatham in 1710; king's chaplain Feb. 16, 1715-16; biſhop of Bangor, March 18 following; tranſlated to Hereford in 1721, to Saliſbury

in

"thouſands." He ſwears, he would have made ſtrange havock if the Pretender had landed; he would have ſent him home with a flea in his ear; it is a pity he got out of Edinburgh Frith, when Sir George Bing was at dinner, and could not look out, or his whole fleet faſt aſleep[s]; I believe he thinks he could have managed him at the head of his army with as much eaſe as his Nurſe could when ſhe had him in a Warming-pan. He is a deadly bloody-minded fellow; they tell me, that under his gown he is perfectly hung with loaded piſtols, that he looks like one of the figures in the Queen's armoury in the Tower.

WH. Hold, you go on too far indeed. It is true, I do think he talks a little too feelingly of Muſquetoons and Murder; but I muſt needs ſay, that he and all of us are very much in the right to ſtand upon the defenſive. I do aſſure you, your raiſing that mob has given us ſufficient reaſon to look about us.

TO. We raiſe that mob! It is falſe: your party raiſed it; and I charge them with it, and God will: and the Government ſhould be avenged of you for all the miſchief that enſued. That Riot was adjudged to be High-treaſon; and I look upon Mr. Hoadly to have as great a ſhare of the guilt as Damaree or Purchaſe[u]: certainly

in 1723, and to Wincheſter in 1734, which he held near twenty-ſeven years; till, on April 17, 1761, at his houſe at Chelſea, in the ſame calm he had enjoyed amidſt all the ſtorms that blew around him, he died, full of years and honours, beloved and regretted by all good men, in the 85th year of his age.—His uſeful labours, which will ever be eſteemed by all lovers of the natural, civil, and religious rights of Engliſhmen, were collected into three large volumes in folio, 1773, by his ſon, Dr. John Hoadly, the preſent chancellor of Wincheſter, the only ſurviving male of a numerous and reſpectable family; who has prefixed to them a ſhort account of the Biſhop's life.

[t] On the 12th of March, 1707-8, late at night, Sir George arrived at Edinburgh Frith, whither the French came but the day before; and firing a gun for the fleet to come to an anchor, the enemy was alarmed, and ſtood out to ſea. They were purſued by the Engliſh admiral; who took the Saliſbury man of war, and ſeveral priſoners of note.

[u] The mob that attended Dr. Sacheverell to his trial attacked Mr. Burgeſs's Meeting-houſe, March 1, 1709-10; and, having pulled down the pulpit, pews, &c. made a bonfire of them in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and would have thrown in the preacher if they had found him. A proclamation was iſſued, next day, offering a reward of one hundred pounds, for

certainly he and his abettors all along intended a tumult, but one of their own kidney. They knew the advantage of it in the trial of poor Strafford [w], and the execrable attempts upon king Charles the Firſt; and therefore Ben was pitched upon to blow the horn, to hollow the hounds together, to loo them full cry at Monarchy and the Teachers of Non-reſiſtance. He was to tell the people, "that they were the original of government; that kings and "queens were creatures of their making; and when any part of "their government was diſpleaſing to them, it was their DUTY "to rebel; to bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in "links of iron; that the governed part had a right to do them-"ſelves juſtice, when they apprehended any grievance or op-"preſſion from the governing part." Now, when care is taken

for apprehending any of the rioters. The abovementioned perſons were all that were diſcovered. They were afterward tried at the Old Bailey for High Treaſon; and, being found guilty, received ſentence of death: but, as a very able writer, Sir Michael Foſter, obſerves, her Majeſty's new adviſers did not chuſe to have the dawn of their adminiſtration ſtained with the blood of Dr. Sacheverell's *ableſt* advocates. They were therefore pardoned; and Damaree, who was one of the Queen's Watermen, was reſtored to his badge and livery, which he wore until her Majeſty's death.

[w] On the 3d of May, 1641, an armed mob, led by Cornelius Burgeſs, a Puritan Doctor of Divinity, went to Weſtminſter, crying out "Juſtice! "Juſtice!" againſt the earl of Strafford. They rifled Weſtminſter Abbey, and inſulted the king at Whitehall; and when the juſtices of peace would have committed ſome of them, they were themſelves committed by the commons, who had incited the inſurrection.—The earl, who was great from his honours and preferments, but greater in and from himſelf, pleaded his own cauſe, with a clearneſs and ſtrength of reaſon, that muſt have cleared him in any court but ſuch as were determined to condemn him. When he ſaw that the force of argument was not likely to prevail, he had recourſe to the pathetic, of which he was a great maſter. Such were the powers of his eloquence, that many, who ſincerely hated the prime miniſter, as ſincerely pitied the man. In the laſt dreadful ſcene of his life, he acquitted himſelf with a greatneſs of mind, ſuitable to the dignity of his character. His enemies diſplayed a malignant joy upon this occaſion; but his diſmayed and affrighted friends conſidered his death as a prelude only to more executions. If there was a ſhade in this great man's character, it was, that ſome parts of his conduct coincided too much with the arbitrary proceedings of king Charles. See Granger.

to

to inſtil ſuch principles as theſe into the minds of the people; when they are perſuaded "that they are to ſpeak, and that none "is Lord over them;" is it to be wondered at, that they act in conformity to the doctrine which they have learnt; that they take upon them to expreſs their reſentment by ſuch inſurrections, when their Governors, by any mal-adminiſtration, as they think, become obnoxious to it? Now indeed it happened, that this mob roſe with inclinations perfectly different from what was expected from them; and I am confident the *Faction* promiſed themſelves a moſt profitable harveſt from the ſeed which Ben had ſo artfully and ſo induſtriouſly ſown for them. But though, as I ſay, it did happen that the ſower had reaſon for this complaint,

"En queîs conſevimus agros!"

though all he had done proved to the advantage of the enemy,

"Sic vos, non vobis, vellera fertis, oves!"

yet the guilt, the malignity, ſtill reſts upon the *Faction*. And I do think every mob for the future, I mean of this nature, that ſhall riſe, may juſtly be charged upon that doctrine; and he that preaches it, and he that practiſes it, is a Rebel to God and the King.

WH. How can we be ſaid to raiſe a mob that appeared in every thing againſt us? do you think that we intended to ſtir up ſo many enemies?

TO. No, but I ſay that, mobs and rebellion being the natural conſequence of that doctrine, they that enforce and teach it are traitors; they are the authors of all ſtate-commotions, and are to be puniſhed as ſuch. It is true, this mob was againſt you; but they learnt of you to riſe: they were taught it at St. Peter's Poor [x], and vengeance ſhould begin there firſt.

WH. But pray why ſo much vengeance? I think, if we did raiſe it for you, you ought to thank us; you need not take it ill. I believe we ſhall be very careful how we oblige you another time.

TO. All tumultuous aſſemblies are againſt my principle; I hate mobs and inſurrections, though they favour my ſide: it is a poor cauſe, and a poor government too, that muſt be ſupported by popular tumults. A Rump, and a Cromwell, and a Whig Miniſtry only, court the many-headed monſter; and therefore I muſt needs ſay, I neither thank them, nor juſtify them. The

[x] Alluding to the Diſcourſes of Mr. Hoadly, then Rector there.

tranſactions of that night, when Daniel Burgeſs [y] ſuffered, were extravagant, illegal, and amounted to high-treaſon: and yet I think it is to the eternal honour of her Majeſty, that in her great clemency ſhe gave her royal pardon to the two unhappy ignorants that were ſaid to appear foremoſt, and ſuffered condemnation; they certainly did not know that they were committing treaſon; they were hurried on by their zeal for a good cauſe; and I believe in my conſcience the men thought that they were acting for, not that they were rebelling againſt, their Sovereign. Thus you ſee, Friend Whig, I lay the riſing of that mob at your door, upon the account of your *doctrine*. I alſo charge you with it upon the account of your practice; for I believe it conſiſted of Whigs and Diſſenters, as well as Church-men.

WH. Diſſenters! Why, do you think they would pull down their own Meeting-houſes?

TO. Ay, their very Dwelling-houſes, to ſerve their cauſe.

WH. What advantage could they propoſe?

TO. I will tell you; juſt the ſame that they propoſed from Daniel de Foe's "Shorteſt Way with the Diſſenters [z]." In that Book, in effect, they are all to be confounded, their houſes burnt about their ears, and a general maſſacre to enſue. This the villain in his papers and pamphlets wrote againſt, as a Book publiſhed by the Church-party; alarms the whole world, pleads for the poor Diſſenters, prays for the Queen's protection, and hopes ſhe will at laſt open her eyes, and not ſuffer this bloody High-church perſecution; and much more to this purpoſe. The Book was written ſo artificially that a great many well-meaning people began to believe it; from thence to pity them, and from thence to ſide in ſome meaſure with thoſe that had taken upon them the name of *moderate men*: but you may remember, I believe poor De Foe does, that the ſecret was diſcovered, and the villain puniſhed. Do you want any application, old Rump?

WH. No, no, I ſee your drift: you would make me believe that the Diſſenters pulled down ſome of their Meeting-houſes, and charged the High-church with it, to make an eaſier way to

[y] See above, p. 191.

[z] This work containing reflections againſt ſome eccleſiaſtics in power, for breathing too much a ſpirit of perſecution, De Foe became obnoxious to the miniſtry, and was under a neceſſity of explaining himſelf; which he did very explicitly.

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ſome uncommon inſtance of her Majeſty's favour, and ſet the High party at a greater diſtance from her good eſteem; and ſettle the principle and the *men of moderation*, that is, the then Miniſtry, more firmly in her Court. But, however, I do not think that one Diſſenter did appear in that mob.

To. I am ſure ſome of them did appear in it, and in Bridewell too afterwards; but it does not appear by what authority the *two bold unworthy ignorant Juſtices* diſmiſſed them in the night, and ſent them from that place of correction and confinement: but it appears *why* they did do it; the plot would have been all diſcovered, the villainy laid open, and the *Faction* branded ſtill with more marks of infamy and reproach. I think we need not take any more notice of the Preface: this is the burden of the Song; the reſt is only a tedious account of himſelf, the danger that he is in, the greatneſs of his family, the goodneſs of his principles, and the quietneſs of his conſcience; if that be *quiet*, then the ſea may be *ſtill* in a ſtorm; then muſt he be ſeared and hardened, even to a ſtate of reprobation—to accuſe a brother clergyman; to expoſe him as an incendiary, a ſhedder of innocent blood, and a public nuiſance to church and ſtate; to give an account of a life that he knows nothing of; to charge him with all the wickedneſs that the moſt abandoned villain upon earth can be guilty of, without the leaſt proper or neceſſary teſtimony; to revile, ridicule, and betray, a Church that gives him his bread; to ſide with the enemies of that doctrine and diſcipline, which in the moſt ſolemn manner, even at the ſacrament, he has ſworn to maintain, obſerve, and obey; to be a public ſcandal to his order, a very hiſſing and a reproach to all good men; and this too induſtriouſly, with deſign and pleaſure to himſelf: for a man, I ſay, to be guilty of all this "malicious wickedneſs;" and then "call God to witneſs, and "pray that the lie, if it is one, may be recorded againſt the day "of judgement, that he never wronged any man, for this laſt "21 years of his life." This is ſuch a barefaced defiance of God and judgement, that it ſeems to me the moſt conſummate reprobation. Human-nature, one would think, in the very loweſt degree of corruption, could not be hurried to ſuch a ſtupendous pitch of iniquity, to a ſin ſo abominable, ſo heinous, ſo damnable. But I pray God forgive him, and all thoſe who have any ſhare in that deteſtable Book, and the helliſh principles that urged them to the publication of it.

WH. Come, come, as the Manager* ſaid to Dr. Sacheverell at the trial, "Pray for yourſelf, we don't want your Prayers:" you are plaguy pious on a ſudden; make a man a devil, and then pray for him: if Mr. Biſſet was here, I do not doubt but he would be able to juſtify himſelf, and throw you upon your back in every article. Let us now lay by the Preface, and come to the Book: I want ſome of the ſtories; you are mighty unwilling to come to them: I would fain hear you plead for your Doctor. Cleanſe him from the ſins we charge him with, "et eris mihi magnus Apollo;" waſh off that dirt, as you call it, which Mr. Biſſet has thrown upon him; and I will ſwear you can do more than all the water in the Bay of Biſcay.

TO. Soft and fair, old Noll; let us make our approaches regularly: here are three or four pages more in our way, before we come to the Doctor. I muſt not ſtep over them, without ſuch remarks as their malignity entitles them to.

The commendable concern, the rightly-managed zeal, which we have lately expreſſed for the Church, for the Queen, and our native country, againſt the ſecret underminings of the *intriguing* moderate, and the open invaſions of the *furious* Fanatick, he is pleaſed to call "enthuſiaſm," p. 2; "an idea of fanaticiſm, "fiery doctrine," p. 3; and all the red hot names that a *moderate* man, in the burnings of paſſion and rage, can invent or think of. I appeal to you; give me any inſtance of our madneſs or enthuſiaſm; tell me any one outrage that we have committed. That upon the Meeting-houſes I charge you with: it was certainly the work of your own hands; and though you did not periſh *in it*, yet, I thank God, your cauſe periſhed *by it*: "That "which you thought would be for your good, was unto you "an occaſion of falling;" the certain fate of thoſe that ſet themſelves againſt God and his vicegerent.

Is it madneſs, or enthuſiaſm, for a people to ſhew themſelves a little alarmed upon a public invaſion of their liberties, their properties, their ſovereign, and their religion? How many years had we been grieved and plagued with you! The Church of England ſhewed ſome of the brighteſt inſtances of her moderation, in the Apoſtle's true meaning, "of her bearing afflictions "patiently;" ſhe found her doctrines diſputed, her diſcipline not minded, and her ſupreme head, the Queen, inſulted and

* Suppoſed to be Sir Thomas Parker, afterward earl of Macclesfield.

abuſed: in ſhort, ſhe found that both ſuffered great abatement of their reputation and grandeur at home and abroad; yet ſhe did not immediately exert herſelf; ſhe was prevailed upon, by ſpecious pretences of peace, to ſit ſtill; "that thus far they "would go, and no farther;" that they would ſoon return entirely into her boſom, and raiſe her to her primitive luſtre and glory, over which at preſent the "neceſſity of affairs" forced them to draw ſome veil and ſhadow: ſhe acquieſced, ſhe ſubmitted, becauſe ſhe was counſeled to it by thoſe whom ſhe thought her beſt and choiceſt offspring; and particularly becauſe her principles taught her to be mild and peaceable; to believe ſolemn proteſtations and declarations; and to hope that, in the end, "all things would work together for her good." For theſe reaſons, we bore you, we endured you, we ſuffered you: but when you grew impudent upon conceſſions; when you hoiſted our condeſcenſions into property and right indiſputable; when you attempted "to bind the ſtrong man," becauſe he indulged you a place in his territories; it was time for us then to make uſe of thoſe weapons, with which the government had armed us, and our Religion given us leave to combat: the weapons I ſpeak of are our votes and ſuffrages in all elections of magiſtrates and repreſentatives in parliament; by theſe we quell the factious, cruſh the ſeditious, and quench the fire of the Fanaticks' fury; by removing thoſe from power, that intrigue with the two former, and give fuel and ſtrong wind to blow up the latter: and (thanks be to God, that, by his viſible help, we have uſed them ſo ſuccesfully of late) my remembrance does not regale my ſoul with any thing more agreeable and pleaſant, than when it recounts to me what I have ſeen, heard, and done, within theſe laſt three or four months. It was a noble entertainment, to ſee the ſons of the Church of England rouzed from their lethargy, to ſee the ſoporiferous draughts of moderation ſpued up and uſeleſs; it made my heart glad, to behold the becoming ſpirit of Burgeſſes, the noble ardor of the Citizens, and the univerſal zeal of the Freeholders, in all their reſpective elections. How did every good man exult and triumph! How ſtrangely were our ſouls enlarged and lifted up, when we ſaw the proud Whig laid now, and the haughty Fanatick humbled! The young men were exceeding glad at this "rebuilding the temple," and the old men were pleaſed,

though they feared it would not riſe ſo beautiful as that which the enemy had thrown down; and that which crowned it all was, the decency, the good behaviour, and the peaceable way of our proceedings; "there was no madneſs, no enthuſiaſm, no "fiery zeal," but in the enemy's quarters; they indeed were exorbitantly rampant; they had no notion of civility, complaiſance, or genteel behaviour; the mouths even of their leaders condeſcended to echo the lies and ſlanders which their attending mob belched out behind them.

WH. Indeed, Tory, thou art a brave fellow: thy language and thy impudence will bear down any cauſe, and give truth itſelf the lie. Do not I know that the Tories are the rudeſt order of men upon earth? have not I myſelf been inſulted? are "the roads ſafe?" as he ſays, p. 7; are not we of the Low-church affronted upon all occaſions? and do not you "drink damnation and confuſion to us every day," as Mr. Biſſet obſerves, p. 2.

TO. Some people, they ſay, in the army, drink a health of that nature; I heard ſomething like it too from Greenwich; I think they ſay ſome folks in Hampſhire are mightily given to it: but theſe are Whigs, old Sir Martin Marrall, and you know who it is that they would "confound and damn." What occaſion have we to drink your confuſion? Alas, poor hearts! you are confounded already: your cauſe, as we ſay, is damned; and ſo will the friends of it too, if you do not repent, and mend your manners. Pr'ythee, honeſt Noll, do not mention that health any more, as a charge upon the Tories: we have had but three public complaints; I have told you the places from whence they came: the ſinners were all Whigs, ſome of them are, and all ſhould be, puniſhed; and not one Tory, that I know of, has ever been fairly charged with it, convicted of it, or puniſhed for it. No, we have more religion, we have more humanity, than to be guilty of any thing ſo unbecoming, nay ſo directly contrary to nature and Chriſtianity. Damnation with us is not ſo light a ſubject as to mix it with our cups of merriment; we underſtand and fear it, and think of it with ſuch aweful dread, as would damp the pleaſure of the moſt ſparkling glaſs, and make the vintages of France and Spain taſteleſs as the white of an egg, and inſipid as water. I would no more wiſh a Whig damned, than I would cut his throat. And though Biſſet talks ſo much

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of "diſpenſing the contents of a Muſquetoon or two" at a parcel of poor ignorant boys and ſtriplings, and that it would have delighted him to have ſent half a dozen of them headlong into the other world, whether to Hell or Heaven it was all one to him; I muſt tell him I have a different notion of that ſort of diſpenſation: and I make it a queſtion, being led to it by the opinion of ſome very learned Divines, whether a good Chriſtian may with ſafety to his conſcience kill a Thief that either aſſaults him in his houſe or upon the road. Methinks a man that had any goodneſs, either of nature or principle, would ſtart, look pale, and lay by the piſtol, when he conſidered, that, if he diſcharged it, he ſhould immediately diſpatch a ſoul to miſery and torment eternal. The money I carry about me is certainly better loſt than the vileſt ſoul: the man may live to repent and amend his life; or the juſtice of the nation may overtake him, and the man have ſome time given him to make his peace with Heaven, and go into the other world with ſome neceſſary preparation. In ſhort, I know not how it is, my blood grows cold and chill when I think of murder and damnation: and I wonder how Biſſet can ſpeak of them, as he does, with ſo little remorſe. I profeſs, he appears to me more like a foraging Huſſar, than a ſanctified Divine as he pretends to be. In a word, I will not believe any of our party ever drank a glaſs with that abominable, that accurſed, wiſh before it; and I would have had as favourable an opinion of *your* friends, though I know you to be exorbitantly wicked, if you had not taken ſo much pains to convince us that you can do it, if you had not been ſo publicly and ſo openly guilty of it, as if you gloried in that exceſſive defection from all that was kind and human, in that ſurprizing apoſtacy from all that was charitable, religious, and Chriſtian. I declare to you, you ſeem to be as proud of the Elderſhip among the Sons of Hell, as Biſſet of his Elderſhip among the Brethren of St. Katherine.

Wh. Well, well, all this is harangue only; I believe both ſides are bad enough in their wiſhes to one another; where parties run high, there will be ſomething of this nature on both ſides. Theſe generals are nothing to my purpoſe, I want particulars. We are now come to your Doctor: he ſtands impeached by William Biſſet, eldeſt brother of St. Katherines, of twelve very high crimes and miſdemeanors; what have you to

ſay that my judgement ſhould not paſs againſt him? that I ſhould not believe that the ſaid William Biſſet, Prime Manager, and one of the Commons of Great Britain, has made good the Articles exhibited by him againſt the ſaid Dr. Henry Sacheverell; and that the ſaid Dr. Henry Sacheverell is guilty of the high crimes and miſdemeanors charged upon him in all and every of thoſe Articles? Imprimis, He is charged with caſting very "odious and black colours" upon the Diſſenters; that he would alienate the affections of all their relations that are of the Church from them; and that "his practice is as he preaches," p. 3; for he was very rude to his Unkle, and would not receive him, though his pockets ſwelled with contributions, after his Trial, ſaying, "O! is it you? I will own no relation to any "damned Preſbyterian of you all," p. 4. Now I think this is a very unhandſome behaviour to a relation ſo near, and ſo needy, from one of the Doctor's character; it gives me ſuch a taſte of the man, as will make me abhor him.

To. Have a little patience; I do not doubt but I ſhall ſettle the Doctor in your good graces before you and I part. I am of Council for the Doctor: and the anſwer that we put in to the Articles in general, and to what the Reverend Manager has urged to corroborate and enforce them, ſhall be very ſhort, and borrowed from a Sermon lately preached by the Reverend Dr. Welton[b] before the Lieutenancy[c]; "he has impeached the "guiltleſs, and managed againſt Heaven" and his own conſcience. When I firſt read this black catalogue of ſins which Biſſet had enrolled to the world, and declared Dr. Sacheverell guilty of them, and owned at the ſame time that he received the account from "his own good friends;" which muſt in conſequence be the Doctor's enemies—when I found that he did not ſo much as pretend to produce any authentic teſtimony, but referred us to the two letters of the relators names; and yet charged the Doctor as peremptorily with them, as if his own eyes had ſeen, and his

[b] Richard Welton, D. D. rector of St. Mary, Whitechapel. The Sermon abovementioned was preached before the court of lieutenancy, from Eccleſ. viii. 2. and publiſhed in 4to, 1710. Several more of his Sermons are in print.

[c] Dr. Welton's ſentiments about the Revolution, and Hanover ſucceſſion, were ſufficiently diſcovered in the laſt 30th of January; and time may come when he ſhall be obliged to explain himſelf. BISSET.

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own ears had heard them—the indignation that would naturally riſe in any breaſt that had the leaſt acquaintance with honour and virtue was ſtrangely over-ruled, and even juſtled out of my mind, by an immediate reflection upon the ſtate and condit io o f the Clergy of the Church of England. To what unhappy circumſtances are they reduced, when ſuch falſe brethren are violently obtruded upon them! when ſo many Anomala's, ſo many unaccountable Heteroclites, are found in their holy order, which uſed to be ſo regular and ſo conſiſtent! When the Gown is ſtained with ſo many indelible ſpots and blemiſhes, there muſt be very great abatements of that honour and eſteem, which their high office gives them a peculiar claim to. With what face can they blame the Laity for withholding from them a part of that reverence and reſpect which is their due, when there are found among them ſuch as "ſit and ſpeak againſt their brethren, and "ſlander their own mother's ſons;" who delight in expoſing and aggravating the infirmities and the failings of thoſe of their own order who differ from them in the ways and means of preſerving the primitive purity and glory of the Church of England; who will not with them think, that not to preach ſome doctrines [d] is the way to have the people learn them, and that to preach againſt others will moſt effectually perſuade the people to believe and practiſe them; in a word, ſuch as will not be perſuaded by their arguments and preferments, that to betray a Church for reaſons of ſtate is innocent and blameleſs, and to pull it down the ſureſt way to preſerve it.

How often have I heard many of them enlarge, with much malice, upon the ſtories of this book! dreſs up the Doctor in all the frightful colours of Tyranny and Popery, and the blackeſt habits of wickedneſs and vice! I have heard them repeat the accounts of this Book here with as much pleaſure and deadly hatred as *that Apoſtate* wrote them; and affirm them to be true, when they knew, and really believed in their own conſciences, that they were falſe. Methinks, if they had any ſhare of that "Chriſtian "temper, moderation, and charity," which they pretend to value themſelves upon, it would have prompted them to endeavour to "hide that multitude of ſins," not to have laid them more open, and by their malicious comments given them a deeper die.

[d] Viz. The nature and danger of ſchiſm, paſſive obedience, and *jus divinum*. KING.

WH. Pray leave off your preaching, or elſe keep cloſer to your text. Did the Doctor uſe his Unkle in the barbarous manner we ſay he did? is he guilty of what is contained in this article, or not guilty?

TO. Why truly, old Rump, this ſtory has ſome foundation, which is more than any of the reſt have to boaſt of: for indeed the Doctor's Preſbyterian Unkle did come to ſee him after his trial; and I think the Doctor treated him in ſuch a manner as became him, and as I myſelf in ſuch circumſtances would have done. By the bye, this man is but the Doctor's Half-unkle, the Son of his Grandfather by a ſecond *venture**. The Doctor's Grandfather, being a Non-conformiſt, diſinherited his Father for conforming to, and taking orders in, the Church of England; for which heinous and unpardonable ſin, he was always treated by his Family as a Baſtard, and no Son; ſo that there was no correſpondence between the two Families: and when he received this viſit from him, he did indeed ſay, but not in the rough manner Biſſet mentions, "That he had heard of ſuch a perſon, "but had never ſeen him, nor was he ſure that he was the man.— "If you are my Unkle," ſays the Doctor, "you know that you "always bore an implacable hatred to my Father and his Family; "and we haye been conſiderable ſufferers all of us upon your "account. I am ſurprized at a viſit from you at this time, when "my troubles are in a manner over; ſince you did not think fit "to acquaint yourſelf with me before, nor to let me ſee you in "my afflictions, and becauſe you know how great a part of my "Family lies upon me, I do not think myſelf obliged to take "notice of any Relation that comes ſo ill recommended, and that "I am ſure hates me upon principle, as well as an old domeſtic "grudge."

Now this is truly the ſubſtance, as the Doctor himſelf tells me, of what paſſed between them. There was no ſuch expreſſion as "damned Preſbyterian." The Doctor did indeed mention his principles to him, and how far he believed they had ſtifled that natural affection which he ought to have to his Brother's Son.

I muſt be plain with you, Neighbour Whig. Conſidering how barbarouſly the Diſſenters have uſed the Church; how they have rent and divided it, and brought anguiſh and diſtreſs of heart to the miniſters and members of it; conſidering too how great a

* See a pleaſantry on this word in a future Tract.

ſhare they had in the Doctor's perſecution, how they reproached and ſlandered, how they curſed and damned him—I wonder ho the Doctor could ſee one of them ſo patiently, when his limbs were yet in pain, and reminded him how long, and for what, they had *ſtood*; he ſhewed a great deal more temper and good-humour than I could have done, if the viſitor had been more nearly related to me. Among the many good things that may be ſaid of Dr. Sacheverell, I know of none that appears with more luſtre and advantage to his character, than the care that he takes of his Family that wants it; which when I come to recount to you, as one of the twelve articles will oblige me, I believe you will agree with me, that no man ever deſerved it leſs. Where a man has a great number of Relations that expect from him, and his purſe is not equal to the charge their neceſſities would bring upon him, he has a liberty to take as many to himſelf as he thinks he can provide for, and reject the reſt. The Doctor's Family is a little divided as to matters of Religion; and where there is a competition for my charity, between a Relation that is of the Church and another that is of the Conventicle, St. Paul ſeems to determine, by giving "the houſehold of faith" the pre-eminence upon ſuch occaſions, that I am to chuſe the Churchman, and refuſe the Fanatick. And this method, I believe, the Doctor does obſerve; and all wiſe Churchmen ſhould do ſo too. The Diſſenters forſooth are angry if the Church is preferred before them; they muſt have ſuperiority in all things, if you expect to live peaceably among them. They are a poor deſpicable handful of aſpiring Schiſmaticks, ſo inconſiderable in reſpect to the number of Churchmen, that I think they can never be ſuperior to us, till our ſins have provoked, and their goodneſs induced, God to ſuffer "one to chace a thouſand, and ten to put ten thouſand to "flight." The former, I am ſure, is more probable than the latter.

WH. Hold; you are running away from the text again. I think, as you repreſent the ſtory of the Doctor's Unkle, and you ſay you had it from himſelf, I do not ſee any thing ſo criminal in it. If the Doctor does ſo much good to his Family, I cannot blame him for this; but, you know, "do ninety-nine good turns, "if you deny me the hundredth, all the reſt are forgotten." But he certainly muſt be an ill-tempered ungrateful man to his Rela-

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tions and Friends in other reſpects. Is it not an horrid thing, p. 4, "that he ſhould quarrel with that Family that maintained "him a poor Orphan at School, and afterwards at the Univerſity; "and abuſe the Biſhop of Sarum [f] upon his Mother's account, "whom he has put into an Hoſpital?"

To. If I would ſtab a man's reputation, if I would ſting it to the heart, if the expreſſion may be uſed, I would do as this viper Biſſet has done; I would charge him with want of natural affection to his kindred, and common gratitude to his Benefactors. Where there is an abſence of theſe virtues, there can be no place for any thing that is commendable or praiſe-worthy; the man is a monſter, a creature of another ſpecies, and ſhould be treated as ſuch.

But I aſſure you, upon my own certain knowledge, the Doctor is ſo far from knowing any want of, that he is very eminent in, theſe virtues. His affection to his Relations I have mentioned already: as to his gratitude to that good Family, eſpecially to Madam Hearſt of Wanbrough, who took upon her the principal part, that is, the *charge*, of his education, I know the Doctor never omits any occaſion of expreſſing it; he never thinks his tongue more happily employed, than when it declares the obligations that he has to that excellent Lady [g] and her Family. I have had the honour to be with them, when Dr. Sacheverell has been

[f] Dr. Gilbert Burnet, the celebrated Hiſtorian of his own Times; whoſe life, and particularly the conſiderable ſhare he had in effecting the Revolution, is well known from his own writings. He was rewarded with the biſhoprick of Saliſbury in a few days after king William was on the throne, being conſecrated May 31, 1689. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the houſe of lords, by declaring for moderate meaſures with regard to the Clergy who ſcrupled to take the oaths, and for a toleration of Proteſtant Diſſenters. The laſt five or ſix years of his life he grew abſtracted from the world. He lived to ſee a ſucceſſion take place, and that Family eſtabliſhed in whoſe intereſts he had been ſo zealous, and died March 17, 1714-15.—His famous Hiſtory was publiſhed, after his death, by his ſon, Thomas Burnet, eſq. who has been ſuſpected of garbling ſome characters his father had very freely delineated; a ſuſpicion which ſeems to be too much countenanced by the original's not being (as was promiſed) depoſited in the Cotton Library. See Swift's Works, vol. XVII. p. 535.

[g] A loſty title for a country apothecary's wife! BISSET.

amongſt

amongſt them. I profeſs, I almoſt envied the happy way he has of delivering himſelf to them upon this ſubject; I have heard him recount to them the long ſeries of favours that they have conferred upon him from his almoſt childhood till now; and he acknowledges the vaſt debt to them, with ſo becoming an addreſs, in a manner ſo ſuitable to the occaſion, that it was as great a pleaſure to me to hear him own his obligations, as it was to his good Benefactors to lay him under them. He always calls Madam Hearſt his Mother, and he has her permiſſion ſo to do; and I believe ſhe was as much concerned for him in his late troubles as if he had been "her Son indeed;" and ſhewed it in all the ſeveral reſpects that his condition required, and received him with a particular kindneſs after his troubles were over.

If any thing in this Book did lean hard upon the Doctor's quiet, it was this inſufferable ſlander; it went againſt his ſoul, to have it reported, that he had made very ungenerous returns for the mighty favours he had received from Madam Hearſt, Mr. C—lain, and other Benefactors: and though I told him I could upon my own certain knowledge ſet the world right in this matter, that I knew there had been nothing unhandſome ſaid or done, and that there was not the leaſt miſunderſtanding between them; yet the Doctor was reſolved to corroborate my evidence, by putting into my hands this Letter, ſigned with Madam Hearſt's own hand, and drawn up by her order in the moſt paſſionate and convincing manner, and will ſerve to illuſtrate the truth of ſome other parts of the Doctor's hiſtory, particularly what relates to the Unkle we have been ſpeaking of. I will read it to you.

"DEAR COUSIN,

"HAVING had information of a late ſcandalous Libel, pub-
"liſhed againſt the Reverend Dr. Sacheverell, full of
"infamous and groundleſs aſperſions, wherein he is accuſed
"of "turning a bitter enemy to the family which maintained
"him a poor orphan at School, and ſent him to the Univerſity,
"&c.;" I think myſelf obliged, in point of juſtice, as well as
"truth and honour, to vindicate the injured reputation of ſo
"worthy a perſon, ſo far as it relates to myſelf[h], touching

[h] She ſhould have ſaid, "and my deceaſed huſband, and the reſt of "my relations," if ſhe had a mind to have cleared him." BISSET.

"his

" his education, and his conduct both at School and in the Uni-
" verſity.

" I cannot but rejoice in this happy opportunity of giving the
" world a juſt and impartial character of him, whom either the
" ignorant or malicious have ſtigmatized and blackened with the
" moſt diabolical and profligate appellations.

" By ſome he has been repreſented as a baſe-born perſon, as
" though he had received his extract only from the dunghill.
" But, that I may do juſtice to the dead, as well as to the living,
" it is well known, that his father was a very Reverend and
" worthy Clergyman, a Miniſter of St. Peter's Church in Marl-
" borough, of no mean or contemptible family (as the Dedication
" of one of the Doctor's Sermons lately preached at Derby does
" modeſtly ſuggeſt).

" In the beginning of thoſe late unhappy times of confuſion,
" the Doctor's Father was ſent to the Univerſity, not to any
" College, but to one of the Schiſmatical Academies there, to be
" inſtructed in the principles of Non-conformity and Rebellion:
" but, becauſe he could not comply with his Father's intentions,
" which ſo mightily interfered with his duty to his God, and
" the inviolable dictates of his own conſcience, he was for that
" reaſon diſinherited (having only the bleſſing of one ſingle
" Shilling and the Providence of God for his future ſubſiſtence),
" whilſt his paternal eſtate was ſettled upon a more *ſanctified*
" younger ſon.

" He lived many years in Marlborough, with the deſerved
" veneration and eſteem of all his Pariſhioners; and when it
" pleaſed God to call him to himſelf, he left a Widow and a
" numerous Family, to be ſupported by her own induſtrious
" labours and the overflowing kindneſſes of her friends. At
" that time (by a joint conſent) my late Huſband, Mr. Edward
" Hearſt, took this his Godſon Henry into his paternal care, and
" adopted him as his own ſon. He had his firſt education at the
" public School in Marlborough, where he made very large im-
" provements in his learning; and I cannot but repeat it with
" freſh ſatisfaction and comfort, that I never knew him guilty of
" any immoral, nay of any childiſh action[i]; he always retiring to
" his private devotions before he went to School, and preferring

[i] It follows that ſhe knew very little of him. BISSET.

" the

" the public prayers of the Church on all occaſions before his " ordinary recreations.

" After the deceaſe of my beloved Huſband, I took him to my " own arms; and it is now the pride and glory of my years, to " be called Mother by ſo venerable a Son, and in being inſtru- " mental, under God, of raiſing up ſo courageous a champion for " the defence of his Church.

" As his youth was full of the ſweeteſt modeſty, and the moſt " complying dutifulneſs, ſo was his behaviour no leſs full of " manly goodneſs and inviolable reſpect towards me, from the " time of his firſt admiſſion into Magdalen College, unto this " very hour. Neither did I ever requeſt any thing of him, which " he did not chearfully grant and comply with, though it were " to his own perſonal hindrance and diſadvantage.

" I urge but one inſtance more; and I leave God and the whole " world to be judge in this matter.

" If he had been guilty of ingratitude (the blackeſt ſin of " Hell), and had been ſuch a profligate wretch as the Pamphleteer " would repreſent him to the world, I had never dropt ſo many " ſorrowful tears, nor paſſed away ſo many reſtleſs nights, nor " felt thoſe maternal throbs and convulſions of heart, during " the time of his late confinement and trial; pangs not unequal " to the trembling bowels of his own Mother, who conceived " and brought him forth, and whoſe tender paps he has ſucked.

" For the confirmation of theſe truths, I not only now ſub- " ſcribe my name, but am ready to atteſt them by a moſt ſolemn " and religious oath, as well as by the laſt expiring breath of, Sir,

" Your moſt obliged kinſwoman and ſervant,

" Wanbrough, New-
" Year's Day, 1710-11. " KATHERINE HEARST.

" To Mr. Robert Coxe, in Baſinghall-
" ſtreet, London."

And now pr'ythee, Neighbour, if it be poſſible, lay by the Party-man a moment, and tell me ſeriouſly, can there be a more abominable Lyar upon earth than this Biſſet? is there ſuch a daring Knight of the Poſt alive? can any thing but a Whig be ſo impudent as to charge a man with ſuch a deteſtable vice, without any grounds at all for it? But the wretch hugged himſelf, I do not doubt, when he had loaded him with this charge; when he had ſent him out like Cain, with a mark upon him, hoping, I ſuppoſe, that " whoſoever met him, would kill him."

WH.

WH. I do declare it, you ſurprize me; if we have no better ſucceſs with the reſt of our Articles, I think verily Biſſet ſhall be enjoined "not to impeach any one again for the ſpace of three "whole years." What is this about the Biſhop of Sarum? did the Doctor "abuſe him for putting his Mother into an Hoſpital?"

TO. You muſt know, this is intended as a taunt upon the Doctor; this is an unchriſtian reflection upon the misfortunes of his Family; his Father died, and left a Widow and many Children; and the preſent Biſhop of Sarum, being one of the Truſtees, gave his hand for the admiſſion of the Widow into a College erected for that uſe, and handſomely endowed by a late Biſhop of that Dioceſe [k]. This he calls "putting her into an Hoſpital." The Founder was reſolved to lay a guard againſt that name, and therefore wrote this inſcription over the gate [l]:

D. O. M.
COLLEGIVM HOC MATRONARVM
HVMILLIME DEDICAVIT
SETHVS EPISCOPVS SARVM
ANNO DOMINI MDCLXXXII.

[k] Dr. Seth Ward; of whom, ſee vol. III. p. 38. This very able man, whoſe character was exemplary as a prelate, publiſhed ſeveral books of divinity; but the greateſt part of his works are on mathematical ſubjects. He was a cloſe reaſoner and an admirable ſpeaker, having, in the houſe of lords, been eſteemed equal at leaſt to the earl of Shafteſbury. He was polite, hoſpitable, and generous; and, in his life-time, founded the abovementioned college at Saliſbury, for the reception and ſupport of ten poor clergymens widows; and the ſumptuous hoſpital for ten poor men at Buntingford, the place of his nativity. The vacancies in the College of Matrons are alternately filled up by the Biſhop of Saliſbury and by the Dean and Chapter; thoſe in the Hoſpital at Buntingford by the heirs for ever of his friend Ralph Freeman, eſq. of Aſpendon in Hertfordſhire. His intimate friend Dr. Walter Pope, the noted author of "The Old "Man's Wiſh," has given us a juſt and curious account of his life, interſperſed with agreeable anecdotes of his friends. Biſhop Burnet tells us, "Ward was a very dextrous man, if not too dextrous; for his ſincerity "was much queſtioned."

[l] See Dr. Pope's Life of Bp. Ward (p. 79); who is therein ſaid to have reſented ſuch reflections upon his College with the utmoſt indignation. KING.—"I have often heard him expreſs his diſlike, if any one "called it an Hoſpital; for, ſaid he, many of theſe are well deſcended, "and have lived in good reputation: I would not have it ſaid of them, "that they were reduced to an Hoſpital, but retired to a College, which "has a more honourable ſound."

And

And it is a very handſome reception for the widows of Clergymen, and I would to God there were more of them: and I wiſh to God alſo that this Biſſet's Widow may have no occaſion to come into them. There is nothing in nature ſo inhuman, as to throw the unhappineſs of a man's houſe into his teeth; and to make that his reproach, which is his misfortune only. It is true, ſhe was obliged to the Biſhop of Sarum for his hand in this affair; and Dr. Sacheverell has had reaſon, in ſome controverſies, to ſpeak of the Biſhop of Sarum, and to confute him, in ſuch a manner as I think every good man would have done in the heat of diſputation, and in his zeal for the ancient eſtabliſhed doctrines of the Church of England, which, I muſt needs ſay, I think that Prelate has been as free with, as his kindred in the North with the Epiſcopal Miniſters of the Church of Scotland[m]; that is, he has almoſt routed them, and brought them into contempt and diſuſe[n]. And I muſt needs ſay, if my Father that begat me, or my Mother that brought me into the world (which, by the bye, is a greater favour than bringing me into a College), ſhould diſown or diſpute, depreciate or leſſen, forſake or give up, a ſtanding doctrine of Chriſtianity; I ſhould forget my obligations ſo far, as to warn my Fellow-chriſtians againſt it; to tell them the danger of adhering to them, and the ſad conſequences of apoſtacy and defection from the Church, and of ſchiſm and diſorder in it. The Doctor has only done this, and in a manner correſponding to the ſubject of the diſpute, and the perſon on the adverſe ſide.

Suppoſe a man obliges me in the perſon of my Mother; and "ſpares not to cry aloud," that every man is "a King and a "Prieſt;" that every one may baptize, and call his Sovereign to account; that Epiſcopacy is the tool and creature of Monarchy, holy orders an unneceſſary diſtinction, and no more "a divine "inſtitution[o]" than the habits of thoſe that are admitted into them; am I not in this caſe to forget my Benefactor, and remember my God? am I not to forego the carnal, and hold faſt to the *ſpiritual* Mother, the Church of Chriſt? I am ſurely obliged to

[m] Bp. Burnet was a native of Edinburgh.

[n] Theſe reproaches deſerve a ſevere cenſure from the Convocation. BISSET.

[o] See Two Sermons at Saliſbury. KING.—They were preached Nov. 5, and Nov. 7, 1710; and printed together in 8vo.

ſtep over a favour done to a particular member of the Church; when I am defending the Church in general from aſſaults and violence, from injury and affront.

And this is the caſe of Dr. Sacheverell. He has taken upon him, as almoſt all Chriſtendom has done, and it may be *fervente calamo*, with ſome aſperity of expreſſion, to contradict his Lordſhip, to play Antiquity againſt Novelty, and to go farther than Holland or Geneva for the ancient ſtated doctrines of the Chriſtian Church, and the old eſtabliſhed diſcipline of it.

I have heard the Doctor ſpeak very gratefully of that Biſhop, as indeed he does of all to whom he is obliged. But, I muſt own, when we urge the injury he has done the Church, and continues ſtill to do, the publick has ſo much the ſuperiority of intereſt in every generous breaſt, that it is not poſſible to keep ourſelves within thoſe limits which I know you men of temper and moderation would preſcribe to us. Suppoſe there were but four men in England that were maſters of Polemicks, that underſtood all the controverſies in the Church; do you think it reaſonable for theſe men to be ſilent, if the Biſhop of Sarum ſhould preach falſe doctrine, becauſe he gave a Pig to one, a Vote in ſome Election to another, a piece of Scotch Cloth to a third, and a Collar of Brawn to the fourth? Do not you think a Letter of this nature from that Biſhop to theſe Polemical Divines would have great influence upon them, dry up all their ink, and ſpoil their pens?

"Gentlemen, I am going to eſtabliſh a new ſort of Chriſtianity. "I would refine a little upon the Author of it, and ſhew where "the Apoſtles were wrong; and lay a much better ſcheme of "Church-government than they have done. I will new vamp "your Articles, and make the world wonderfully eaſy in matters "of faith and conſcience. Be pleaſed to let me have no inter-"ruption from you; but remember the Pig, and the Vote, the "Cloth, and the Brawn. And do not fly in the face of your "Benefactor, who, you know, beſides all this, is a Biſhop, and "conſequently has a right to do what he pleaſes with the "Chnrch; and he is an impudent Preſbyter that pretends to "know more than I. GILBERT SARUM."

Now do not you think it very reaſonable that Religion ſhould be given up; that theſe men ſhould be ſilent, and ſuffer him to make what havock he pleaſes; becauſe he once did them a com-

mon

mon favour, and the world perhaps thinks they are obliged to him? Hey! what are you dumb, old Noll? Anſwer me.

WH. Why, faith, I do not know what to ſay to you; "the "cauſe was well enough," as the Judge ſaid, "before you puzzled "it." I wiſh I was well out of the houſe. I believe thou wilt make me turn Tory: I ſhall run in my zeal and break Biſſet's windows in defiance of "the contents of his Muſquetoons."

Come, I yield the Firſt Article: let us proceed to the Second. Here are eight Pages though between them: what are they for? what does he ſay in them? But pray be ſhort, I want an end of it; I am afraid you will make us appear no better than we ſhould be.

TO. Why they are filled with heavy complaints againſt the Tories in general; that his perſon, his goods, and chattels, are in danger daily; that we will not ſuffer the Diſſenters to grow rich; and that, particularly in Wales, "there is a formal per-"ſecution begun, not only by a League to have no commerce "with them, which is a ſort of outlawry, but alſo by exacting "of fines, by what colour of law he knows not."

WH. Do not you think that a very grievous oppreſſion? will you ſhut them out from all trade with you, and ſo ſtarve them?

TO. I will tell you the truth of this complaint. Some gentlemen in Wales (for which I ſhall ever commend their wiſdom) have agreed among themſelves, under ſuch and ſuch penalties, never to trade with them, either for little or much. The penalty ſometimes has been incurred; and the law of the Society ſatisfied, by the payment of the fine. Now this, which they do to one another by agreement, he calls "a formal perſecution of the Diſſen-"ters, and an illegal exaction of fines from them."

WH. What? This then is only a covenant among ſome particular gentlemen, and the fines upon breach of it are paid to one another. This ſure muſt be ſome ſtrange miſinformation, or Mr. Biſſet is induſtriouſly in the wrong. I muſt own to you, we are too apt to improve upon any ſtory againſt the High-flyers, and we do not much inſiſt upon teſtimony and confirmation; if it is but black enough, we deſire no more: and truly it is the thing I moſt diſlike in our party; I have complained of it, but I could never ſee any amendment. I hope, though, you do not pretend to juſtify the reſolution of theſe gentlemen, "not to trade with

"the Diſſenters:" you had as good ſhut them out of human ſociety.

To. I do not care if they were *ſo* ſhut out. I am clearly of the opinion of thoſe gentlemen; I am for withdrawing myſelf from all ſort of commerce with them: they hate you upon principle; and think they do God good ſervice, if they can cheat you; in a word, *fas eſt et ab hoſte doceri*, I will learn to fight of my enemy. Nothing has done the Diſſenters more ſervice, than dealing only with one another, where it can poſſibly be done. I know one that obſerves this practice ſo religiouſly, that he will not touch either food or raiment, that was not bought in the ſhop of a Fanatick. They will ſend for the leaſt trifle to the other end of a long ſtreet to one of their own crew, when the very next neighbour, a Churchman, has it to ſell: nay, I have known one of them almoſt ſpue at the ſight of an ungodly Mince-pye, and immediately devour it like a Cormorant, when the good woman told him, "Honeſt Mr. Such-an-one, who comes often to our "Meeting, was the maker." If a Tory had had a Finger in the Pye, it would have been ſuperſtitious, and forbidden meat; and ſo powerful is the touch of a Saint in this reſpect, that ſuperſtition and interdiction are taken off by it; and what *that* has ſanctified, muſt not be refuſed, or eſteemed unhallowed. Aſk them why they are thus narrow-ſouled? why they confine their dealings and their charity to one another? They will tell you, that they only "love as brethren;" they muſt help one another; St. Paul ſays, "they are worſe than Infidels, that do not take care of "their own;" and much cant to this purpoſe: but if the Churchman imitate them in this particular, it is "perſecution, inhuman, "unchriſtian," a perfect outlawry, and a deal of ſuch ſtuff. If people were of my mind, old Noll, they ſhould have more reaſon to complain than they have: we are ſo good-natured, or ſtupidly inadvertent, as to trade with *them*, and ſuffer them to grow rich by us, when our honeſt friends of the Church are poor, want buſineſs, and ſtand in their ſhops as unemployed as an horſe in a pound. It is a ſhame to ſee them raiſe eſtates, who could or would as ſoon raiſe the Church if we did not trade among them. When they are got into money, and their ſtock runs high, like the Bank, they will grow inſolent, and exerciſe dominion over you. "Keep them poor, and they will be quiet," I remember, was a Revolution principle, and the only one, I think, that the Church would reap any benefit by obſerving.

Wh.

WH. Thou art a glorious fellow! You think you may ſay what you will, the world is all your own; I am ſure, none of us preſume to talk ſo boldly.

TO. No? I can give you the lie out of this, p. 5: he charges the Church (and you know who is the Head of it, and that the preſent Miniſters of State are true, and not occaſional, Members of it) with Tyranny and Arbitrary Power; that every man's liberty and property is inſulted, that no one is ſure even of the teeth in his head; that High-church Tyranny, that is, the preſent Adminiſtration, is worſe than Nero's or Diocleſian's. This, I think, is a note beyond Ela. I am ſure, if a man laſt winter had dared to ſay this, with the alteration of Low for High, the Commons of Great Britain would have employed Jacob Tonſon's preſſes a ſecond time [p]. The fellow is conſcious to himſelf, that no man eſteems him, that he may ſay or do what he pleaſes; for any Jury upon earth will bring him in *Non compos*. But go on to the other page, and there he illuſtrates his propoſition, "High-"church Tyranny is worſe than Nero's [q] or Diocleſian's;" for he is often affronted as he goes along the ſtreets; a great many people ſneer and laugh at him; even ſtrangers, poor man! ſhew him no reſpect; and, which is worſe than all, even Beaux and Ladies mob him. Now, you know, Nero and Diocleſian never did any thing like this to their poor ſubjects; they only now and then burnt a city and half the inhabitants for their diverſion; murdered by variety of torments a thouſand or ſo for a breakfaſt; ſent out for their ſubjects heads, as freely as we do for apples; and devoured as many Virgins as St. George's Dragon. But, alas! this is nothing: theſe people were happy in compariſon to poor Biſſet; High-church tyrants ſhew him no reſpect; he is never invited to dinner by them; he has not drunk a glaſs of good Ale at their coſt, nor had "a Shilling from them, theſe eleven years," Pref. p. 2. Indeed, poor man, I do own, Nero would have been kinder to him: he would have put him out of his pain, and have ſtopped all his lamentation: it may be he would have given him a tune at parting; he has been known to play to peo-

[p] Mr. Tonſon was authorized to publiſh the Trial of Sacheverell.

[q] If he had been on Col. Sidney's jury, he would not have gone from the bar; but, upon the firſt ſight of Nero in his cloſet-papers, have pronounced him guilty. BISSET.

ple at an execution; but, I believe, that being a time of devotion, Biſſet would have entered his proteſt againſt Muſick.

But above all it is moſt deplorable, that the Ladies ſhould affront and mob him; he expreſſes a vaſt concern for the irreparable loſs of their favour; he will never forgive the Doctor for engroſſing, as it were, all the Ladies; a ſex, I am told, Biſſet lived by a great while; and the little practice he has with them now, I am well aſſured, is not the "Practice of Piety." I muſt own, I do not wonder to hear a Fanatick lament the loſs of his intereſt among the Women; they are as uſeful to a Conventicle as a Whig Miniſtry, and, without taking a leaſe of it, are forced to ſupport, maintain, uphold, and keep it; ſhut the women out of the Meetings, and "there will ſoon be much graſs in the "place." The ſeditious Canter will read Wall Lectures by himſelf, be no more regarded than the Mountebank upon Tower-Hill, the Rat-catcher by Bow Church, or lord Wyngham[r] at an Impeachment.

From himſelf, he proceeds, p. 7, to enumerate divers grievances of other folks, and particularly laments the untimely death of a Woman in Fleet-ſtreet, who loſt her life, being in child-bed, "by the "ſtones which the High-church tyrants threw in at her window."

WH. I hope you will allow that to be a little like Nero and Diocleſian: I did hear indeed of that young gentlewoman who was thus barbarouſly murdered by the mob when the Members for the City were declared.

TO. But ſuppoſe now I can prove to you that this Woman died as fairly of a Dropſy as any one in the Bills of Mortality; that ſhe was ſeventy years old; that ſhe had had three Huſbands, and never was with child in her life; that the ſtones which the mob threw only did the errand they were ſent upon; juſt reproved the family for not illuminating their windows upon that

[r] The late lord high chancellor. BISSET.— William Cowper, eſq. ſucceeded Sir Nathan Wright, as lord keeper of the great ſeal, Oct. 11, 1705; was created baron Cowper of Wyngham, Nov. 9; and appointed lord chancellor May 4, 1707; which poſt he held till Sept. 14, 1710. On the acceſſion of king George I, he was again appointed lord chancellor; and, on reſigning the great ſeals, was created viſcount Fordwich and earl Cowper, March 18, 1717-18. It ſhould be obſerved, that he nobly refuſed to accept new years gifts from the counſellors at law, which had long been given to his predeceſſors; and, what is ſtill more to his honour, he foreſaw and oppoſed the deſtructive meaſures of the South Sea bubble in 1720. He died Oct. 10, 1723.

night

night of joy and triumph; they hardly went into the room; the Woman in bed was dying, and no more heard or felt them at that time, than ſhe does me now.

WH. If you can prove this, then we are a parcel of ſons of Belial; we are Liars, and Rogues, and whatever you will pleaſe to call us. Why I tell you, the Woman being a Diſſenter, ſhe had a Funeral Sermon in many Meetings, is looked upon as a Martyr for the Conventicle, and is called Stephen's Siſter, becauſe ſhe was *ſtoned* to death.

TO. What I ſay is literally true: I received this account from a gentleman in that neighbourhood; I have it here in this Letter under his own hand; and I have commiſſion to ſay that he now lives, and the old woman died, between the Horn and the Leg-Tavern in Fleet-ſtreet; that Biſſet's whole account is a ſcandalous lie; and her ſurvivors in the houſe, though Diſſenters, are ready to atteſt the truth of this account. Now, Noll, what think you of this piece of High-church murder?

WH. I think the villain deſerves the death he ſpeaks of, to be ſtoned into the other world; for it is not fit the fellow ſhould live. Indeed he often complains "that he is in danger, that the "ſtreets and roads are not ſafe;" and truly I do not blame him. I ſuppoſe he is conſcious of his own iniquity, that he has juſtly incurred the diſpleaſure of his fellow-ſubjects, and that it would be meritorious in any of them to chaſtiſe him. If a Whig muſt be ſuch a falſe knave as this, God bleſs the High-church! ſay I.

TO. Here is another full and true account, p. 8, of horrid and barbarous murders, aſſaults, aſſaſſinations, and other High-church outrages. "Tutchin [s] is in his grave, Mr. Samuel Johnſon [t] was "near it, and king William narrowly eſcaped."

It is true, indeed, he does own the Sectaries did murder king Charles I. But that is nothing to the murder of St. Tutchin; for the King "had warning, and time to prepare for his change; "but the other was hurried out of the world, perhaps with many "mangling wounds." The fellow indeed had an honeſt dry

[s] See above, p. 183.

[t] The celebrated chaplain of lord Ruſſel. His inflexible patriotiſm involved him in frequent dangers; particularly, in 1692, his life was attempted by ſeven aſſaſſins, who beat him in his bed, and one of them cut his head with a ſword. He lived till May, 1703. All his treatiſes were collected in 1710, in one folio volume, with ſome memorials of his life.

drubbing, juſt as much as he deſerved, and no more; but he was furiouſly poxed [u], as the Surgeon who diſſected him will witneſs; or elſe he would have lived, thrived well, and mended, like a Walnut-tree, after a beating. But it is a lamentable thing that the Sectaries ſhould give king Charles the Firſt ſo much warning, and we give poor Tutchin no more; for he did not live above ſix weeks after his baſting. Tutchin was ſent out of the world by the Tories, with his head broken; the Sectaries only *cut off* the King's head, and ſent him into the other world without it [w]. Beſides, the Sectaries gave the King "a fair trial, as "they had power, the people being lords." But Tutchin had "no trial," and he, being one of the people, was *better* than a King, for he helped to "make Kings:" yet he was murdered at once, without any ſhew of juſtice or trial; which plainly ſhews, that the Sectaries are civiler to Kings than Tories. You laugh now, old Whig: but, I proteſt, this is the drift of all he ſays, and is really the ſenſe and opinion of your party.

If *you* cut off a King's head, it is *juſtice*; if *we* do but kick a fellow, it is murder: if you ſlice off a Drawer's noſe at Greenwich [x], it is but "a ſcratch," p. 9; if we do it, it is diſmembering, and death by the Statute. There is a deal of difference between *you Saints* and *us*; the nature of good and evil alters wonderfully upon *your* account now and then. I cannot imagine how you came by the privilege. I believe we are got into times now, in which your new charter will be ſuperſeded: we ſhall ſerve you as we have done Bewdley, reduce you to your old conſtitution, and ſet you upon a level with the reſt of your ſpecies; and therefore I adviſe you to live as righteouſly as you can: for, if you rob upon the highway, commit murder or ſacrilege, kill a Biſhop or a Parſon, depend upon it, you will be hanged; which is more than I could have promiſed you a little while ago.

[u] I have been aſſured from good hands this is wholly a ſlander. Why does not the Surgeon atteſt it? BISSET.

[w] This comes very near the Iriſhman's bull, that St. Patrick ſwam to Holyhead with his head in his teeth. Was not king Charles's head buried in the ſame coffin with his body? BISSET.

[x] Why are not the actors in this tragedy proſecuted upon the Coventry act? BISSET.

From

From railing at the Churchmen, he is come to extol and magnify the Diſſenters. "They and their Miniſters," he ſays, "have "contributed largely to the Church of England Lecturers, "though moſt bitter againſt them," p. 11. This is a lie; they contribute to none of thoſe that are *real* Churchmen, who dare tell them the truth; who have courage to defend the Church of England; to explain the nature of ſchiſm, and prove it to be a damnable ſin. I own indeed they do advance the collections of their Friends, who preach up Comprehenſion, Moderation, Temper, Occaſional Conformity, Reſiſtance, Self-defence, and all the deteſtable doctrines of Forty-one; Hoadly and Baker[y], Bradford[z] and Whaley[a], Harris[b] and Turner[c], theſe indeed partake of their liberality as well as their ſins; they receive their "thirty "pieces of ſilver," but upon Judas's terms, "to betray their "Saviour," to banter the Creed, burleſque Chriſtianity, divide the Church, and "crucify the Son of God afreſh." I ſhould be glad to find that they contribute to Smallridge[d], Moſs[e],

[y] Dr. William Baker, warden of Wadham College, Oxford; raiſed to the ſee of Bangor in Auguſt, 1723, and tranſlated to Norwich in December, 1727. He died in 1732.

[z] Dr. Samuel Bradford, prebendary of Weſtminſter; maſter of Corpus Chriſti College, Cambridge. He was made biſhop of Carliſle in April, 1718; and tranſlated to Rocheſter in July, 1723. He died in 1731.

[a] Nathanael Whaley, A. M. rector of Brington, Northamptonſhire.

[b] John Harris, D. D. rector of St. Mildred, Breadſtreet.

[c] John Turner, D. D. vicar of Greenwich in Kent, and afterward chaplain to king George II, when prince of Wales.

[d] Dr. George Smaliridge, born at Lichfield about 1666, was in 1682 elected from Weſtminſter to Chriſt Church, Oxford; in 1693, made prebendary of Lichfield; and ſoon after canon of Chriſt Church, and dean of Carliſle; in 1713, dean of Chriſt Church, and the year following biſhop of Briſtol. Upon the acceſſion of king George I, he was appointed lord almoner; but was removed from that poſt in 1715. He died Sept. 20, 1719. Sixty of his ſermons were printed in 1726; which ſhew him to have been a polite writer. He had publiſhed ſome works of merit in his life-time; particularly "Animadverſions on a "piece upon Church Government," ſo early as 1687; and a Latin poem, intituled, "Auctio Daviſiana, Oxonii habita per Gul. Cooper & "Edw. Millington, Bibliopolas Londinenſes," 1689.

[e] Robert Moſs, D. D. dean of Ely.

Adams,

Adams [f], Snape [g], Haſſlewood [h], Savage [i], C—le, Sutton [k], Ramſey [l], the two S—ds [m], &c. I would be glad to know how many of theſe partake of their bounty, who think themſelves bound in conſcience to expoſe the Schiſm, to lay open the intrigues of Moderation, and the flagitious ſin of Occaſional Communion. Now I am upon this ſubject, I muſt take uotice of the inſolence of the Diſſenters in every Election of a Lecturer; they, who have nothing to do with it, and contribute nothing, are moſt zealous, moſt troubleſome, moſt noiſy, and give great diſturbance to thoſe who are more particularly concerned in that affair. Their being inhabitants is no plea, unleſs they will *continue* to contribute; I ſay, *continue*, for many of them often ſubſcribe only to give a gloſs to their vote, and are never known to pay unleſs their own fanatic lukewarn Son of Moderation chance to be elected.

I have often wondered that the good Citizens ſhould give the enemy this licenſe; they would take it heinouſly, if any of us ſhould appear in their Meetings, and offer to vote in the election of any of their Paſtors. I think the reaſon is equal on both ſides, and ſhould be practiſed accordingly.

But they know the advantage of intermeddling in our Parochial Elections; they have found fools enough in many Pariſhes to ſide with them, to hold up their hands for men of their recommendation, and give them ſucceſs. This, they hope, will poiſon their neighbours, ſpread the contagion, and at laſt fix the plague of Hereſy and Schiſm among them. By theſe means, and upon this view, did thoſe Heteroclites Hoadly and Baker gain their

[f] John Adams, D D. rector firſt of St. Alban, Woodſtreet, then of St. Bartholomew, chaplain in ordinary, and provoſt of King's College, Cambridge.

[g] Andrew Snape, D. D. another provoſt of King's College. He was the firſt who entered the liſts againſt Bp. Hoadly in the celebrated Bangorian controverſy, and in the courſe of it publiſhed four pamphlets. Three volumes of his Sermons were printed in 1745, 8vo.

[h] John Haſlewood, D. D. rector of St. Olave, Southwark.

[i] William Savage, D. D. maſter of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and rector of St. Andrew Wardrobe and St. Anne Blackfryars.

[k] Gibbon Sutton, A. M. fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and lecturer of St. Benedict, Gracechurch-ſtreet.

[l] John Ramſey, rector of Langdon, Kent.

[m] Q. Two *Scattergoods*, or two *Smallwoods*?

Elections,

Elections, and write themſelves Lecturers. Pardon me, old Noll, for this digreſſion: I thought I had a fair opportunity, and I could not poſſibly deny myſelf the pleaſure of it. I will make you amends, and come to the Second Article againſt the Doctor.

In this Second Article, he is extremely incenſed at the Doctor and his party, for declaring themſelves *high*: and not only ſo, but "very high; high for Rituals, high for very high ſteeples, "high for Altars," and "high for LOW bows, and would not "condeſcend to men of low eſtate," p. 13; that is, would not give up their privileges, part with their rights, and in a manner ſacrifice the Church, to their caprice. I remember the lord Wyngham [n], in the Houſe of Peers, when a debate aroſe, "Whether "that Court was obliged to conform to the laws, the rules, and "uſages of the Courts below," urged the *highneſs* of that Court as an argument to prove that they were not to condeſcend to Courts below it. "If we are above them," ſays he, "let us "keep ſo; if their rules and uſages are a ſtandard to us, we are "upon a level with them, and have no claim to the ſuperiority." Now that noble Peer is known to "condeſcend to men of low "eſtate as much as any body," where he can "with ſafety to "his highneſs or ſuperiority." I know him as humble and condeſcending upon ſome occaſions as poſſible. But if an Hedger, or any Labourer, ſhould come to him, and ſay, "My Lord, ſix "Horſes in your Coach are not neceſſary; pray give me two, "and my neighbour two more"—Another come, and ſay, "My "Lord, that Turret upon your Houſe is ſuperfluous; it keeps "out neither wind nor weather: pray let me have the Lead, to "make Bullets and Standiſhes; and the Timber, to make Fire "to warm my poor family"—A third, upon a Waſhing-day, take notice "that the beſt Laurel-hedge in his Garden is covered "with my Lady's Shifts [o], and petition my Lord that he would "not ſuffer ſo much Holland in his houſe; that leſs would ſerve "her Ladyſhip, and your poor neighbours of *low eſtate* will "not be ſatisfied without it."—Would not my Lord, notwithſtanding his aptitude to gratify men beneath him, immediately reply, "You are to leave me to judge what is decent, proper, "and becoming my ſtation; you are not to reflect upon my "Equipage, my Turret, or my Wife's Shifts. I am the beſt

[n] See above, p. 214.

[o] This is a ſign what his thoughts were upon. BISSET.

"judge

" judge what is handſome, neceſſary, or convenient; and you are " a parcel of impudent ſcoundrels to call it in queſtion. Either " bring your ſentiments to mine, and be quiet with me, or elſe " go farther off; for I will never *condeſcend* to let you rifle me, " to ride away with my Horſes, melt down my Turret, and make " Baby-clouts of my Wife's Shifts."

This is truly the caſe between the High-church and Diſſenters. They would, if they could, perſuade us to reſign all to them that they pleaſe to demand, make every conceſſion they propoſe, preſent them with the Holland Surplices, lift them up to the Lead of the Steeples, and furniſh them with Horſes to carry away the Altar Plate, give them the poſſeſſion of our ſuperfluous Abbey Lands, aboliſh all ceremonies, relax all diſcipline, and make ourſelves fools and beggars; then they will extol our moderation, come heartily in to us, and give us the praiſe of " condeſcending " to men of low eſtate."

WH. Indeed, Neighbour, you banter too much. Mr. Biſſet is in the right: you have many things too nearly related to Popery; it gives offence, and ſhould be remedied. Here is Dr. Sacheverell " talks of retaining bleſſed Advocates in Heaven, to " plead in their defence, which is Popery undiſguiſed," p. 13.

TO. It is your ignorance, and his ſtupidity undiſguiſed. But, becauſe I know the Doctor has been charged with Popery, upon the account of this expreſſion, by ſome who by their Cloth I am ſure ought to underſtand Religion better, you muſt give me leave to be a little ſerious with you, and ſet this controverſy in a plain and true light.

Though the *mediatorial* office ſtrictly ſpeaking peculiarly does belong to the perſon of Chriſt in Heaven, exhibiting his meritorious ſufferings in our behalf at the right-hand of God the Father, according to that maxim of the Apoſtle, there is but " one Me- " diator between God and man, the man Chriſt Jeſus [p]:" yet the office of interceſſion, which in Scripture is aſcribed to the Paraclete, which word is ſometimes rendered *Advocate*, ſometimes *Comforter*, is promiſcuouſly uſed, and in common applied to both Chriſt and the Holy Ghoſt, who are jointly " our bleſſed Advo- " cates in Heaven." The Holy Ghoſt is by our Saviour ſtyled, by way of eminence, as ſucceeding into his place, office, and title, here on earth, ὁ παράκλητος, τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον· and, by way of

[p] 1 Tim. ii. 5.

diſtinction,

diſtinction, ἄλλον παράκλητον, "the Holy Ghoſt the Com-"forter," and "another Comforter;" or, as it is tranſlated in both places in the margin [q], *Advocate* [r]. And what this office of Advocateſhip is, we learn from St. Paul, in his Epiſtle to the Romans [s]: "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities: for we know "not what we ſhould pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itſelf "maketh interceſſion for us with groanings which cannot be ut-"tered. And he that ſearcheth the hearts, knoweth what is the "mind of the Spirit, becauſe he maketh interceſſion for the Saints, "according to the will of God;" from which *interceſſion* (eſpecially, I conceive, ſays that moſt learned Biſhop of our Church Dr. Pearſon [t], in his Expoſition of the Creed, p 328.) he hath the name of the Paraclete given him by Chriſt, who ſaid, "I will "pray the Father, and he ſhall give you *another Paraclete* [u]." This Advocateſhip is alſo in the very ſame Term attributed to Chriſt Jeſus. "If any man ſin," ſays St. John, παράκλητον ἔχομεν πρὸς τὸν πατέρα, "we have an Advocate with the Fa-

[q] *Our* Church Bible, of a late Oxford Edition, has no ſuch word; nor any Bible *I* have. BISSET.

[r] John xiv. 16. 26.

[s] Chap. viii. 26, 27.

[t] Dr. John Pearſon, who was ſucceſſively maſter of Jeſus and Trinity colleges in Cambridge, and alſo Margaret profeſſor of divinity in that univerſity, was conſecrated biſhop of Cheſter, Feb. 9, 1672. He enjoyed ſeveral other very conſiderable preferments in that reign, which were as much above his ambition, as they were below his merit. He was eminently read in eccleſiaſtical hiſtory and antiquity, and was a moſt exact chronologiſt. He applied himſelf to every kind of learning that he thought eſſential to his profeſſion; and was in every kind a maſter. His works are not numerous, but they are all excellent; and ſome of the leaſt of them ſhew that he was one of the completeſt divines of his age. The chief are, his "Expoſition of the Creed," in Engliſh; and his "Vindication of St. Ignatius's Epiſtles," in Latin. The former, which has gone through twelve or thirteen editions, is one of the moſt finiſhed pieces of theology in our language. It is itſelf *a body of divinity*, but not *a body without a ſpirit*. The ſtyle of it is juſt; the periods are, for the moſt part, well turned; the method is very exact; and it is in general free from thoſe errors which are too often found in theological ſyſtems. It has been tranſlated into Latin by a foreign divine. Bp. Pearſon died in his 74th year, after having entirely loſt his memory, July 16, 1686. See Granger.

[u] John xiv. 16.

"ther, Jeſus Chriſt the Righteous [w]," who (as the Author to the Hebrews) ever liveth to make *interceſſion* for us. From whence it is evident that the office of a Paraclete is in expreſs words equally attributed to both perſons of the ever-bleſſed Trinity, God the Son and God the Holy Ghoſt, *interceding* to God the Father for us; and I deſire to add this one obſervation to ſtrengthen the argument, that in both paſſages in theſe two Epiſtles the very ſame word, ἐντυγχάνειν, is made uſe of to denote the ſame identical actions in both Perſons.

Theſe now are the bleſſed Advocates the Doctor adviſes us "to "retain, to plead our cauſe in Heaven," which this ignorant Wretch miſtakes for Popery; ſo well qualified is he to cenſure *falſe* doctrine in others, or to preach *true* himſelf, that he is wholly a ſtranger to ſo fundamental an article of Chriſtianity. Had there been no other Advocates in Heaven but the Romiſh pretended ones of Saints and Angels, or had the Doctor mentioned them, there had been ſome ground or occaſion for this uncharitable and unreaſonable charge upon him of being "a "barefaced Papiſt." But, as it is impoſſible to conceive this paſſage to refer to any thing but thoſe our *real* Advocates in Heaven; ſo I leave you to judge, whether this man's groſs ignorance and implacable malice do not loudly call for, and ſtand in need of, both their interceſſions, and the Doctor's forgiveneſs. I ſhall conclude this matter, in the words of that judicious, and I had almoſt ſaid *infallible* Prelate [x] (had not the charge of Popery lain before my eyes), whoſe inimitable Treatiſe I recommend to this ignorant creature to peruſe; and, being written in Engliſh [y], it may ſerve to expel that dark cloud of errors, that benights his poor, mad, intoxicated brain.

Παράκλητος, ſays that worthy Writer, is five times uſed in Scripture, and that by St. John alone: four times in his Goſpel, attributed to the Holy Ghoſt; once in his firſt Epiſtle, ſpoken of Chriſt.

When it relates to the Holy Ghoſt, we tranſlate it always *Comforter*; when to Chriſt, we render it *Advocate*: of which di-

[w] 1 Ep. John, ii. 1.

[x] Few will think the *Vindicator* the better Proteſtant for this. BISSET.

[y] I could, I thank God, read a Greek Author before he was born, or at leaſt before he could ſpeak. BISSET.

verſity

verſity there can be no reaſon, becauſe Chriſt, who is a Paraclete, ſaid he would ſend "another Paraclete," and therefore the notion muſt be the ſame in both. And, after an elaborate proof of this matter, he concludes:

"I conceive the notion of παράκλητος, common to the Son "and to the Holy Ghoſt, to conſiſt eſpecially in the office of *in*-"*terceſſion*, which by St. Paul is attributed to both [z]."

Now this is not Popery, but what true Proteſtants have always believed. The Doctor does not bid his audience proſtrate themſelves to Images and Pictures; but, by a good life, a holy converſation, to recommend themſelves to "the bleſſed Advocates "above." Now, a good life being the propereſt recommendation, you Whigs cannot bear the thoughts of retaining ſuch Advocates. When any thing in Religion is againſt you, that you call Popery; when it is in Government, you call it Tyranny or Perſecution, and think it a ſufficient juſtification of your averſion to it.

WH. No, no, you are mightily miſtaken; we lead as good lives as the beſt of you, and love Religion and Virtue as well as you. I proteſt, I love the converſation of the Diſſenters: they are full of Scripture Stories; what they ſay is ſo edifying, and adapted to the meaneſt capacity, always tending to expreſs their moderation in religious matters, and their abhorrence of all perſecution: and beſides, there is an air of piety in the very motion and habits of their Paſtors; their looks are ſo ſerene and upright, that Religion ſeems to have taken an habitation in the countenance of each of them.

TO. If you love a Diſſenter for his Scripture ſtories, you may as well love Dutch Tiles [a], or Tapeſtry Hangings. I do not think the Bible is always to be repeated over a Tea-table, and the comfortable accounts of God's love to good men be given at Back-gammon. I do not think our ſins are to be ſighed out at Cribbage, and ejaculations thrown up at All-fours; and yet I have ſeen and heard all this done, and nevertheleſs held my opinion, that they were all Hypocrites. It is an hereditary ſhew,

[z] Expoſition of the Creed, p. 329.

[a] It had been well for Dr. Sacheverell if he had met with the ſtory of Eliſha, though in a tavern chimney. But, I ſuppoſe, the Doctor and his Champions hate a religious face, though on Tiles and Tapeſtry. BISSET.

or form of piety, and they themſelves are no more affected than I am by it; their Fathers teach them to ſigh, and turn up the white of their eyes, as Beggars do their Children to cry, only to move your paſſions, and deceive you. As to their Paſtors, I hate a religious face. When Religion, as you ſay, "has taken "an habitation in a man's countenance," it is generally Tenant for life there; I ſeldom knew it remove lower, and take a place in his heart. I proteſt, a formal religious face frights me: I clap my hands into my pockets like a Dutch Skipper, and have much ado to forbear hollowing out, "Thieves, Murder [b], Mo- "deration," and all things that I think will hurt me. Excuſe me, Neighbour; if ever I take an uncommon liberty of ſpeech, it is when theſe people are the ſubject of diſcourſe; and yet you are always crowding it in upon me. I have always eſteemed them, and have every day freſh reaſon to do it, utter and avowed Enemies to the Crown and to the Mitre. I know their principles are ſo bad, and their practices ſo nicely correſponding with them, that I cannot have a favourable thought of thoſe men who do not vigorouſly oppoſe them.

WH. Well, but why muſt they be downright perſecuted? why muſt their birth-right be taken from them? why muſt they be excluded all offices and places in the Government, which is one of your High-church *poſtulata?* "Why muſt you have all, "and they have none?" This the Doctor affirms neceſſary; and it is another charge which Mr. Biſſet brings againſt him, p. 14.

TO. If the Doctor has no more to anſwer for than this, he is the happieſt man alive; I think there is nothing more reaſonable, or more profitable, than a ſtrict conformity to that opinion. No wiſe Government in Europe, but this, ſuffers men to have a ſhare in the Legiſlature, whoſe principles are directly contrary to, and whoſe intereſt they think it is to ſubvert, the Government they live under. Why are they not content with their indulgence? When they ſued for that, their pleas all ran upon "tender, ſcrupulous conſciences;" that their only aim was, to live peaceably amongſt us, in the enjoyment of "liberty of "conſcience." We had no ſooner warmed the cold Snake with

[b] In the *firſt* edition of this Tract, it appears that, by a ſtrange miſtake, it was printed "Thieves, *Tories*, Moderation."—Hence BISSET gravely aſks, "Did ever the two laſt (indeed one is *blotted out* after it was "printed) meet together before?"

that

that Act, but it exerted its ſting, affected the aſcendant, and wanted ſuperiority and government. Of this truth we have daily inſtances. Do they not puſh at us upon all occaſions? what offices, what places, though never ſo mean and low, do they not contend for? Nothing is vacant, but your *Faction* propoſe a candidate of their own complexion, and always appear in oppoſition to the Church. Now what can the deſign of this be, but, as I hinted in another place, to ſteal by degrees into "the "ſtrong man's houſe[c]," that they may firſt bind, and then deſtroy him? would not every wiſe man ſhut his door againſt ſuch an enemy? may he not build ſuch mounds and fortreſſes, as will prevent his making any inroads into his territories? would you have us forget your darling principle, "ſelf-defence?" Our Religion indeed obliges us "to turn the other cheek to the man "that ſtrikes one of them:" but it no where forbids us to make ſuch juſtifiable proviſions as will ſecure us from his ſtriking either. We are commanded to be "as wiſe as Serpents, "and as innocent as Doves;" and from hence we derive a liberty to contrive the methods of our own preſervation: which if we ſhould not do, we ſhould not only be as *innocent*, but we ſhould be as *ſilly* as Doves; and if any of the Serpent appeared in us, it would be that which our firſt Parents learnt of him, "to be-"tray ourſelves and our Poſterity."

WH. I proteſt, you are too ſevere: ſuch men as you are enough to fire the nation. You miſrepreſent the Diſſenters exceedingly; they have no ill deſigns upon the preſent Eſtabliſhment either in Church or State: they would not willingly, I ſuppoſe, be oppreſſed by either; they readily ſubmit, provided the terms of their ſubjection be agreeable to the laws of God and the Realm.

TO. I deny that. They always diſowned any ſubjection; they affect an *equality* at leaſt with the Church. This they gave us aſſurance of, when, in the Metropolis of England, the City Sword was carried by a Fanatick to the Church in the morning, and to the Conventicle in the afternoon[d]. Believe me, this was

[c] Here is a ſpecial Son of the Church! to make it not only a Den of Thieves, but the Devil's Caſtle! BISSET.

[d] In 1698, Sir Humphry Edwyn, then lord mayor, went to a conventicle, with the *inſignia* of his office; a circumſtance which Swift has pleaſantly bantered in his "Tale of a Tub." See his Works, vol. I. p. 232. where the proceſſion is repreſented in a humourous print. This

a bold ſtroke: it ſhewed your will, and was a fair caution to the Churchmen to look about them. For theſe and other conſiderations, it is very proper and reaſonable, that the Churchmen ſhould have all the offices, and places of truſt and power; and the Diſſenters and all their mercenary abettors excluded, unleſs with ſuch and ſuch qualifications.

WH. Now that very thing Mr. Biſſet and all of us call "Po-"pery and Perſecution."

TO. I know it; but it is a lye. The Papiſts, I know, perſecute their adverſaries, and handle them with great ſeverity; but this I heartily oppoſe, and I hope in God I ſhall never be ſo wicked as to encourage it. But, my good Friend, I think there is a great deal of difference between throwing a man into a Fire, and out of an Office unleſs upon ſuch and ſuch terms; the former is murder direct, the latter juſt and reaſonable. And therefore I conclude, that Dr. Sacheverell is not guilty of the high crimes and miſdemeanors charged upon him in this Article by William Biſſet, &c.

WH. Well, pray proceed. I would fain drop anchor; I begin to deſire an end of the conference. Here is ſomething pretty notable upon your Doctor, two or three pages together; here is "pride, vain-glory, envy, hatred, malice, and uncharita-"bleneſs to his Mother," p. 15—19, charged upon him by wholeſale. Pray begin; and, "Good Lord, deliver him!"

TO. He does ſo, it is true; and that the Doctor is not guilty, is as true. The accuſation is pretty extraordinary, and is indeed a notable inſtance, that Biſſet "has no manner of grudge or "envy againſt him, which he profeſſes ſolemnly before God he "has not," p. 14. It puts me in mind of two fellows upon their neareſt approaches to boxing. "Come, Sir," ſays the perteſt of them, "there is no malice:" and next moment beats his teeth down his throat. So ſays Biſſet: "Look you, Dr. Sacheverell, "you are one of the vileſt Raſcals in nature, you are a malicious "Incendiary, you deſerve hanging, murder, and *damnation*; "and I will take care, if poſſible, that ſuch a ſcandalous High-

tranſaction probably occaſioned the proviſo in the Stat. 5 Geo. I. c. 4. which declares, That any Mayor, Bailiff, or other Magiſtrate, being preſent at any place of Public Worſhip, other than the Church of England, in the peculiar habit of his office, or attended with the enſigns thereof, ſhall, on conviction, be adjudged incapable to bear any public office or employment whatſoever.

"flying

"flying dog ſhall have his deſerts. But I have no malice or ill-"will to you: I love you dearly; and, as I hope to be ſaved at the "day of judgement, I never did, or intended you, or any man, any "ill, or wrong, *theſe laſt one and twenty years*," Pref. p. ult.

Biſſet is under great aſtoniſhment, "that the Doctor ſhould "be ſo impudent and ambitious as to take upon him, though in "a regular and academical way, the title of Doctor, and *drive* "a number of young fellows more into that extravagance. It "was a ſhame, particularly, that he ſhould do it, who was "the "ſon of a Pauper, and of a Mother in an Hoſpital;" to ſpend a "hundred pounds in that manner, did not at all become a perſon "in his circumſtances; none but Noblemen do it ſo young; *ergo*, "he is *proud, ambitious, and full of vain-glory.*"

This fellow Biſſet, you muſt know, was expelled the Univerſity before he had been in it three years [e], for his impudence to his ſuperiors; and therefore you are not to wonder if he does not underſtand affairs of this nature. If a man has gone through the ſeveral ſtudies, examinations, exerciſes, and number of years, which the Univerſity requires as neceſſary qualifications for the Doctorate; and eſpecially when they perform them with applauſe, and to the general ſatisfaction of the Univerſity, as Dr. Sacheverell did; it is not uſual to feel his *chin* for a *beard*, or look into his *mouth* for the *mark* of his age, but into the Regiſter for his Matriculation, and the performance of thoſe things which by the Statutes are of neceſſity antecedent to it. When this is done, the youngeſt man need not *bluſh* to take up the Scarlet; for it is not eſteemed pert or forward in thoſe that do it, becauſe the Univerſity values itſelf upon the *number* of Doctors. The Doctor's College eſpecially does; and the Founder has left encouragement to prompt the Fellows of Magdalen to increaſe the number annually. A *long beard* is no more eſſential to a Doctor in Oxford or Cambridge, than it was to a Philoſopher in Athens or Rome of old; and therefore Biſſet is a coxcomb and a blockhead, for objecting this againſt the Doctor, which is the conſtant practice of his College, and when ſome younger men than the Doctor were admitted to the ſame Degree. As to the extravagant expence, "one hundred pounds [f]," Biſſet is as ig-

[e] I never had the leaſt reprimand from any officer of my College, or the Univerſity; and here is my teſtimonial from the College in my fifth year (1691): "Quum antiqua ſit, &c." BISSET.

[f] I never *heard* it computed at leſs. BISSET.

norant in this as in the other part of his charge. The Doctor had taken all his other Degrees regularly, performed his Exerciſes, and ſtaid his time; which makes very great abatements in the expence, and reduces it to leſs than *half that ſum*, eſpecially if any conſiderable *number* take the Degree together. "But why did he not give his Mother the money?" ſays Biſſet. Becauſe he always provided ſo well for her, that ſhe did not want it, ſay I. The number of the Doctor's Pupils, and the income of his Fellowſhip, and a ſmall Living in the Town, enabled the Doctor to make very handſome preſents to his Mother and other Relations, and to take "the ambitious title of "Doctor," as he calls it. I believe no Son upon earth ever did give more ſignal inſtances of filial love and dear concern to a Mother and Relations, than Dr. Sacheverell has, and to my knowledge continues ſtill to do. He may ſay, with good Zaccheus, "The half of my goods I give away [g]." This he always did when his eſtate was much leſs than now it is; and I am well aſſured that, upon this late enlargement of his income, he has dedicated £ 100. *per annum* to the pious uſes we are now ſpeaking of [h]. The Doctor, in a due ſenſe of the peculiar acceptableneſs of "charity in ſecret" before God, did not without the greateſt reluctancy give me this account; and with much more did he commiſſion me to make it public. But I told him, it was one of the heavieſt charges upon him; and he could not take off the impreſſion it had made upon ſome men's minds, to the great diſadvantage of his reputation, any other way. Now this I ſpeak to you here as a certain truth, and you may publiſh it from me upon the houſe-top.

WH. I proteſt, I am ſtrangely ſtaggered in my good opinion of this fellow Biſſet. I begin to uſe him with little ceremony. In the name of God, has the man no notion of a lye? or has he any receipt to take off the malignity and ſin of it?

TO. I tell you, he is a hack, a tool, a machine, that muſt move as the *Faction* bid him; he muſt ſay as they ſay, and do as they command: or do you think that a man who was at any liberty would accuſe Dr. Sacheverell publicly, as "ambitious, proud, "vain-glorious, and extravagant," when he himſelf lies ſo open to the ſame indictment? The fellow's income at the moſt is not

g Luke xix. 8.

h If he has dedicated £ 100, to his Relations, he ought to maintain his Mother entirely. BISSET.

£ 120.

£120. *per annum* [i]. He married a woman, that I hear only increaſed his Family [k]. He immediately ſet up a Coach [l], and in a moſt ſcandalous manner ran up a ſhed againſt that part of St. Katherine's Church where the Altar is placed, and made it a Stable [m]; it gave great offence to all good people, and occaſioned much complaint: the ſmell of his Horſes annoyed the Communicants at the Holy Sacrament; it was ſo offenſive, that they ſeemed, like the Wiſe Men from the Eaſt, "to meet their "Saviour in a manger;" and yet this good man refuſed to remove the nuiſance, but ſpoke very indifferently of the reſpect due to places ſet apart for religious worſhip, and dedicated to God; and ſeemed to ridicule the people who were concerned at the great indecency of this thing. He learnt, no doubt, the practice from his old Friends in Forty-one: they had taught him to turn Churches into Stables; to defile the Temples of God, and make his worſhipers "humble indeed," and "kneel down with "the Ox and the Horſe." And I muſt add farther, that he was thus extravagant, while his Siſter was ſtarving, and ſubſiſted only by the charity of her acquaintance: he turned her out of doors into this wretched ſtate, becauſe ſhe preſumed to tell him, when ſhe found him playing the wanton with his head in a Woman's boſom, "that it was indecent and ſcandalous [n]." To be ſhort, though,

[i] My Rectory alone is conſiderably more; and ſure my Brotherhood is worth ſomething; I had ſomething allowed me for preaching thrice a week; and I had another conſiderable income, no way depending on the Church. BISSET.

[k] Implying that ſhe did not increaſe my income; which is a great falſehood. BISSET.

[l] It was above a year after I married, having then no child, nor appearance of any. I kept it only as a *leathern convenience*, being over-perſuaded, after much importunity and many refuſals, to preach at a Chapel *above two miles* from me, thrice a week; and in my turns here, being to read prayers and preach (as I conſtantly did) thrice a day; and let any one judge if I was able to *walk* ſo far and back again, after ſuch *hard* work; and to have hired conſtantly would have coſt me more than keeping a Coach, for I had two Horſes to carry me and my Wife into the country before; which my Chariot would do more compleatly. BISSET.

[m] There is a Turret with two thick walls between that and the Church; and there was before a Shed with a Copper in it for a Waſh-houſe in the ſame place. BISSET.

[n] "For your chaſtity and honeſty, I did and do believe and ſay that

though, the whim of the Coach laſted but a little while [o]; the Horſes were ſeized by the man that ſold them [p]; the Carpenter has his Stable again; and poor Biſſet walks on foot as impudent and as aukwardly as ever.

WH. Well, I do own, this is a good turn upon him; I wonder how he could lay himſelf ſo open. I have two liſts in my pocket-book, one of Knaves, the other of Fools: I believe I muſt give my Maſter Biſſet a place in both of them.

TO. We have now done with the Doctor's "pride:" let us proceed to his "envy, hatred, and malice." It ſeems, "He ſhewed "a great deal of them all, in his ſevere reflections upon Mr. "G——, a competitor with him for the Chaplainſhip of St. "Mary Overies, and Dr. Tillotſon [q], and Dr. Stillingfleet, at the "Mitre Tavern in Fenchurch-ſtreet," p. 17.

I myſelf was in company at that time. The Doctor did mention his ſeveral competitors, but not in that unbecoming manner, nor with words in the leaſt like theſe. I have no remembrance of the expreſſion, of "coming into timber;" it was agreed, that his competitors, many of them I am ſure, did over-rate their in-

"you were truly ſo. As to your maid, you was to *her* a good maſter, "and never pretended courtſhip to her, and in my very ſoul believe never "touched her lips. ELIZ. BISSET." Drawn up of my Siſter's own accord, in her own form. BISSET.

[o] I kept the old Chariot above a year and a half, till it was almoſt worn out; and when hay was near five pounds a load (three times as dear as I gave at firſt), I ſold all together again. BISSET.

[p] I had a Receipt from William Diſher, the very day I bought them, for "38*l.* 18*s.* in full for a pair of Coach-horſes, Chariot, and Harneſs;" and I ſold them again within five pounds of what I gave. BISSET.

[q] Dr. John Tillotſon, born in 1630, was educated in the principles of Puritaniſm. His firſt office in the church was the curacy of Cheſhunt in Hertfordſhire, in 1661; whence he paſſed through ſeveral preferments to the deanry of Canterbury in 1672. He was appointed clerk of the cloſet to the king in March 1689, dean of St. Paul's in December; and was conſecrated archbiſhop of Canterbury May 31, 1691. He publiſhed, in 1693, Four Sermons "on the Divinity and Incarnation of our Bleſſed Saviour," to remove the imputation of Socinianiſm, which had long been unjuſtly fixed upon him. He died Nov. 24, 1694. His Sermons have been printed in 3 folio volumes; and to the laſt edition of them, is prefixed a Life moſt accurately compiled by Dr. Birch.

tereſt, and ſpoke of it with a confidence that every body knew had no grounds. This might occaſion ſome of the little ſarcaſms[r] of converſation, which give a reliſh to it, and make it agreeable; and beſides, I know, Dr. Sacheverell had not the moſt generous treatment from his competitors and their friends; he had abundance of reaſon to think himſelf ill uſed, and might, it may be, be provoked "to mix a little Bitter with his Wine:" but as for Mr. G——, I have heard him give as handſome a character of him as poſſible; he ſpeaks of him with abundance of eſteem, and thinks the Univerſity of Cambridge do him but common juſtice in ſetting ſo great a value upon him as they do.

I do remember alſo, that ſome diſcourſe aroſe concerning the Writings of Dr. Tillotſon and Dr. Stillingfleet; and I think the greateſt part of the time we ſtaid was ſpent in ſettling the different characters of thoſe two great Divines; which, by the bye, is one proof that the Tory Clergy do not meet in their Clubs to talk Politicks, rail at their Governors, and plot againſt the Crown, as your *Faction* would inſinuate.

For converſation only, we reſolved to divide; ſome would commend, others took the contrary ſide. Now any one that has read the Writings of "thoſe eminent men" will allow, that ſome of them have "two handles;" that there is room for objections, enough at leaſt to furniſh out an innocent debate, and deceive the tediouſneſs of converſation; their moſt devout admirers muſt own, that both of them have had their *nods* and *titubations*; that Tillotſon himſelf has tript, and the great Stillingfleet has ſlumbered; the one found it very difficult to ſcreen himſelf from the ſuſpicion of Socinianiſm and ſome heterodox notions of Hell torments; and the other could not atone for his "Irenicum[s]," but

[r] *Ironiæ amaræ*, "bitter jeers," on abſent and deceaſed perſons, are the Pickles and Anchovies to give a reliſh to their Tavern Divinity Lectures; for ſometimes they preach over their Bottle. BISSET.

[s] Publiſhed in 1659, under the title of "Irenicum, or a Weapon Salve "for the Churches Wounds." This work, though it ſhewed great abilities and learning in a young man of 24, gave much offence to many of the church-party; and indeed the Author himſelf made no ſcruple afterward of condemning it. He publiſhed his "Origines Sacræ" in 1662. —After being ſucceſſively rector of St. Andrew Holborn, lecturer at the Temple, canon reſidentiary of St. Paul's, prebendary of Canterbury, and

but by his indefatigable and inimitable Writings againſt the Papiſts. His "Origines Sacræ" is one of the foremoſt of his performances; but whoever affirms, that it is not over-burthened with quotations, and that all of them can be found in the places to which the Reader is directed; whoever believes that that Book has not the failings naturally attending an *univerſal Scholar*; muſt have a mighty intereſt with learned men, to get a place in their good eſteem, and ſecure the reputation of his judgement among them.

In this manner indeed Dr. Sacheverell and all of us did give ourſelves leave to talk of thoſe great men. It is true, the Implicits amongſt us were a little ſtartled at theſe common objections, but were at laſt appeaſed to our unanimous concluding reſolution, that they were both the *greateſt* men of their age, in their *different* ways; and that the Church of England could not pay any honour to their memories, which their great ſervices and merits did not entitle them to.

WH. I think you give a fair and handſome account of this matter, and I am pleaſed to hear that the Clergy are ſo well employed when they meet together; for, I do aſſure you, I have heard you ſcurvily reflected on by ſome of our Friends, and nothing leſs than *plotting* laid to your charge in theſe meetings. Pray how did this Doctor behave himſelf in his College? Here is a ſtrange account, p. 18, of his diſreſpectful carriage to the Preſident of his College, his inſolence to the Fellows, and his turbulence in the Univerſity.

TO. The College ſent a very handſome Teſtimonial of his behaviour in Oxford, which was ready to be produced at his Trial, and did him ſervice. This I ſhall have occaſion to produce to you, when I come to clear his notions of the Revolution. In the mean time, I can tell you, I had the honour to be at the Univerſity of Oxford in the Doctor's time; his behaviour there was admired by all [t]; and he thought himſelf happieſt, who could moſt nearly reſemble him.

WH. After all, the Doctor cannot be the topping fellow you make him; if he is, he is mightily mended ſince the Biſhop of

dean of St. Paul's; he was in 1689 made biſhop of Worceſter. He died, in his 64th year, March 27, 1699. His works were collected, in 6 vols. folio, in 1710.

[t] Which I readily own, in *one* ſenſe, to be true. BISSET.

Lichfield

Lichfield and Coventry, now Worceſter [u], denied him Orders, for his ignorance and impudence. Mr. Biſſet tells us here, p. 21, that he pretended to underſtand Latin better than his Biſhop; which put his Lotdſhip upon examining him in Divinity; of which he found him ſo ignorant, that he ſent him home, and "ſet him a time of ſtudy to be better prepared."

To. It is true, the Doctor was ordained by the Biſhop you ſpeak of; and when he waited firſt upon his Lordſhip with the neceſſary Teſtimonials for that purpoſe, he was pleaſed to make ſome objections againſt the Latin of a particular ſentence or two. Dr. Sacheverell, with all imaginable ſubmiſſion, gave his Lordſhip ſome reaſons, and ſome grammatical authorities, for thinking the expreſſions proper. His Lordſhip, all the world knows, does not pretend to any perfect freedom from that impatience and ſudden reſentment which contradiction too often raiſes in a man *grown old in Learning*; and theſe were a little heightened, when he found no tokens in the Doctor of ſubmiſſion to his judgement. The Doctor thought himſelf obliged to defend the then Dean [w], who drew up the Teſtimonial; and with whom the Biſhop had had a diſpute, which at that time had made them ſtrangers. This miſunderſtanding, the Doctor did believe, was the chief occaſion of his Lordſhip's objection, and that therefore he could not in honour, and gratitude to his patron the Dean, join with him in condemning what he had drawn up for his ſervice: upon which the Doctor was diſmiſſed for that time; but there was no examination, no queſtions in Divinity put to him, and conſequently

[u] Dr. William Lloyd, ſucceſſively biſhop of St. Aſaph, of Coventry and Lichfield, and of Worceſter, was born Aug. 18, 1627; and died Aug. 30, 1717, in the 91ſt year of his age, "without loſing the uſe of his underſtand-"ing," ſays the writer of his Article in the "Biographia Britannica." From the following paſſage of Dr. Swift, however, he does not appear to have had always the entire uſe of it. "Yeſterday the old biſhop of "Worceſter, who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen, by ap-"pointment, to prove to her majeſty, out of Daniel and the Revelations, "that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of "France would be a Proteſtant, and fight on their ſide; that the Pope-"dom would be deſtroyed, &c." Journal to Stella, July 1, 1712.—Bp. Burnet tell us, "he was the moſt indefatigable in his induſtry, and the "moſt judicious in his obſervations, of any he knew, and one of the "greateſt maſters of ſtyle then living."

[w] Dr. Lancelot Addiſon; of whom, ſee the Obſervations at the end of our Third Volume.

no room for this ſcandalous ſtory of his ignorance. But when the Doctor waited upon the Biſhop a ſecond time, with Letters recommendatory from the Biſhop of Oxford [x], his Lordſhip received him with a great deal of favour: he underwent an examination publicly for three days with the reſt of the candidates for Orders; and when he had received them, and his inſtruments were delivered to him, the Biſhop diſmiſſed the Doctor with this compliment, "That he wiſhed it had been to the beſt Living in "his Dioceſe." This account I have heard confirmed by the Reverend Mr. Price, Maſter of the Free School in St. Mary Axe, who was then Amanuenſis to his Lordſhip, and an ear-witneſs of what paſſed [y]. The Biſhop retained his good opinion of the Doctor for ſome time; and there was a correſpondence between them, which the Doctor valued himſelf very much upon, till his Lordſhip thought himſelf too freely dealt with in a Book, intituled, "The Character of a Low Churchman," ſaid to be written by the Doctor; but he never yet owned it: it was printed without a Name at firſt; and this laſt Edition of it, with his Picture and Name before, was printed without his knowledge or conſent, and in his abſence from town; and therefore I ſee no obligations upon me to vindicate Dr. Sacheverell from any charge which that Book lays him open to, till I become aſſured, or know from the Doctor, that he wrote it.

One word more. He owed no Canonical obedience to the Biſhop as his Ordinary; for Cannock [z], to which he was ordained, was not under his Juriſdiction, but a Peculiar of the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield; and the Doctor did not offer himſelf to the Biſhop to be ordained by him as his Biſhop or Ordinary; but, his Lordſhip being in that neighbourhood, he thought it proper and handſome, as well as convenient for him, to receive ordination from his hands, whoſe learning he has always ſpoken of with the utmoſt veneration.

[x] Dr. John Hough, principal of Magdalen Hall. He was nominated to the ſee of Oxford in April, 1690; and tranſlated to Lichfield and Coventry in Auguſt, 1699. He refuſed Canterbury in 1715, but accepted Worceſter in Sept. 1717. He died, in his 93d year, March 8, 1743.

[y] Mr. Price was diſcarded by his Lordſhip, for reaſons he very well knows. BISSET.

[z] In Staffordſhire, at no great diſtance from Lichfield.

A man

A man muſt have a great deal of patience to enable him to perform the work I have undertaken, to rake over ſuch a dunghill of filth, to ſtay ſo long in a place where nothing is to be found but what is grievous and offenſive. Nothing but the concern I have to clear up the reputation of the Church in general, and my good Friend Dr. Sacheverell in particular, could encourage, ſupport, and carry me through ſo unpleaſant a taſk.

WH. Pray what have you to ſay to this other inſtance of his malice, "his barbarous inſults upon the death of King William; "his ſtrange ſentiments of the Revolution, and Mr. Eberal's "account under his own hand, who lives near Birmingham, "that the Doctor declared King William deſerved to be De-"witted [a], and that he hoped he ſhould live to ſee it?" This, with ſome more of his flights upon "King William's death, the "Houſe of Hanover, and his drinking the Pretender's health "ſeveral times by the name of James the Third," is, I think, the ſubſtance of the next two or three pages, and the marrow of the charge contained in them.

TO. I have the good fortune to be very often in company with Dr. Sacheverell, and at times when ſomething of this nature has been our topick. He is too much a Gentleman and a Chriſtian, to be guilty of any thing ſo directly inconſiſtent with thoſe characters. In all my converſation, I could give my oath, that I do not remember that I have ever heard him ſay any thing upon the death of that King, that deſerved thoſe hard epithets, of "outrageous, barbarous, and inſulting:" and I believe all that have heard the Doctor ſpeak upon that ſubject are of my mind; or elſe Biſſet would tell us *where*, *when*, and *with whom*, he gave this great offence. As to his opinion of "the Revolution, "the ſucceſſion in the illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover, and his "zeal againſt Popery," I have here by me the original Teſtimonial from his College, with their ſeal affixed to it, which I will read to you, and ſave myſelf the trouble of vindicating the Doctor upon this head any other way:

"Whereas our Letters Teſtimonial have been deſired by Henry "Sacheverell, Doctor of Divinity, and Fellow of St. Mary

[a] The Penſionary John De Witt and his brother Cornelius were maſſacred by the populace, Aug. 10, 1672, with circumſtances of unparalleled inhumanity. A judicious account of this tragic event is given by Mr. Hume, Hiſt. of England, vol. VII. p. 506.

"Magdalen

" Magdalen College in Oxford; we, the Preſident and Fellows " of the ſaid College, do hereby certify all perſons whom it may " concern, that the ſaid Henry Sacheverell is a perſon of a ſober " life and converſation, well-affected to the preſent Conſtitution " both in Church and State, to her Majeſty's perſon and govern- " ment, and to the Proteſtant Succeſſion as by Law eſtabliſhed; " that he hath always expreſſed a laudable zeal againſt Popery; " and hath never, in his Diſcourſes, to the beſt of our know- " ledge, manifeſted any ungrateful ſenſe of the great bleſſings, " which the Church and State, the Univerſities, and particularly " the College of which he is a Member, reaped by the late " happy Revolution. In witneſs whereof, we the ſaid Preſident " and Fellows have hereunto ſet our Common Seal, the 18th Day " of January, in the 8th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady " Queen Anne, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, " and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, *Annoque Domini* " 1709."

Now this was ready to be produced at his Trial, and intended to help forward his vindication from the high crimes and miſdemeanors contained in the Firſt Article of his Impeachment. I think I cannot add any thing to it. This is an account under the hand and ſeal of thoſe with whom he ſpent the greateſt part of his time in Oxford; and I can anſwer for him ſince he came to London, as often as I have had the happineſs of being one of his companions. This Teſtimonial alſo clears him from the charge of " inſolence to his Preſident, and great turbulence in " his College," which we were juſt now ſpeaking of.

Wh. I think it is enough: you take a great deal more pains than you need to do: and I think, though I am a Whig, and do not much love the Doctor, this Teſtimonial ought to have credit with us all, unleſs Mr. Biſſet had named the time *when*, and the place *where*, he made himſelf a criminal in this reſpect. But here is an ugly ſtory, with chapter and verſe; this of Mr. Eberal's, in which he declares, " that Dr. Sacheverell wiſhed " King William De-witted." I remember ſomething of this in a " Review [b]" formerly. Pray what is it?

To. What is it? A lie, you may depend upon it, if it comes from the Review or Biſſet! The former peſtered the Doctor

[b] Written by Daniel De Foe; of whom ſee above, p. 183.

with

with this ſtory, and charged him home, even to producing the names of thoſe perſons who, Mr. Eberal ſays, were preſent when the Doctor ſaid thoſe words. His friends began to be a little alarmed at ſo particular an account, and put him upon making his defence; which he did, by printing this Certificate, with the hands of all thoſe Gentlemen Eberal mentioned, that the whole is a moſt malicious falſehood, and that they never heard the Doctor ſay any thing like it. I will read the Certificate to you [c], for your ſatisfaction.

"Whereas, in The Review, N° CXLIV, p. 575, it is ſaid, that "Mr. Samuel Eberal, at or near Birmingham, has declared, that "he heard Dr. Henry Sacheverell ſay of the late King William, "" That he deſerved to be De-witted, and he hoped he ſhould "live to ſee it:" And whereas the ſaid Samuel Eberal has often "publicly declared, in the ſaid town of Birmingham, that the "ſaid words were ſpoken in the preſence of the Reverend Mr. "Dagget, Rector of the ſaid Town, Mr. Henry Porter, Mer-"cer, and Father-in-law to the ſaid Samuel Eberal, and Mr. "Iſaac Spooner, Ironmonger: We, whoſe names are hereunto "ſubſcribed, do teſtify and declare, that we never heard the "ſaid Dr. Henry Sacheverell uſe any ſuch expreſſion, nor "utter any words tending that way.

"Witneſs our hands, this 31 day of March, 1710.

"W. DAGGET, HEN. PORTER, ISAAC SPOONER."

Now this made even De Foe bluſh, and he forbore to perſecute the Doctor any more with this ſtory. But Biſſet will revive it; he is ſure of the truth of it, and muſt believe it. I know he has told this ſtory a thouſand times; and I believe he may think it true now, it being one of the ſad fates of Liars, "to "tell a Lie till they believe it themſelves."

The ſtory of the Doctor's drinking the Pretender's health ſeveral times is juſt as true as this. I have a Letter [d] here from Mr. Parker of Oxford, upon whom the whole ſtory is charged, that he never knew the Doctor drink that health in his life, as this Biſſet pretends; and any one that will give himſelf the trou-

[c] Let the world judge whether this certificate of *three* perſons is a balance to the poſitive oath of *one*. BISSET.

[d] If ſo, he would certainly have printed it; for it is an allowed maxim, "De non entibus, et non apparentibus, eadem eſt ratio." BISSET.

ble

ble of enquiring at Oxford or at Canterbury [e], will find this to be as villainous a report, and as ſcandalous a lie, as any in the Book. I obſerve, when your *Faction* is at a loſs for ſcandal, when your whole magazine is ſpent upon the Tories, the Pretender is your *dernier reſort*; you play him at us alltogether, and think you do our buſineſs effectually. It is my opinion, the Pretender has more *hearty* Friends among the Whigs and Diſſenters of Great Britain, than in all Europe beſides; and his attempts to land firſt in Scotland, which is ſo fully ſtocked with them, confirms me in this notion. I believe he has more court paid to him now, *ſince ſome alterations*, than he has yet ever had.

This, I think, is a fair, clear, and undoubted, teſtimony of the Doctor's innocence in all that we have been ſpeaking of. In my opinion, it is a thorough vindication of him, from that *marrow* of his charge, as you called it, contained in p. 21—23.

WH. If you go on thus, you will make this man as white as ſnow, and Mr. Biſſet as black as the Devil. For God's ſake, plead guilty to ſomething; ſure this Book of 63 pages muſt have ſome truth in it; I would fain have you knock under a little. This Book will be a terrible ſatire upon my Friends, if we can *prove* nothing in it. What ſay you to this ſtory about Sir Charles Holt? It is a ſwinger, if it be true. "The Doctor "was his Curate [f], and partly Chaplain;" and a Living being vacant in the gift of Sir Charles Holt, ſomebody recommended the Doctor to him for the ſucceſſion; but my Lady proteſted againſt him; and ſaid, "He is a ſorry wretch; he will go into "the Kitchen among the Maids, and banter the torments of Hell-"fire before them."

TO. That Sir Charles Holt had a Living in his gift void while Dr. Sacheverell was near him, is true; and that he refuſed to give it him upon the account you ſpeak of, is a lie. But, falſe as it is, I know it had obtained much, both before and at the Doctor's Trial, which put Mr. Bromley [g] upon writing to Sir Charles Holt to know the truth of it. He received an anſwer immediately, much in the Doctor's favour and commendation; and declared, that nothing but the Doctor's merit and

[e] Where Mr. Parker's brother (the regiſter of the prerogative court) was ſaid by Biſſet to have repeated this ſtory to Dr. Boyſe, a phyſician.

[f] He was Curate to Mr. Piercehouſe, the Incumbent of Aſton; not to Sir Charles, to whom he was *only* Chaplain. BISSET.

[g] William Bromley, eſq; at that time Speaker of the houſe of commons.

growing

growing parts hindered him from being preſented to that Living; he thought it would be a pity to bury ſo *promiſing* a young Gentleman in ſuch a place. This Letter is now in the hands of Mr. Bromley, and did convince even his Enemies, thoſe that wiſhed and laboured to have the ſcandal hold good and true [h]; and beſides, when the Doctor made his journey to his Living, he was very handſomely and with great reſpect entertained at Aſton near Birmingham, by Sir Charles and his Lady; which, in my opinion, ſhould convince every one that there could not be that averſion and abhorrence of the Doctor in that good family, which this wretch Biſſet would perſuade the world there is. With this Letter to juſtify the Doctor, Sir Charles was pleaſed to ſend the Certificate I juſt now mentioned, to vindicate his reputation from the aſperſion of Eberal.—What is the matter with you, Noll? I have not thrown you into agitations, have I?

WH. I do not know. I find ſtrange motions within: I believe I am in the "agonies of converſion;" for it is not without great travail and pains that a Whig is delivered of his principles. This Book has made me miſcarry; and I perceive thou art an excellent Midwife, to make the beſt of it.

TO. Pr'ythee keep yourſelf together a little longer, while I finiſh; and, my life for yours, I ſend you home a Tory. Here is the Sixth Article ſtares me in the face, and accuſes the Doctor, p. 26, of "unchriſtian imprecations, with a mixture of rage and "profaneneſs [i]." This puts me in mind of a poor Watchman, who, the other morning, very elegantly gave us to underſtand, "that it was a dark cloudy morning, with a mixture of Moon-"ſhine." I was as much at a loſs to reconcile the Watchman's mixture with common ſenſe, as I am Biſſet's. I can no more account for "a dark light morning," than I can for "unchriſtian "imprecations, mixt with rage and profaneneſs;" all imprecations are profane, and muſt have rage in them: ſo this is juſt as proper, as, "I had a good Plum-pudding to-day, with a

[h] To invalidate this narration, Mr. Biſſet has exhibited a certificate of Mr. William Whiſton, to prove a negative—The living was offered to Mr. Whiſton, who declined it—it was afterward given to Mr. Hollier—*Ergo*, Dr. Sacheverell could never have had the refuſal of it.

[i] This charge he banters with a ſtory of Moonſhine and Plum-pudding. BISSET.

"mixture

"mixture of Flour and Raiſins." Well, but not a word more of the Pudding: the Doctor not only "damns the Diſſenters, "but bids the Devil take them," p. 27. This is barbarous indeed; the Doctor not only damns the Diſſenters, but double-damns them; that is, "he wiſhes them damned, with a mixture "of damnation." But where does the Doctor do all this? Why here, p. 26, and p. 27. He does not let us know any other place; ſomebody told him ſo, he thinks; but, poor man, he has forgot it, or elſe he would certainly tell us "the initial letters" of his name; for he ſometimes does us that favour, and it is the ſtrongeſt evidence that he produces. So that here is a long ſtory, without any *mixture* of evidence or truth, which is madneſs: and, ſince Biſſet is upon his mixtures, I will give him a ſuitable motto:

"Omne magnum mendacium habet mixturam dementiæ."

Pr'ythee let him know that, when you ſee him next, and deſire him to make the beſt uſe of the advertiſement.

WH. Hang him, a dog, with a mixture of Hemp [k]! I will never ſee him again, if I can help it. Here is a ſtory in the Seventh Article, which I think every body allows to be true; that the Doctor courted a young Lady in Staffordſhire, and left her very fouly, as Biſſet ſays: I know abundance of Women who can hardly forgive him, though they love him well too. Biſſet ſets off this very paſſionately and naturally, as if he had been reading "Argalus and Parthenia [l]," or the firſt Volume of "The Atalantis [m]."

TO. No, no, you miſtake; he himſelf has ſeen a Woman under a diſtreſs of this nature; he has heard her reproaches for ſuch "foul dealing," ſeen her tears, and felt her paſſionate clingings, when he barbarouſly left her, after a courtſhip of many years, and promiſes to —

WH. Hold, I think you are in your agitations now: your paſſion makes you forget yourſelf; you ſpeak as if Biſſet had done all this to a Woman.

TO. I ſpeak truth, and plainly; which is more than he dares or can do. I ſay, William Biſſet, Eldeſt Brother of St. Kathe-

[k] Curſing is with him an allowed *peccadillo*. BISSET.

[l] A well-known romance, of amorous fame.

[m] By Mrs. Manley; of whom ſee above, p. 134.

rines, was formerly Miniſter of Iver near Colebrook; and Sarah Green of that place delighted to *hear* him, and, as he thought, to *ſee* him: upon the ſtrength of which, he became ſoon acquainted with the young Woman, her Mother, and Grandmother; and promiſed the Mother, upon her death-bed, that, if ſhe died, he would take care of Sarah. She did die; and the good man took Sarah to himſelf, brought her to London, courted her for a Wife, gave her ſuitable raiment and education, took a companion into the houſe to teach her addreſs and carriage, forced her to attend his Siſter, full ſore againſt her will, to the Conventicle, kiſſed her *daily*, courted her *nightly*, and at laſt turned her out of his houſe, placed her in a common ſervice, and cannot endure the ſight of her, but, like wicked Amnon [n], "the hatred wherewith he hateth her, is greater than the love "wherewith he has loved her [o]."

WH. If this be true, the fellow is ſurely infatuated, to lay himſelf ſo open, and give occaſion for ſuch a turn upon him: this is as bad for him as the ſtory of the Coach; but, if you have good authority for it, it does not excuſe the Doctor—I hope you do not pretend that.

TO. No, this does not excuſe the Doctor; but I ſhall do it preſently. The Doctor behaved himſelf as honourably in this amour, which, by the bye, began twelve or thirteen years ago, as any man upon earth. It commenced, and was carried on, with a mutual reſolution not to marry without the Father's conſent, which, by his civility to the Doctor at that time, they did not deſpair of obtaining: but, in due time, the Father ſhewed them their miſtake, proteſted againſt the match, and declared he would not give them a farthing, living or dying. Upon this, the Doctor was not ſo frequent in his viſits as before; but did all he could to bring the Father to conſent, by the interceſſion of ſome neighbouring Gentlemen; and, meeting with no ſucceſs, the young Lady appeared mad, but not, like Biſſet, INDEED; ſhe hoped by

[n] 2 Sam. xiii. 15.

[o] To this ſtory there needs no other anſwer but that of the rough diſputant, "Bellarmin, thou lieſt!"—Is it probable, that, while I was courting her, I ſhould let her do (for I had then no other ſervant) all the work of the houſe, as making coal-fires, &c.?—I have met with her, by a ſtrange chance, at a friend's of mine in town, where ſhe *ſigned* a certificate "that this account is utterly falſe." BISSET.

that *honeſt cheat* to obtain what ſhe found ſhe could not any other way. But the Father was ſtill obſtinate; the match broke off; the Lady returned to her ſenſes, and the Doctor to his College and ſtudies. Now this is a fair account of this whole matter: it was begun, carried on, and ended, with all the honour and fair-dealing that a man can ſhew: he ſtands acquitted now even by the neighbouring Ladies who know the ſtory; and the young Lady herſelf does not condemn him.

WH. No, how ſhould ſhe? the Woman is dead [p].

TO. Only as live as you are; nay, ſhe is more lively than ordinary now, for I hear her Father is juſt dead, and has left her to diſpoſe of herſelf, with a few tranſitory goods and chattels, which will tempt any man to take her, as *mad* and as *dead* as ſhe is [q]. I believe verily the poor young Lady muſt put it into the Papers, as Partridge [r] was forced to do, "that ſhe is alive and "well;" and that Biſſet, as well as Bickerſtaff, gives a falſer account of cruel and barbarous murders than all the Hiſtorians of Grubſtreet. What I have told you is really fact: the Woman is in her ſenſes, and in good health; the Doctor is under no cenſure, even in that country where the ſtory is known; and therefore this Fellow Biſſet is a vile ſlanderer; he ought to loſe that tongue which can tell ſuch abominable lies, and that hand which can write them.

WH. I really believed this Woman *once* as mad as Oliver's Porter [s], and now as dead as Oliver himſelf. What can be ſaid to or for ſuch a Fellow as this? He ſpreads ſtories upon *common hearſay* only, and I am afraid from the *commoneſt* people too.

TO. From this foul-dealing and murder, we come to the Eighth Article, "great immodeſty." He has heard, he ſays, ſome odd ſtories about "a Wench at Woodſtock," and S—y W—rt [t]; but he is not ſure enough of them to report them. Now the Doctor proteſts he does not know any woman in the world, whoſe name begins and ends with thoſe letters; and that, in his laſt "ſolemn progreſs [u]," as Biſſet calls it, he never called at

[p] I find I was miſinformed about the gentlewoman's death. BISSET.

[q] Why does not the Doctor renew his addreſſes? BISSET.

[r] In the Works of Dr. Swift. See hereafter, p. 263.

[s] Of whom an account has been given, vol. I. p. 217.

[t] Sally Walter.

[u] In the beginning of May, 1710, Dr. Sacheverell entered upon a triumphant

at Woodſtock. But that is nothing: he was very immodeſt at a Chriſtening in Southwark; when he aſked the good Women, "if there was not ſomebody in the company with Child? If there "is not, I forfeit my Breeches; for it is a Proverb in our coun- "try, That when a Parſon chriſtens the Child, if none of the "good Women are breeding, he forfeits his Breeches," p. 28. The Doctor does not remember that he ever ſaid this (neither would he be at all concerned if he had ſaid it); but, it ſeems, the malignity ariſes from his ſaying it "at ſo ſacred an Ordinance." Over the Font, indeed, he could not have ſaid it with innocence; but over the Ham and cold Fowls, I think, he might. You may here ſee what notions theſe four-headed Saints have of ſociety and converſation; they will not allow the Miniſter to take any ſhare, or to raiſe any part, of that innocent mirth, which Religion indulges, and which Nature requires. I remember, at Oxford, I was invited to ſupper at a Diſſenter's, upon the day when his Child was what *they call* chriſtened; the good Man in Black ſat very ſurlily pious, and gave us an account of Nicodemus, till a bowl of Punch put a period to his hiſtory. At ſupper, he eat Bacon and Fowls, and preached "regeneration," miraculouſly; every freſh bit was "new birth," and at the ſecond courſe he took occaſion to tell, us we muſt all "enter a ſecond time into our "Mother's womb." He took up a whole Fowl, which fell at once into the diſh again, and plentifully beſtowed the Sauce upon the Womens cloaths; "this," he ſaid, "naturally ſuggeſted to him "the fall of man, and the many ſpots our nature received by it." Obſerving the Women pretty buſy with their Handkerchiefs upon this occaſion, he very compoſedly told them, "they took more care "to clean the outward than the inward Woman." In ſhort, he would hardly ſuffer any of the company to eat, or ſpeak, but himſelf; we had no mirth, but the little his ill-breeding and un-ſociable temper gave us; and, being very young folks, we were forced to convince him, "that there was a time for all things," in a manner which he did not like.

I do not here pretend to juſtify or encourage any "indecent le- "vities" in Clergymen, any more than the ſtoical moroſities and miſ-timed preachments of theſe Lay Baptiſts; but only I ſay, a

triumphant progreſs, to take poſſeſſion of a living in Wales; he was magnificently entertained at Oxford by the Univerſity, and received in the other great towns he paſſed through with loud acclamations and joyful congratulations of the people upon his deliverance.

Miniſter may be "merry," as well as "angry, and ſin not." He may repeat at ſupper, after baptizing a Child, a whimſical[w] common country ſaying, without loſing "benefit of the Clergy."

WH. I think you ſhould not take notice of theſe things: they are too trifling, and cannot hurt your Doctor's reputation, if they were really true. Here is a ſtory in the Ninth Article worth your notice; it ſeems, "he got ſubſtantially drunk at Sir "J. Walter's[x] houſe in Oxfordſhire, and was laid flat under the "table, which gave occaſion for ſome of the Wags to ſay, "There lies the Pillar of the Church!" p. 29.

TO. Some of the Wags! No, ſome of the Whigs ſaid it; for the whole is a ſcandalous helliſh falſehood, and ſuch a reflection upon the honour and reputation of Sir John Walter, and ſuch a blot upon the Doctor's character, that he was reſolved to clear them both, by communicating this Letter, which he received from that very worthy and much-eſteemed Gentleman:

"REVEREND SIR,

"I HAVE read that part of the Book you mentioned, and can "by no means think it worth your anſwering, becauſe, I am "credibly informed, the perſon that wrote it is a Madman; but, "however, that part that belongs to me, I here teſtify under my "hand to be an infamous, notorious, impudent lie[y].

"Weſtminſter, Jan. 4. "J. WALTER."

Thus you ſee, Noll, to what a prodigious height of iniquity and impudence your friends can fly, with what zeal they do the works of the Devil; they ſeem as induſtrious to earn Hell, as good Chriſtians are to avoid it. I proteſt, I am afraid they will forget Chriſtianity, return to their old Barbariſm, worſhip as well as work for the Devil, pluck out their eyes in blind devotion to him, and "offer their ſons and their daughters," as well as "brethren," in ſacrifice at his altars.

[w] As if for the Parſon to be the Town Bull were but a *whimſey*. BISSET.

[x] Repreſentative in parliament for the city of Oxford, and one of the clerks comptrollers of the board of green cloth; whom Dr. Swift has repreſented as "an honeſt drunken fellow," in his Journal to Stella, Oct. 1, and 5, 1711, and Jan. 13, 1712-13.

[y] He *ſhould* have ſaid, "As to the Doctor's behaviour at my houſe, to "my certain knowledge he was not diſordered with drink." BISSET.

WH.

WH. Now you are beginning to rant: mind what you are about, and proceed to the Tenth Article.

TO. Thou canſt not endure truth. In this Tenth Article, the Doctor is charged with being a great *dab*, as the Boys ſay, for he plays on Sundays; "that he has gamed often with an in-"timate Friend of Biſſet's upon that day," p. 29. Sure it was not Sir Henry Dutton Colt, Sir James of the Peak [z], or black Wheate [a], that gave the information; no, but it was ſome "inti-"mate Friend of his." If he could really prove that the Doctor ever kept company with "an intimate of his," I am ſure we ſhould have had a Thirteenth Article, "for keeping moſt ſcan-"dalous company;" a character which, I am ſure, moſt of his "intimate friends" are open to. Well, but let us look over this leaf, and ſee where the Doctor and this intimate Friend of his did it: here is no place mentioned; his Intimate could not tell, or undoubtedly this material part of the ſecret would have been imparted to ſo near a Friend. Suppoſe I ſhould give out in print, "That an intimate Friend of mine found him in bed with one of "his Pariſhioners Wives, at Whiſton in Northamptonſhire." Would not he think himſelf horridly dealt with, if I did not tell the name of my intimate Friend, and of his "very intimate "Friend" the Woman he lay with? and would not he think all the world fools and madmen to believe it? and would not he himſelf be both, if he was troubled at it till ſuch evidence con-firmed it? If he does not mend his manners, *recant* [b], and beg pardon for his Book, I will get an intimate Friend to tell me ſuch ſtories of his life and converſation, as ſhall make his eyes ſore to read them, and his ears tingle to hear them [c].

WH. You would not ſure accuſe him of any thing that is falſe?

TO. I would prove all my ſtories as he does; I would tell the world, This I had from an "intimate friend," this from a very near relation; this I heard at a Coffee-houſe, and this Mr. A. B. told me; for he thinks two Letters will condemn a

[z] Sir James of the Peak is deſcribed by Mrs. Manley, in "The new "Atalantis," as a notorious gameſter. From his ſkill is play, he was called "Monſieur le Chevalier," by the fools he had cheated of their eſtates. His gaming on Sundays is cenſured in the Examiner, vol. I. No 46.

[a] Sir Thomas Wheate, baronet, was member for New Woodſtock.

[b] See the following Tract, p. 257.

[c] I defy him, and all his intimate Friends. BISSET.

man, as well as two Witneſſes. His Book is ſtuffed with A. B. C. D. *&c.* that it looks to me like Euclid; only with this difference, you certainly find truth and demonſtration in Euclid, but not ſo much as the appearance of it in Biſſet.

WH. Indeed, I muſt own, here is a mighty abſence of proper teſtimony; and I am afraid Mr. Biſſet is miſtaken, if he thinks his ſingle credit enough to gain the aſſent and belief of his Readers.

TO. We are come now to *eleventhly*; and I am as glad of it as his Audience when he comes to it, for he ſeldom exceeds *twelfthly* in his Sermon; and they rejoice to find that he is coming to a full ſtop. Indeed theſe *eleventhly's* and *twelfthly's*, theſe falſe ſtories and falſe Engliſh, the malice and uncharitableneſs, the impudent cant and ſolemn appeals to God to confirm a lye, put me in mind of the Diſſenting Teachers ancient and modern; they can do nothing unleſs they run twelve diviſions, nay ſome of them can arrive to *ſixteenthly* and farther. This fellow can no more accuſe than he can preach without *twelfthly*; and he makes very hard ſhift to compleat his dozen: he is ſadly put to it for his *eleventhly*; and it is a diſcovery of a vaſt ſecret, which we knew nothing of, either in city or country, till now. The Doctor, like a Knave as he is, "when a Gentle-"man offered him a very good Living in Wales, accepted it, "though he was one of the Chaplains of St. Mary Overy's in "Southwark." Why did he do this? ſays Biſſet. I remember a learned Head of a College in Cambridge, to the ſurprize of his friends, became a Prebendary of Canterbury; and, being aſked why he would take that preferment, being ſo old and ſo rich, he gravely replied, "Her Majeſty offered it me ſo kindly, that I "could not in civility refuſe it." The Doctor could not find any reaſon to refuſe it, till the Biſhop of St. Aſaph[d] hinted one, "That

[d] Dr. William Fleetwood, born in The Tower of London, Jan. 1, 1656, was educated at Eaton, and thence elected to King's College, Cambridge. He entered into holy orders about the time of the Revolution, and was very ſoon eſteemed a celebrated preacher. He was ſoon made chaplain to king William and queen Mary; was fellow of Eaton College, rector of St. Anſtin's, London, and lecturer of St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt. His curious "Eſſay on Miracles," on which Bp. Hoadly and others have animadverted, was printed in 1701. The next year he obtained from queen

"That he ought not to take it, becauſe he had never learnt "Welſh." But this reaſon fell to the ground, when the Doctor made it appear, "t hat, if he did preach in that Language, his "Pariſhioners muſt learn Welſh too."

This unaccountable creature writes himſelf "Eldeſt Brother "of St. Katherine, and Rector of Whiſton in Northampton-"ſhire." Now, you muſt know, there happens to be threeſcore miles between the Rector and the Brother*; and yet he is very angry with the Doctor, for "taking a Living at ſo great a "diſtance from Southwark." One would think by this, that Whiſton ſtood upon Little-Tower-Hill, or that Northampton-ſhire was as near St. Katharine as it is in the Title-page of his Book. "Thou Fool, firſt caſt out the beam that is in thine own "eye; then ſhalt thou ſee clearly to caſt out the mote that is in "thy brother's eye."

WH. Does not the Law allow the Clergy of England to hold two Livings?

TO. Yes, and the Goſpel too; and I defy him to ſhew where it is forbidden. And our greateſt Declaimers againſt Pluralities were, and now are, themſelves Pluraliſts; but even the loudeſt of theſe do not condemn the Doctor, becauſe, though he has two preferments, he has but "one Cure of Souls" in the eye of the Law.

WH. And, I believe, Mr. Biſſet's is the ſame caſe; and I hope he is no more to be condemned than your Doctor.

queen Anne (in oppoſition to the Houſe of Commons, who recommended their chaplain to it) a canonry of Windſor, to which he had been nominated by king William the week before his death. In 1705, he retired to the little rectory of Wenham, Bucks, to indulge a natural inclination to the ſtudy of Britiſh hiſtory and antiquities: and in 1707 an admirable ſpecimen of his ſkill appeared, in the "Chronicon Pretioſum." He was conſecrated biſhop of St. Aſaph, June 6, 1708; having been nominated by the Queen without ſolicitation, and not even knowing of his preferment till he ſaw it in the Gazette. He was tranſlated to Ely, Dec. 18, 1714; and died Aug. 4, 1723. His works were completely collected by archbiſhop Herring, who had been his chaplain, and publiſhed, with a Life of the Author, in one volume folio, in 1737.

* I have but four weeks in a quarter; when theſe are out, I have nothing to do in the Church. BISSET.

To. It is true; I would only expoſe the folly of the man, in this charge; and how ſtupid he is in making that a crime, which in its own nature is not; and urging it ſo furiouſly upon the Doctor, when, if there was any malignity in it, he himſelf is *equally* guilty.

Wh. Come, here is one Article more; and truly I do not well know what he means by it. Run over that; then ſum up your Evidence, and adjourn; for I am wonderfully deſirous to come to an anchor; thou haſt toſſed me up and down ſtrangely, and I am afraid I ſhall be loſt in the ſtorm, which I am ſure you will raiſe when you come to ſum up and enforce what you have ſaid.

To. Why, I declare, I do not know what to make of this ſame *twelfthly*. The Doctor is charged in it with "falſehoods in doc-"trine and fact," and that "he preached an old Sermon before "the Magiſtrates of London, who he thinks deſerved a new one," p. 31. The two firſt, he ſays, "the Honourable Houſe of Com-"mons proved againſt him," as you may ſee in the printed Trial; and that this was *not* very nicely done, you may ſee in the printed Trial alſo, if you look towards the middle of the Book. But, I perceive, the weight of this Twelfth Article lies chiefly in "his "preaching an old Sermon before the Magiſtracy and Companies "of London, who deſerved the honour of a new one[c]." I believe their Worſhips the Aldermen, eſpecially the ACUTE judges among them, had rather I ſhould preſent them with an "old "fine jewel," than with a *new* one which fell ſhort in luſtre and beauty. I believe the Doctor intended them the beſt he had, and took ſome time before he determined which of his Diſcourſes he ſhould preſent to them.

I fancy Biſſet, by a *new Sermon*, means a Sermon with "new "doctrine; this of the Doctor's was full of "old doctrine," which has lain in the Scriptures, the Homilies, and Articles of the Church, till it is quite out of date, and perfectly out of their mind and remembrance: this is as unwelcome to their Worſhips, as the falling of Bank-ſtock, or the New Miniſtry; they do not underſtand doctrines that appear in old ruffs. Give them thoſe that *they think* landed with the Revolution, ſuch as are young

[c] The decency of which he proves from the practice of Jockeys and Ship Carpenters. Bisset.

and

and gay, ſuch as give profit as well as pleaſure, ſuch as will make them Kings if the commonalty pleaſe, hoiſt them from Directors of the Bank to Directors of their Sovereign; theſe are the Sermons that will pleaſe their Worſhips, gain thanks for their Excellency, and ſend Gibſon [f] to notify the *egregious honour*.

WH. But pray was not this Sermon of the Doctor's "a com-"mon hack at Oxford," as Biſſet affirms, p. 31?

TO. I have indeed heard the Doctor preach upon the ſame ſubject at Oxford ſome years before he preached at St. Paul's; but two thirds of the Sermon, at leaſt, were new, and ſuited to the occaſion of the day on which he preached. Biſſet is a very happy man if he can appear always *new*, and has no occaſion to reviſe his *old ware*. I do think the Clergy have the ſame liberty in their Sermons, as the Queen has by law in her Fleet; they may build upon the *old* Keels, and keep themſelves within the Statute. A Merchant is ſatisfied with a good Ship, though he can diſcover ſome Timber in it that has been uſed before, when he finds it is not rotten, but ſound and ſtrong. The Jockey does not throw his Racer to the Dogs after he has run *one heat*. The General does not caſhier his Soldier after the firſt Battle; but intends, with Hudibras, that "he ſhall live to fight another day." And I do believe the Clergy have ſomething of this good huſbandry among them; and they are not at all to be blamed for it.

WH. I am ſatisfied, if you are. Pray have you done? I think you have ſaid enough upon this Article, and I hope our conference is at an end; for he ſays here, p. 32, "that he has done "with the Doctor;" and I am of the Judge's mind, If he has "done with his Text, I have done with *him*." I never was ſo miſtaken in any cauſe ſince I was born: I was confident that the whole was true; and that you could not ſay any more for yourſelf, than I have been able to ſay for myſelf.

TO. It is true, he does ſay here, p. 32, that he has done with our High Prieſt, meaning the Doctor: but, at the end of the Book, a Poſtſcript takes him to taſk again; a word or two about that, and ſo conclude. Here is a copy of a Letter written to the Doctor by a Non-juror, and the Doctor owns that it is *copia vera*; he received the original from an Iriſh Non-juring Dean, one of the worſt of thoſe who bear that character, among whom

[f] James Gibſon, eſq. was then Town Clerk of London.

I do

I do believe there are many very excellent men. This Dean is peeviſh, impatient, ſcurrilous, and always reviling; he has a great ſhare of the worſt wit, the *ſatirical*, and beſtows it without diſtinction upon all; *mad* that he has loſt his preferment, and *aſhamed*, though willing, to regain it by taking the Oaths. After very great ſervices to a Son of his in Magdalen College, he wrote this inſolent Letter to Dr. Sacheverell. Such is the pride of the poor man, that he calls the Doctor plain Henry Sacheverell, becauſe he directed his to the Reverend Mr. Jones, and not to the Reverend Mr. Dean Jones. He has a Son, a Demy of Magdalen College, brought in by the Doctor's intereſt when he was Dean of that Houſe. But the young Gentleman is not at all careful to obſerve the Laws and Statutes of that Society; he is ſo very remiſs, that there has been ſome motions made to cut him out of it: the Doctor interpoſed, and deſired it might not be done immediately; he would ſee what he could do towards reclaiming the young man; and, if he met with no ſucceſs, he would give his Father an account of it, and adviſe him to take his Son away privately, to avoid the ſcandal of being expelled. This latter the Doctor was forced to do: and, though he did it in the civileſt manner he could, he had this inſolent, proud, unthankful return from that Non-juror.

Wh. I have ſeen him; he is a fat ſhort man; he goes in a lay habit, with a ſhort cloak and a very diminutive neckloth; he looks like a primitive Quaker; is troubled with bad lungs, and would be inſufferably noiſy in company, if his bellows would hold to blow about all the malicious, ill-natured ribaldry he is furniſhed with.

To. You have him exactly. I hope now you will allow that the Doctor is not in the intereſt of the Non-jurors; that the Jacobites do not court him, and place their hopes in his help.

Wh. No, truly, this is pretty good evidence to the contrary; I ſhall begin to think, as you ſaid juſt now, that "they pay "their court ſomewhere elſe."

To. You may depend upon it, I am right in that notion; and I believe you will every day ſee freſh confirmations of it. I have now done; for this other Letter is trifling, and not worth our notice. As to the debt to Mr. Matthews, the Doctor never owed ſix pence to one of that name in his life. There was a controverſy of this nature between one Powel a Painter and the

Doctor: but the debt was paid; and the whole affair forgotten, except the generous part that the Doctor acted in it, which was the more remarkable becauſe he was then an Undergraduate and very young [g].

Upon the whole then, is not the Doctor to eſteem it his greateſt happineſs, that, when ſo many malicious as well as piercing eyes are upon him, when the whole herd of his enemies are ſearching into his life paſt and preſent; they can find nothing but ſuch trifles as theſe to blacken or charge him with? Poſterity, if poſſible, will have a better opinion of his character than we now have, when they find that his moſt inveterate Adverſaries are forced to have recourſe to his younger years, and arraign the Doctor in Divinity with the common and almoſt allowed [h] *peccadillo's* of the Under-graduate. Tell me the man that can undergo (pardon the expreſſion) ſuch "a day of judge-"ment," and preſerve his reputation as he has done. The Biſhop of St. Aſaph had a true ſenſe of this, and very handſomely replied to the Doctor's Patron, who aſked his Lordſhip, upon his deferring the Doctor's inſtitution, "if he had any thing to "object againſt his Morals?"—"No ſure, if any thing of that "nature could have been objected againſt Dr. Sacheverell, I ſhould "have heard of it at his Trial." His Lordſhip knew the enemy was gone out, who would certainly gather all they could meet with, and report it to the Doctor's diſadvantage. The Biſhop of Litchfield and Coventry alſo, when the Doctor appealed to him at his Trial upon the ſubject of his morals, was pleaſed to declare to many noble Lords, "That it was the Doctor's particular good "fortune at *this time*, that he could aſſure them that his life and "character at Oxford was had in great eſteem, and never, that he "knew of, ſuffered upon the account of any immoralities."

But ſuppoſe Dr. Sacheverell was really guilty of all that Biſſet charges him with, of all that your whole *Faction* can bring againſt him; how does this affect the cauſe? Is not Paſſive Obedience a Chriſtian Doctrine, becauſe the Doctor reſiſted the

[g] Let the Iriſh Dean, Mr. Ryley, and the poor Waſherwoman, &c. anſwer for themſelves, and *agree* the matter with the Doctor as well as they can. BISSET.

[h] I have read of *venial* ſins; but never before of *allowed* ones, even in the Church of Rome. BISSET.

Cook

Cook of his College, and "chaſtiſed him with a Shoulder of "Mutton, when he was fifteen years old?" Are the Diſſenters righteous, becauſe the Doctor is unrighteous? Are the Whigs innocent, becauſe he is not ſo? Is the laſt Miniſtry not to be blamed for the debts of the Navy, becauſe the Doctor owed Powel the Painter five pounds? Are the Whigs to be juſtified for inſulting their Sovereign, becauſe the Doctor was inſolent to the Preſident of his College? Is her Majeſty's Unkle [i] to be overlooked, laid aſide, and affronted, becauſe "the Doctor's "Unkle was not ſo handſomely received by him as he expected?" Are the Duke and Ducheſs of Marlborough, the Lord Sunderland, the Lord Godolphin, to be excuſed in their ingratitude and ungenerous behaviour to the Queen, becauſe the Doctor "be-"came an enemy to Mrs. Hearſt, who brought him up, and "made him what he is?"

WH. Hold, my Friend; we do not argue ſo: you make the Doctor wondrouſly conſiderable; all we hope to do, by laying open the ſins of his life, is to make ſome abatement in that *vaſt eſteem* which we ſee the people have for him.

TO. It is falſe; you do argue as I ſay, and look farther than you own: your deſign is, to depreciate the Doctor's character, leſſen his reputation, and with that the *cauſe*; he is in a great meaſure the happy inſtrument, under God and the Queen, that has given us this *new life* [k], ſtruck a damp upon Whiggiſm, and laid it in a ſtate of death. The eyes of the nation are upon him: the people love and admire him; and, while they do ſo, you can have no hopes; and therefore your whole endeavours are bent upon ſinking his intereſt, and bringing the people off from that great eſteem they have of his merit. If you can bury this in oblivion, you think it would be a good ſtep to your own *reviviſcence* [l]; and I know you will ſpare no pains, no coſt, no

[i] Laurence Hyde, earl of Rocheſter, the queen's maternal unkle. He had been appointed lord preſident of the council in September, 1710; and died May 2, 1711. See ſeveral curious particulars of this great nobleman, of the duke and ducheſs of Marlborough, and of their families, in Dr. Swift's Works, and particularly in his Letters.

[k] A *new life* he has given us, with broken heads, broken limbs, broken windows, and (this Writer hopes) broken hearts. BISSET.

[l] This new-coined, long-winded crabbed word, and *ſoporiferous*, are all that the world has got by this learned Treatiſe. BISSET.

villainy,

villainy, to effect it; and of this I have ſufficient proof. The Doctor has received two Letters from Fuller[m] in the Mint, a man renowned for his ſin, and intrigues with Daniel De Foe, in which he acquaints him of great preparations made againſt him, the good Biſhop of London[n], and other eminent Divines of

[m] This infamous man, who pretended to prove the *warming-pan* ſtory, on which ſo much ſtreſs was laid at the Revolution, was voted by the commons, Jan. 7, 1691-2, "a notorious cheat, impoſtor, and falſe accuſer." On the 23d of June, 1702, he was convicted, in Weſtminſter Hall, "for "being an impoſtor, and publiſhing falſe and ſcandalous Libels;" and was condemned to ſtand thrice in the pillory, to be ſent to Bridewell, whipt, kept to hard labour, and to be kept in priſon till he paid a fine of 1000 marks. He publiſhed two different narratives of his own life; and a third, under the title of "Mr. William Fuller's Trip to Bridewell, "with a true Account of his barbarous Uſage in the Pillory, &c. 1703." —We find him again figuring in the annals of impoſture, in 1717; when, being found guilty, Sept. 14, upon two indictments, of defrauding ſeveral perſons of ſums of money on pretence of getting them places, he was fined fifty pounds, and impriſoned two years.

[n] Dr. Henry Compton. This great Prelate oppoſed the perſecution of Dr. Sacheverell, and proteſted againſt ſeveral ſteps taken in that affair. He was the youngeſt ſon of Spencer earl of Northampton, and born in 1632. He was entered a nobleman of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1649; and, at the Reſtoration, became a cornet in a regiment of horſe. Quitting that poſt, he entered into orders, and was made canon-commoner of Chriſt Church in 1666; maſter of St. Croſs in 1667; canon of Chriſt Church May 24, 1669; biſhop of Oxford in Dec. 1674. He was tranſlated to London Dec. 18, 1675; ſworn of the privy council; and appointed tutor to the princeſſes Mary and Anne, ſucceſſively queens of England. He ſtrongly expected to be promoted to Canterbury; and was greatly diſappointed when it was given to Dr. Sancroft in 1677, but more when Dr. Tillotſon was preferred to it in 1691. He was degraded from his epiſcopal function by king James, Sept. 6, 1686; and reſtored Sept. 23, 1688. His learning was ſuperficial, but his great diligence in diſcharging his epiſcopal duties was truly exemplary. He is ſaid to have been "an humble, modeſt, generous, and good-natured man; but weak, "wilful, much in the power of others, and ſtrangely wedded to a party." He appeared in arms at Nottingham a little before the Revolution, and declared his readineſs to fight for the prince of Orange. He was a true ſon and brave champion of the church, and a moſt munificent benefactor

of the Church of England. He tells him, "That a Book was ready "for the preſs; that he himſelf was hired to tranſcribe it, a part of "which taſk he did perform; but it appeared ſo deteſtably wicked, "ſo maliciouſly falſe and ſcandalous, that he refuſed, though he "wanted bread, to go on with it." The poor man thinks himſelf near his grave, is very ill, and very penitent; and, without any hopes of reward, gave the Doctor this caution, as the only ſatisfaction he could make him for engaging in it ſo far as he had done. Some of the Doctor's friends are of opinion, that this Book of Biſſet's is the Book he mentions; but, the Doctor only being concerned in this, it muſt be another. This was intended as the fore-runner of ſome greater wickedneſs. They were to ſee how the world digeſted this, before they gave us ſtronger meat; but thanks be to God, that her Majeſty put a ſtop to it; that, by the late alterations *, ſhe broke their meaſures, and their hearts too.

WH. I will be bold to ſay, for all this, that you Tories do over-rate the Doctor's merit; even ſome of the Clergy ſpeak againſt him.

TO. I know they do, and againſt the Church too; and therefore are to be looked upon as the filth of the earth, as "ſalt that "has loſt its ſavour, and fit only to be trampled under foot." I have ſpent many an hour in getting a notion of a Whig Clergyman. I could plead a little in favour of a Lay Whig; ignorance, perſuaſion, intereſt, and great temptation, may prevail upon a Layman: but, when I ſee a man betraying a Church that gives him his bread, into the hands of thoſe men that will certainly ſtarve him when they have got it, is to me the greateſt aſtoniſhment in nature, ſomething that I ſhall never be able to reconcile: they muſt ſurely have a bribe that will keep them when the Church is loſt, or their own intereſt would make them honeſt; or elſe they muſt be Kirkmen in diſguiſe, and be reſolved to ſacrifice the Liturgy, burn the Biſhops, throw up the ceremonies, and fall in with all the enthuſiaſtic extravagance of the wildeſt Fanaticiſm. When the conſciences of theſe men are

to it. Whatever imperfection there might be in his character, he was allowed to be much a gentleman, and no leſs a Chriſtian. He died July 7, 1713, aged 81.—He publiſhed ſeveral ſmall treatiſes on religious ſubjects; and "The Life of Donna Olympia Malachini," tranſlated from the Italian.

* The total change of Miniſtry.

the

the ſubjects of my meditation, it is a vaſt ſurprize to me, that they do not remind them of oaths, covenants, and the moſt ſolemn vows, to adhere firmly to the doctrine of the Church; all which they have ſhamefully broken, and are perjured before God and man.

I obſerve thoſe of the Clergy that are moſt furiouſly bent againſt the Church, upon the principles of Whiggiſm, are thoſe that have been raiſed from the meaneſt circumſtances to a very elevated condition of life; who have riſen gradually from *cleaning* a Gown, to *wearing* one; who began Foot-boys and ended Chaplains to their Dukes, loaded with preferments, and ſwelled with dignities. Poor abject wretches! hoiſted from a Dunghill to a Cathedral, from a Cottage to the Altar, and yet have nothing *raiſed* but their income; their ſpirit continues mean and low as their parentage: theſe, like Bralesford [p], are ſcandalouſly *covetous* to pleaſe his Grace, which is "double idolatry."

When I ſee theſe men enemies to a Church that has given them eſtates which they could not have the impudence to think of in the houſes of their Fathers; I own, I have no moderation, no temper, no patience. When I ſee them cloathed in Scarlet, who were born to "embrace Dunghills [q];" without merit, without the common neceſſary abilities; by the pure redundant goodwill of Pharaoh's daughter, taken from the mire, and advanced to ſome eminence and height, and yet are always plotting againſt her, ever ſiding with her enemies, and doing contrary to her inclination, her will, her earneſt deſire, "when it is their duty "to comply with it:" I can juſtify ſome reſentment, and I have leave to expoſe them to the world; ſhame and confuſion of face, it may be, will work upon them, when nothing elſe will. Good God! will they wound the breaſt that gives them milk, and bite off the pap that reaches out nouriſhment to them? will they deſtroy a Church that feeds them, and pull down the Altar by which they live?

You wonder, I believe, to ſee me ſo earneſt; but ſure, if any time, or if any cauſe, required more zeal than ordinary, it is ſurely *this* time, it is certainly *this* cauſe. When the enemy is

[p] Humphry Bralesford, M. A. rector of Hawkſworth, and prebendary of Southall, Nottinghamſhire.

[q] His father was a Dean, which makes him as proud as if he had been a Duke. BISSET.

got

got within our walls, it is time to exert ourſelves, to ſtand up in our own defence, and to puſh back the encroaching rebels through the *breach* by which they entered. Though it is my real opinion that the Diſſenters are Schiſmaticks, that "it is ini-"quity, even their ſolemn Aſſemblies;" yet theſe men ſtand fairer in my eſteem than a Whig Clergyman: he breaks the moſt ſolemn ſacramental oaths, he betrays his truſt, he gives up the cauſe of God and the Church, knowingly, deſignedly, and with premeditation. All your cant of "tender conſciences, im-"proper time, forbearance, comprehenſion, and toleration," is chaff and froth; it is a poor thin cobweb, and will not hide this body of ſin I am ſpeaking of.

WH. For God's ſake, what do you mean by all this heat and paſſion? Thou art as hot as a Glaſs-houſe[r]; I am really *roaſted* with ſtanding ſo near you.

TO. If you remember, I promiſed you that I would *roaſt* you; and, if I had time, I would be "ſeven times hotter than I am[s]:" but I cannot at preſent proceed to the other part of this Book, in which he deſcribes "the High-church men in general;" neither do I think myſelf obliged to it, having at this time undertaken to ſtand in defence of Dr. Sacheverell's cauſe only; which, in a great meaſure, is the cauſe of the Church. What he ſays in the remainder of this Book is an infamous ſatire upon the Diſcipline, the Ceremonies, and the Liturgy, of "the Church of "England as by Law eſtabliſhed." It ſhews him an impudent apoſtate from the communion of it; a ſchiſmatical diſturber of its peace, and one of the vileſt of thoſe "falſe brethren" the Church has reaſon to complain of, and arm againſt.

I ſhall therefore leave him to the chaſtiſement of our Convocation, to whoſe conſideration and *correction* too her Majeſty has earneſtly recommended *ſuch men*, and *ſuch books*. We promiſe ourſelves, from Her Majeſty's moſt gracious Letter, and the kind aſſurances given to that Synod, of all "fitting encourage-"ment" from her royal ſelf, that they will *ſit*, and tranſact thoſe affairs which the preſent ſtate of the Church make it abſolutely neceſſary for them to do; and then this Biſſet, *little* as *he* is, and others, *great* as *they* are, will find that we have ſome power,

[r] Let me add, "as foul as a Draught-houſe." BISSET.

[s] I cannot imagine how that can poſſibly be, on this ſide Hell. BISSET.

ſome

ſome diſcipline, left in the Church ſtill; and that there are men amongſt us, who have courage to put it in execution, "deliver "over to Satan" the Apoſtate, the Heretick, the Schiſmatick; and "cut off all thoſe that trouble us[t]."

WH. I believe I ſhall never ſee any thing of that as long as I live.

TO. And if you do not *pray* and *wiſh* to ſee it, it is no matter whether you live or no; and ſo *adieu*.

N° II.

MR. BISSET'S RECANTATION[u]:

IN

A Letter to the Reverend Dr. HENRY SACHEVERELL;

Occaſioned by his reading the Doctor's Vindication, lately Publiſhed by HENRY CLEMENTS, at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard.

"Heu quam difficile eſt crimen non prodere vultu!" OVID.

"I acknowledge my Faults, and my Sin is ever before "me." Pſal. li. 3.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAVE read your "Vindication from ſeveral Aſperſions caſt "upon you in a Book" of my writing; and I muſt honeſtly confeſs to you, that it has given me the "confuſion of face" it

[t] Gal. v. 12.

[u] This is a downright forgery. It was drawn up by the ſame hands with the Doctor's Vindication, as I am aſſured by their intimate acquaintance; and my Publiſher's name put to it, the better to deceive the world: and it did ſo in great meaſure. BISSET.—At the bottom of the original title ſtood, "London printed, and *may be ſold* by A. Baldwin, "&c." as in Biſſet's title-pages.

promiſes in the ſecond page: the deteſtable picture of the Faction "has given me loathing and abhorrence, equal to the "love which I once bore to the odious Originals," p. 2. I am now convinced, that every word in my Book is falſe and ſcandalous. But I did really believe, when I wrote thoſe actions of your life, that they were undeniably true; I had many of the accounts, as well as many *encouragements* to publiſh them, from *very great men.* The authority with which I received them, the temptations I was under, the glittering proſpects I had of great preferment, and, I muſt ingenuouſly own, ſome *natural inclination* to *revile,* hurried me on irreſiſtibly to the crime which I am now lamenting; and theſe I hope alſo will in ſome meaſure extenuate the guilt, and make my way to forgiveneſs eaſy.

It would be too tedious to lay before you all the ſteps that were taken, the ſeveral conſultations and cabals, antecedent to the publication of my "Modern Fanatick." Daniel De Foe had then a Book of this nature in hand, which, I find with the utmoſt ſurprize, your Vindicator had ſome knowledge of; but that was leveled at other great men, Biſhops and Prieſts, beſides yourſelf. *Our* Party unanimouſly voted, that nothing could ſo effectually revive and advance their credit with the people, as the death and deſtruction of *yours*; and it was reſolved that I ſhould begin firſt: my name being great among the mob, for my *plain Engliſh* Sermon, they thought what I wrote would be more acceptable, and leave greater impreſſions upon them. After this, De Foe was to appear, and charge the greateſt men in the Church with no leſs than a conſtant correſpondence with the Pretender; ſome Letters, by way of vouchers, were *forged* by them, and the ableſt men in town at counterfeiting hands were actually in the ſecret. This, I can aſſure you, upon my own knowledge, was the project Fuller had a ſhare in, and advertiſed you of[w]: but you are now in no danger; our party is diſpirited beyond expreſſion, our meaſures are all broken, our deſigns all laid aſide, and poor Fuller plentifully curſed for his *conſcientious* diſcovery of a plot, which the Managers had given up ever ſince the late alterations at Court.

This is an honeſt account of the conception and birth of my Book, and what we intended ſhould ſucceed it; and it is an

[w] See above, p. 253.

unſpeakable

unſpeakable aſtoniſhment to me, that my Friends ſhould furniſh me with materials ſo eaſily to be confuted and expoſed. I muſt acknowledge, the ſtory of "your gaming on Sundays" was my own; I heartily beg pardon of God and you for it: our buſineſs was *accuſation*, and we did not think ourſelves obliged to preciſe veracity, any more than in an "Anſwer to a Bill in "Chancery," or in a Speech at an Impeachment. The reſt of the ſtories I received chiefly from Diſſenting Preachers; that of "ſmuggling the wench at Woodſtock," from Daniel Burgeſs; that of "the Breeches," from Mr. S—re; the little obſcene hint about "tickling their loins with her finger," from young R—ſ—well; and truly, I muſt confeſs, neither of us knew at that time that we were giving a *double entendre* to a very ſerious expreſſion in Iſaiah. I am obliged to your Vindicator, that he took no notice of it in his Book; I ſuppoſe his abhorrence ſo ſhocked him, that he could not engage in it.

This fair confeſſion, and honeſt acknowledgment of my ſin, I hope, will plead ſucceſsfully for me, and induce you by your Prayers to *retain* thoſe "bleſſed Advocates in Heaven" in my favour, whoſe nature and office your Vindicator has with great perſpicuity illuſtrated to me.

To this petition, Reverend Sir, I would be admitted to add my thanks for a favour received. I am extremely touched with the ſenſe of your Chriſtian charity and brotherly affection, in withholding from the Publick that account of my Life, which, your Vindicator's Letter tells me, my Enemies have put into Mr. Clements's hands. It is a noble inſtance of your generoſity, to keep that a ſecret, after I had given you ſuch provocations as would juſtify your declaring it in every ſtreet and high-way. I do aſſure you, this generous and Chriſtian act has ſo much affected me; that I have bundled up all the packets of *freſh ſcandal*, which your Enemies have ſent in to me for a ſecond Book; and, like the Sorcerers in the xix^th^ of the Acts, burnt them upon *conviction*. I do not doubt but many things will forthwith be publiſhed againſt you, under my name; but you and the world may depend upon it, they are ſpurious. I do here ſolemnly declare to you, that I will have no part in any Book or Pamphlet hereafter, that reflects upon your character and conduct, or upon the Vindicator, or the party which you eſpouſe. Therefore I beg of you to accept of this my ſubmiſſion and *recantation*, and to

look upon every thing of this nature, that is aſcribed to me, or bears my name, to be without my knowledge or conſent; and ſuffer it not to provoke you to publiſh the account aforeſaid of my life and converſation; becauſe, if you do, I am ruined, and my family muſt ſtarve.

You cannot imagine how I have been careſſed by ſome of the City Clergy of the *moderate* principle, not ſo much for *reviling you* (though that is extremely grateful), as for ridiculing the Liturgy, bantering the Ceremonies, and repreſenting the whole Church with circumſtances of contempt. I can aſſure you, I am promiſed, by ſome of them, no leſs a reward than the Living of St. Andrews Holbourn; which, I hear juſt now, and am heartily glad of it, *you* have a fairer proſpect of than any one in town [x].

I mention this court that is paid to me, and the friendſhip I receive from my ſuperiors, only as ſo many arguments to induce you to be propitious to me, and number me with thoſe of your Enemies that you forgive.

"Et quoniam ita naturâ comparati ſumus, ut cui *multum* "debeamus, illi *plurimum* debere velimus;" I muſt end with another addreſs: that you would, Sir, expreſs the continuance of your good-will to me, by interceding for me with thoſe Members of your acquaintance that ſit foremoſt in the Houſe of Convocation: it will be an unſpeakable affliction to me to be the firſt example of Church diſcipline, and have my name firſt in the regiſters of Eccleſiaſtical cenſure. Let, I pray, this Letter be communicated to them; I am very willing it ſhould be printed; for, I think, the more open the confeſſion, the more acceptable it is to God and our Governors. Alas! I am *too inconſiderable* to be *begun with*; there are higher objects of their reſentment, and ſuch as will become that auguſt Aſſembly; and ſuch as I will bear teſtimony againſt, for intriguing and caballing againſt the Church, and, let me tell you, the Queen too.

Upon the whole, Reverend Sir, I do here moſt ſolemnly aſſure you, That I will return faithfully to the buſineſs of my calling; that I will diſcharge it as I ought: I will lay aſide all Book-writing and Party; I will wear the Surplice, and read *all* the Prayers at Church; I will no more laugh and ridiculouſly

[x] And which he accordingly obtained.

cant

cant out the Litany; I will bow reverently, and not with a grin, at the name of JESUS; I will not, as formerly, diſpenſe with kneeling at the Sacrament; I will not baptize without the ſign of the Croſs, and Goſſips; I will have a longer Sermon, and a ſhorter Prayer; I will conform entirely to the Church of England, and wholly abandon the Conventicle; "I will alſo take "heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue." In a word, "I will put off the old man, with his deeds, and become "a new creature."

Reverend Sir, be pleaſed to excuſe the length of this Epiſtle; it contains the *breathings* of my ſoul, and what I could not forbear writing to you. I hope God will bleſs you, and the Government reſtore you; that God will open your heart, and the Queen your mouth; that you may again "teach the ways of "righteouſneſs unto the wicked, that ſinners may be converted "unto it;" among which, I confeſs with ſhame and confuſion of face, there is not a greater than

Your poor, penitent, and moſt affectionate brother,

St. Katherine,
Jan. 17, 1710-11. WILLIAM BISSET.

No III.

An ANSWER to a SECOND SCANDALOUS BOOK, that Mr. BISSET[y] is now writing, to be publiſhed as ſoon as poſſible.

"And underſtandeſt my thoughts long before." Pſal. cxxxix. 2.

"And to RE-CANT, is but to CANT again."
Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE, Sat. on Mr. LEE.

GENTLE READER,

I AM ſure thou art very much ſurprized at the Title-page of this Book; and I know that thou art this moment reaſoning

y Mr. Biſſet was living in 1720, and publiſhed Verſes on the Birth-day of the Queen that year. He is called "the plain Engliſh Madman," p. 187, from his "Plain Engliſh, a Sermon," and "More plain Engliſh, "in Two Sermons, for Reformation of Manners, 1704."

with thyſelf, and, with great wonderment of mind, groping for ſome rational account of my deſign. Now, methinks, I ſee you ſcratch your head, pull your under-lip, and look very ſtudious upon the matter, full of thought, "how it is poſſible for me to "anſwer a Book before it is publiſhed."

Now you muſt know, Sir, that there are *natural* and there are *moral* impoſſibilities. The latter of theſe only ſuppoſe the higheſt degree of *difficulty:* theſe by men of great enterprizing ſouls have been ſurmounted: the ſtupendous march to the glorious victory at Hockſtet every one thought *morally* impoſſible; and yet the duke of Marlborough convinced us that it could be done. Every one eſteemed it *morally* impoſſible, that that certain Curate of Salop [z] could, if he had any conſcience, ſo ſcandalouſly interpret St. Paul, and make the xiii[th] of the Romans encourage Rebellion, more than an Ordinance of the Rump Parliament, or Hoadly's "Meaſures of Obedience." Did any one think it *poſſible* for Biſſet to be ſo impudently wicked, as to charge Dr. Sacheverell with ſo many of the worſt iniquities, when in his conſcience he knew them all to be malicious and falſe; that they had no more title to belief, than he has to his Living, or Lumley Lloyd [a] to the epithet of Honourable? And yet, you ſee, theſe *moral impoſſibilities* are got over. And therefore pray, good Sir, ſtand no more aghaſt at the ſeeming *difficulty* of my undertaking. I am a mighty Friend to all great atchievements, and ſcorn to engage in any work that to vulgar minds does not ſeem to have ſomething in it of the impoſſible. My natural inclination to great deſigns and great actions will make me for ever reſpect a Reverend Divine [b], for the ſurprizing Apotheoſis of a certain Duke; nothing but the moſt exalted genius could have founded his Grace's title to Heaven

[z] Bp. Fleetwood publiſhed, in 1710, without his name, "The Thir-"teenth Chapter to the Romans, vindicated from the abuſive Senſes put "upon it. Written by a Curate of Salop, and directed to the Clergy of "that County, and the neighbouring ones of North Wales; to whom the "Author wiſheth patience, moderation, and a good underſtanding, for "half an hour." See an account of the Biſhop, above, p. 246.

[a] A perſon who claimed the title of lord Lumley in preference to the noble family who ſtill enjoy it with the earldom of Scarborough.

[b] Dr. White Kennet; ſee vol. III. p. 37.

upon

upon ſuch occult and moſt indiſputable reaſons. The world will not exceed this great work, till the man is found that can *ſquare* the Circle and take a Comet by the *tail*.

There is in me a virtuous emulation, a laudable ardour of mind, to ſignalize myſelf with theſe Heroes aforeſaid, by ſomething uncommon and unexpected; and therefore I am reſolved "to anſwer a Book which is not yet publiſhed." But, before I begin, that I may not loſe the good eſteem of righteous men, and guard againſt the malicious aſperſions of the wicked, I do declare, that I am no Conjurer; that I have no good underſtanding, no manner of commerce, with Satan upon this account; and therefore I deſire that Flamſteed[c] and Partridge[d] would neither love me as a Brother, nor hate me as a Rival. I do further ſolemnly proteſt, that I have no aſſiſtance, directly or indirectly, from the Pope; and that the Pretender has no more a hand in it than the Czar of Muſcovy; that I have nothing to do with Mahomet's Pigeons; that I have no ſort of acquaintance

[c] John Flamſteed, M. A. born Aug. 19, 1646, was appointed aſtronomer royal, March 4, 1674-5; and in 1684 was preſented to the living of Burſtow in Surrey; which were all the preferments this truly great man ever obtained: but he was honoured with the friendſhip and confidence of Newton, Halley, Molineux, Wallis, Caſſini, and other philoſophers of the firſt reputation. He died Dec. 31, 1719. His "Hiſtoria "Cœleſtis Britannica," that noble and laſting monument to his memory, was publiſhed in 3 volumes, folio, 1725; a great part of it having been printed before his death. He was alſo author of many other valuable works, and of numberleſs papers in the Philoſophical Tranſactions.

[d] John Partridge, born Jan. 18, 1644, died June 24, 1714.—As he was the butt of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, the ridiculous part of his character, or rather the ridicule that was thrown upon him, will be remembered when the reſt of his perſonal hiſtory is forgotten. When he had learned to read, *and a little to write*, he was bound apprentice to a ſhoe-maker. When he was eighteen, he procured a Lily's Grammar, a Gouldman's Dictionary, Ovid's Metamorphoſis, and a Latin Bible; and, by the help of theſe books, acquired Latin enough to read the works of aſtrological authors in that language. He next applied himſelf to the ſtudy of Greek and Hebrew; and alſo ſtudied phyſic. He was a ſhoemaker in Covent Garden in 1680; yet ſtyled himſelf "Phyſician to his "Majeſty" in 1682. He was one of the ſworn phyſicians, but never attended the court, nor received any ſalary. His epitaph, and a liſt of ſeveral of his works, are printed by Granger.

with the French Prophets; the biſhop of Worceſter[e], or any ſecond-ſighted perſon; and yet, for all this, I know that Mr. Biſſet, notwithſtanding his ſolemn promiſe to the contrary in his late Recantation[f], is now writing againſt Dr. Sacheverell and his Vindicator. This Second Book will not be ſo *big*, but it is reſolved by the Party that it ſhall be as *falſe*, as the Firſt.

In the three or four firſt pages, he excuſes himſelf to the world, for not *rejoining* ſooner; for detaining from them ſo long the pleaſure and the profit which his Writings always derive to himſelf and friends; that his affairs unhappily called him to Whiſton in Northamptonſhire, and detained him there till juſt now; and none of his Friends were ſo kind as to let him know how much his *name* was *up* in town, while he lay in *bed* in the country: but, being now returned, his Acquaintance have recounted to him all that has paſt; and, with an indignation ſuitable to the affront, he buckles himſelf to the battle, reſolves to cut down all antagoniſts, and *diſpenſe* amongſt us the *poor contents* of that blunderbuſs his head, which he does not doubt will convince the world how barbarouſly he has been abuſed in a late "Vindication of Dr. Sacheverell," and an infamous half-ſheet, intituled, his "Recantation." He declares, p. 4, with a mixture of rage and profaneneſs, that he knows nothing of that Recantation; and begs earneſtly of his friends, the Diſſenters and Whigs, "that they would not think it poſſible for him to repent; that "he is entirely as wicked as they can deſire, and does not feel "the leaſt relenting or remorſe."

A very pious declaration this, for a Clergyman convicted of the higheſt crimes, and found guilty of the blackeſt ſins! Bleſs me! what will become of a ſinner, that is aſhamed of his repentance, and *cries* at the thoughts of our believing that he *wept?* I am of opinion, that his Printer may be prevailed upon to produce the copy in his own hand-writing[g]: but I am not willing to carry matters to ſuch extremes as yet; I chuſe to defer this grand *confutation*, till he favours the Publick with his Book now under my chaſtiſement.

[e] Who pretended to be a Prophet. See above, p. 233.

[f] See the preceding Tract, p. 259.

[g] An infamous falſehood, which he well knows I can confute. BISSET.

In

In page 6 of his Book he is extremely incenſed, that, in the firſt page of the "Vindication," the Whig is called DESTRUCTION. His words are theſe: "How dares that pert Incendiary, "that raſcally ſcribbler, call a member of the noble order of the "Rump a Deſtroyer?" Poor man! he has been ſo long uſed to call men by *wrong* names, that he cannot bear to hear them called by the right.

He is grieved, p. 9, that Mr. Hoadly has met with ſuch indifferent treatment. He lays himſelf out very pathetically upon this occaſion, and declares, with ſomething little leſs than an oath, "that he deſerves more than all the Writers on this ſide "the Cape." Here, indeed, Mr. Biſſet and I ſhall ſhake hands; I think I am really of his opinion, and am ſo far from being Mr. Hoadly's enemy, that I did not care if "he had his deſerts "to-morrow."

But here enſues a terrible melancholy ſtory, p. 13. He has not ſlept a wink ſince he read the account in the "Vindication" of the late tumults; he has toſſed and rolled in his bed, like a ſhip in the Bay of Biſcay, ever ſince he found that the Diſſenters are charged with pulling down Daniel's Meeting-houſe [h]. It will do the Reader good, when his Book is publiſhed, to ſee how he foams. His words, you will find, are theſe: "In the "name of wonder, what does this inſignificant blockhead mean? "Becauſe I and a few Diſſenters were AMONG the Mob, only "to ſee what they did, to mark faces, and give our teſtimony; "does the Raſcal ſay we were IN it?"

Refined reaſoning, indeed! Barefaced Popery! True uncovered Jeſuitiſm! "AMONG the Mob, but not IN it!" I have ſeen a flock of Crows, with a mixture of Pigeons, in a field of Peaſe: theſe poor innocent Doves deſtroy more than all the Crows; and yet the Owner, when he finds them ſhot, is apt to quarrel with the next Gunner, as an unreaſonable Murtherer: "For theſe poor creatures only come out for the air; and their "curioſity leads them into the fields, and would no more deſtroy "the Peaſe which he ſows on purpoſe to feed them, than a "Diſſenter would pull down a Meeting-houſe which he knows "is built on purpoſe for him."

If this diſtinction of Mr. Biſſet's will hold good, then no Rogue taken out of any gang can be hanged. He will certainly

[h] See above, p. 191.

plead,

plead, that he was *among* the Thieves, but not *in* the Robbery. I hope that Mr. Jof. Billers will take effectual care that this man be puniſhed; who has contrived ſuch a wicked diſtinction, as, "contrary to Her Majeſty's crown and dignity," will ſave half the Robbers in Great Britain. In ſhort, this is ſo Jeſuitical, that I am perſuaded Mr. Biſſet is in the intereſt of the Pretender; and I am confident Taunton and Watſon, and the reſt of a late Jury in Guild-hall, would convict him, and give the Queen 100 *l.* damages.

In the 17th page, you will find him vindicating the reputation of divers Clergymen, who are diſtinguiſhed by the nick-names of *Anomalas* and *Heteroclites*. "By this," ſays he, "the fool has "only a mind to TELL the world that he has learnt his Greek "and Latin Grammar; and, notwithſtanding his ſhew of learning, does not know how to ſpell: for, in the "Vindication," "he ſpells *Venture*, *Venter* [i]. This man was a Son by a ſecond "*Venter*." He is extremely laviſh for a page or two, in reproaching and expoſing the ignorance of the Vindicator; but it is my humble opinion, that his own ignorance is made more manifeſt thereby. I have been with Dr. Bentley, that great *ſtar* and mighty *lumen* of the Republick of Letters [k]; and, after long ſearch into numberleſs proper Books, he does ſay, that there is one authority for it, in an old Manuſcript of Chaucer; and that he thinks it is as well one way as the other.

But pray, Reverend Sir, why all this noiſe about that word? how do you know but that the man had a mind to ſhew his Learning here too; and (which I am ſure he has authority for) clap a little Latin to his Engliſh; and intend, by *ſecond Venter*, a ſecond *Belly*; that this was a Son by a *ſecond Belly?* Now, if you look into the Dictionary, you will find, that *Venter* is Latin for a Belly; and if you aſk your Nurſe, or Sarah Green [l] of Iver, they will tell you that Sons uſually proceed from *that* part; and therefore, take it which way you will, I think the Vindicator is *rectus in curiâ*; and you are an ignorant ill-tempered Critick, to make ſo much noiſe about nothing.

A good Author certainly is the moſt unhappy creature under the ſun: he is expoſed to the world, like a fine beauty, as a thing

[i] See above, p. 202.

[k] As he ſtyles himſelf in the Preface to his Diſſertation on Phalaris.

[l] See an account of this Lady above, p. 241.

only to be gazed at and criticiſed upon: few look without envy; and all are glad to find ſome fault: the leaſt trifle is worked up to perfect uglineſs, and the moſt malicious plume and triumph upon the performance; as if one blot in either, like a little leaven, blotted the whole. Few Readers, though we always give them the compliment of "Gentle, or Chriſtian," have the civility and good nature of Horace [m],

"—ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
"Offendar maculis."

This conſideration has hitherto kept me from obliging this ill-natured prejudiced world with any of my lucubrations; and nothing could have prevailed upon me to do it now, but the novelty of this my undertaking. I am ſo vain as to think that the ſurprize of it will give the world ſo much of the agreeable, as will defend me from any forced criticiſms or ſtrained cenſures; in confidence of which, I proceed to that which will be the 20th page of Mr. Biſſet's Book. Here he begins to tell us how many good Pamphlets have been publiſhed againſt the Doctor, "particularly one by a Curate of Salop, and another by an in-"ferior Clergyman; both," he ſays, "very excellent in their "kinds; and the people ought to be convinced by them, how "deſpicable a wretch the Doctor is; it is a great ſcandal to the "Church," he ſays, "that that *clean* Writer ſhould be buried in a "poor Curacy in Salop." I have inquired into that matter, and do find that his Curacy is but ſmall; but he holds the liberty of making Quail-pipes *in commendam*, which is a very conſiderable addition to his livelihood; and the ſuperiority of this his *only* excellence has recommended him to other great advantages. The Pamphlet by an inferior Clergyman I have ſeen; and truly, I think, the Author will never deſerve any other epithet. He is *inferior* to the *loweſt* degree; and he may depend upon it he will never *riſe*, till we have another Jeroboam, who will "make "the loweſt of the people Prieſts of the High-places;" which God of his great mercy avert!

In page 28, there is a moſt horrible noiſe about "a great Fa-"ther of the Church." "It is a ſhame," he ſays, "that ſo great "a man ſhould be uſed with ſo little reſpect; that he ſhould be "charged with falſe doctrine, who is the only ſtandard of true:

[m] De Arte Poeticâ, ver. 351.

"but

" but he hopes the late puniſhment inflicted upon an impudent " highflying reviler of a Biſhop, by thoſe great examples of im- " partial Juſtice, Taunton and Watſon, and their gang, will " prevent the like for the future." He is informed, he ſays, that this " pert Scribbler of the Vindication is a young Sprig " of Divinity, one of laſt year's ſhoot of Lecturers; and he won- " ders what buſineſs ſuch little Sprigs have to laſh."

That " Vindication" is aſcribed to ſo many, that I believe no one but Dr. Sacheverell and the Printer can ſhew the man; but, if he is a *Sprig*, or a laſt year's ſhoot, no wonder, in my mind, that he becomes a *Rod*, and does laſh. This poor man is always giving ſome material evidence, that he never learned any thing at School. One would think that a pretender to Weſtminſter School, and in Buſby's time too, ſhould not wonder that " young " ſhoots and laſt year's ſprigs" *laſh*. I am ſure, I had ſuch repeated demonſtrations in that School that they would *cut*, that the very recollection gives me *ſmart*. His ignorance of theſe ſcholaſtic tools of correction confirm the truth of what I have often heard, that he was bred in ſome Fanatic Academy. In theſe, the Saints uſe no *rods*; firſt, becauſe *laſhing* the Fleſh is a piece of Popery; and becauſe any diſcovery of the poſteriors muſt be *carnal*; and particularly becauſe the Scripture obliges them " not to look backwards," by the ſtory of Lot's Wife; and exhorts them to " heal up *breaches*," but never to *unbutton* them. To this they add, the Liberty of the Subject, Tyranny, Perſecution, Arbitrary Power; and, in ſhort, that *laſhing* is directly contrary to all Revolution principles, as Mr. Lechmere[n] will at any time undertake to demonſtrate to them.

Thus you ſee, Reader, the fatality of taking Scripture in the exact letter, without any regard to the context, to the occaſion, or to the difference of *ſpelling*, though there is none in the *ſound*; which is the unhappineſs of the Diſſenters, and ſuch as has led them into many of their groſs errors, and confirmed numbers in their obſtinacy. It is a prodigious number of converts, which this averſion to *laſhing*, upon Scripture and Revolution *principles*, both which they think of equal authority, has made among our School-boys: our Youth is ſtrangely corrupted by it; and the contagion will ſpread continually, unleſs our Governors think fit to enact, that all School-maſters ſhall laſh

[n] See the Obſervations at the end of vol. III.

their Diſciples, or all in general let it alone. Such an Act I think as reaſonable and as neceſſary as that which forbids Enchantments, and captivating baits in *Pigeon-houſes*, that Pigeons may be left to an unbiaſſed choice, and every Farmer have neighbours-fare.

This, I hope, is enough to give the world a taſte of Mr. Biſſet's Second Performance. They know what they are to expect; and I humbly conceive it will be a warning to all Printers, not to be too forward in working for him. If I had time or patience, I would give you an account of ſome other parts of his *intended preſent* to the world; but I proteſt, when I am raking in his works, I envy even the *Gold-finders* of this metropolis: for they, poor Rogues! now and then meet with ſomething that is *good*: but I, poor unhappy I, have one continued *unrewarded* ſtench; am forced, without all hopes, to turn over and remove the wretched *excrement* of his head, which is worſe to me than that of his tail.

But to conclude. When Mr. Biſſet publiſhes his Book, perhaps the Reader will not find the quotations I have here made out of it; and from thence conclude, in the language of the Lord Clarendon [o], "that I am a perſon who do not think myſelf "obliged to any preciſe veracity [p]." But, good, dear, gentle, Chriſtian Reader, entertain no ſuch ſevere thought of your poor Author; but, be aſſured, they are *now* in his Manuſcript: and,

[o] Edward Hyde, born Feb. 16, 1608, was made lord chancellor in 1657; and created baron Hyde, viſcount Cornbury, and earl of Clarendon, in November, 1660. He died at Rouen, in France, Dec. 9, 1673.—His celebrated "Hiſtory of the Rebellion" is a ſtriking proof of his abilities. As Mr. Granger obſerves, "He had all that knowledge of his "ſubject, that ſtrength of head, as well as integrity of heart, which are "eſſential to a good hiſtorian. He has been, in ſome inſtances, accuſed "of partiality; but this proceeded from an amiable, perhaps an invinci-"ble, cauſe; *the warmth of his loyalty and friendſhip.* He particularly "excels in characters, which, if drawn with preciſion and elegance, are "as difficult to the *writers*, as they are agreeable to the *readers* of hiſtory. "—He paints himſelf, in drawing the portraits of others; and we every "where ſee the clear and exact comprehenſion, the uncommon learning, "the dignity and equity of the lord chancellor, in his character as a "writer."

[p] In his "Hiſtory of the Rebellion." KING.

if

if they are not found in his printed Book, depend upon it, that, in pure ſpite to me, he has left them out, only to depreciate my reputation with the Learned World, and ſink that exalted character, which ſuch a performance as this, *proprio Marte*, without the leaſt ſubterraneous aſſiſtance, muſt undoubtedly reward me with; though I know he loves his *own* Works entirely, he will blot out, ſpoil, and pull them in pieces, as the Diſſenters did their Meeting-houſes. To injure a Tory, and miſchief the Church—oh! he is of a very barbarous temper; the Dutch at Amboyna or the Spaniards in Peru were nothing to him; he often declares, "he could eat the heart of a Tory with pleaſure." I muſt own, indeed, it is the only way for a Whig to have a good honeſt heart in his belly. But, thanks be to God and the Queen, "who "have not given us over as a prey unto their teeth," our Church is eſcaped, as a Bird out of the ſnare of the Fowler; the ſnare is broken, and we are delivered.

No IV.

TWO LETTERS from honeſt TOM BOGGY, to the Rev. Mr. GODDARD, Canon of WINDSOR.

LETTER I.

Occaſioned by a Sermon (on Pſal. cxxvi, 2. 3.) preached in St. George's Chapel, dedicated to her Grace the Ducheſs of MARLBOROUGH [q].

REVEREND SIR,

WHEN I think of the great intimacy that has been between us, I wonder the Canon ſhould print any thing without conſulting honeſt Tom. It is to be conſidered, how

[q] Printed in 4to, 1710. The title of it was, "On Cenſure."—Thomas Goddard, M. A. was inſtalled in a canonry of Windſor, May 26, 1707. He was alſo rector of St. Bennet Finch, London. He publiſhed a 30th of January Sermon, in 4to, 1703; and a Sermon "on the "Mercy of God to this Church and Kingdom," 8vo, 1710; they were all re-printed in 1715, with three others, under the title of "Six Sermons "on ſeveral Occaſions," 8vo.

buſy

buſy the High-flyers are at preſent, and how ſome of them of late have been introduced into the very *preſence*, and are crept into *offices*; how ambitious the Church is grown; and, ſince they have dared to ſpeak for themſelves, how little they regard what they ſay of others, who are not of that Faction as by law eſtabliſhed.

You ſay what you pleaſe, againſt "cenſuring, judging, de-"faming, detracting, calumniating:" yet people will go on in their own way; they will not ſuffer you alone to be what you deſire, and own yourſelf to be "one that tranſgreſſes his own "rules, and exerciſes the talent he condemns in others." The world is a cenſorious world, an impertinent world, an inquiſitive world; and, if a man print a Sermon in defence of the Adminiſtration, and the queſtion be aſked, Where he had his Divinity? And if they are told, at Hinkſey [r] and at Heddington [q], at Mother Franklin's [r] and at Mother Shephard's [s], they will be apt to aſk, What ſort of Colleges theſe are? or what ſort of Profeſſors the Ladies may be? Suppoſing, I ſay, that our principles of government were laid at Rump Hall and Kidney Hall, they will cry, "Pr'ythee, Tom, what perſons of quality and diſtinction "live there?" How ſhall I look, when I tell them, they are Ale-houſes? You ſay, if ſuch things be ſo, and ſuch things be ſo, "you will be content to be called a ſlanderer." You will be content? why, they will call you what they pleaſe. You cannot think what they call honeſt Tom, who never yet did any harm to them. I own, that you are extremely happy in a Patroneſs. Such an "obliging, peaceable, condeſcending, and forgiving "temper," muſt captivate mankind. When a perſon appears ſo averſe to pride, malice, detraction, and cenſoriouſneſs; ſo "re-"ſerved as to her own intereſt," but ſo communicative and diffuſive of good to all others; who cannot but wiſh, as you do, that ſhe may "reap the fruits" of theſe good qualities? With reaſon, therefore, you value yourſelf upon "her Grace's appro-"bation," and think yourſelf ſafe under "ſuch a protection." But conſider, that her Majeſty's approbation could not protect a Sermon preached in her *own* Chapel, from the inſults of one Hoadly, who will undoubtedly come to your Canonry, when you, as you have now a very good proſpect, ſhall be advanced to a Biſhoprick.

[r] See the "Tragi-comedy of Joan of Hedington," vol. III. p. 3.

[s] Characters in the above Tragi-comedy.

Though

"Though I recommend the aptneſs of the Dedication; yet I muſt tell you, that your manner of addreſs is clumſy and awkward. You ſay, in the fifth page, that all you have ſaid ſo far is "very well known to her Grace already." Then what need had you to trouble her with it? and what a compliment is it to her Grace, to tell her, that ſhe knows as much of a Court as you do! You may remember, before you and I were two, how, one morning about ſix, a large company was invited to a chamber, by a great picture hung out of the window; and I, being aſleep, and dreaming nothing of politicks, was ſhewn for a celebrated Tiger, who was called Boggy, from whence, and for other reaſons, I had that *denomination*: ever ſince which time, I could never think that Boggy, or a Bear, could become a fit Lap-dog for a Lady.

But now to come to your Divinity; there is one point, that I am doubtful whether you may not be in the wrong, and that is, in *thinking*, or vainly *wiſhing*, that people "may be happy in the "next world, proportionably to the bleſſings that eminently diſ-"tinguiſh them in this." For you do not know what may happen yet: a perſon may chance to have this diſtinction a little eclipſed here, without being a loſer by it hereafter. And a Lady may poſſibly get in at the *ſtrait gate*, though ſhe drop her *key* in the broad way.

My dear Friend, I am always afraid, when either you or I meddle with Learning or Scripture. What does the Printer mean, by putting theſe odd characters διδάσκαλοι in the firſt line of your Sermon? are they to be read? or do they ſtand there only to fright folks? I thought it proper to ſend to honeſt Mac Buſh, who, you know, was always eſteemed to be a better Divine[t] than you or I were; and he has very kindly ſent me this anſwer:

"SIR,

How came you to ſend to me for the meaning of a Text? You know, that Chum Goddard and I never cared for meddling with controverſy, nor much with Books; we knew how to ſpend our time better than in our ſtudy. But, ſince he has printed a Greek word, and you aſk my opinion about it, why may not I turn

[t] Mr. William Buſh printed a Sermon in 1692, and another in 1693.

Critick

Critick as well as he? His Text is, James iii. 1. "My brethren, "be not many Maſters." He begins, "The word διδάσκαλοι, "which in my Text is tranſlated *Maſters*, properly ſignifies "*Teachers*; and the Apoſtle means by it, ſuch as aſſume to "themſelves a power of cenſuring and finding fault with every "thing that is not juſt according to their own notion and model "of things;" and afterwards, explaining the context, "know-"ing that we ſhall receive the greater condemnation," ſays he, p. 8, "do you not preſume to cenſure or judge one another here, "becauſe you are all reſerved to a greater judgement hereafter."

The word διδάσκαλοι, in my Lexicon, does not ſignify *Cenſurers* and *Judges*; but, in a Book that I borrowed upon this occaſion, I found διδάσκαλοι ſignifies the ſame as νομοδιδάσκαλοι, "Teachers of the Law," 1 Titus i. 7. And this Epiſtle was written to the Jews, amongſt whom Rabbi, or *Maſter*, was a title of great honour; and therefore many were forward to be Doctors and Maſters, without ability to inſtruct the people in the Law, or, perhaps ſo much as to apprehend the true ſenſe of the Text. Upon this account it is, that the Phariſees are condemned of their affectation of being called Rabbi, Rabbi: and the Diſciples are warned, not to be called Maſters, Matt. xxiii. which paſſages, as Chum ſays, give light to the Text, if he could but have ſeen it: for it is upon the ſame account that St. James adviſes the Jews he writes to, not to affect this title; becauſe it is often great arrogance in a man to ſet up for a Teacher, eſpecially before he has been a Learner; and he ſhall, as the Context has it, "receive greater condemnation." That is, not as Chum explains it; p. 8, "Do you not preſume to cenſure, and judge one "another here; &c." But do not affect to be called *Rabbi*; have a care how you pretend to ſet up for Teachers; for you will expoſe yourſelves to "great condemnation," if you teach what you do not practiſe; and to greater contempt, if you pretend to teach what you do not underſtand. This I take to be the meaning of the Text; and I leave Chum Goddard to apply it to himſelf and his preſent Diſcourſe, both as to the underſtanding and the practice. I am, yours, &c.

MAC BUSH.

But to proceed: I find, in this Sermon againſt cenſuring and defaming, you beſtow a great many ill names and reflections

upon one that I ſuppoſe to have been your Fellow Collegiate. How he was *hugged* and *careſſed*; with what *triumph* and *acclamations* he was "conducted through part of the kingdom [t]," I know not; nor allow it is a *contradiction* to the Chriſtian Religion, or an affront to the Government, that a Clergyman ſhould be well entertained in a journey taken upon his lawful occaſions: but this I dare ſay, that you have no ſuch antipathy againſt him, but that, from Banbury to Shrewſbury, you would have been glad to have dined with him.

You have got a very hard word, that you call Adminiſtration, which you very often repeat, without ſeeming to have any clear notion of it: but you join that word with *her*, with *it*, with *them*; ſo that I ſee you do not know what *gender* or *number* it is of; whether it belongs to a *perſon* or a *thing*; to *one*, to *few*, or to *many*. But, whatever it is, you need not be in ſuch a terrible *fear* about it; for it can never *ſtagger*, when it has got two ſuch ſupporters as you and Squire Bickerſtaff [u].

I have but one word more to ſay to you, my good Friend. Let us all *forgive* and *forget*; it will be beſt for us. We have all our *blind ſides*; and therefore, though other people laughed at it, and thought it a *blunder*, yet I always commended you for that Evening Prayer you uſed one morning before an auguſt Aſſembly, "Lighten our darkneſs," &c. for which prayer, I find, we have every day more and more occaſion.

Accept of this, as being, with great ſincerity, intended to do you ſervice, and ſet yourſelf right with yourſelf.

Yours entirely,

TOM BOGGY.

LETTER II.

Occaſioned by the late PANEGYRICK given Him by the REVIEW, Thurſday, July 13, 1710.

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat cenſura columbas."

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND!

THE ſame day my laſt came to your hand, there was publiſhed a Review, which recommends your Sermon to the

[t] See above, p. 242.

[u] The name aſſumed by Mr. Steele, as author of The Tatler.

publick

publick as " an excellent Diſcourſe, and well worth the peruſal " of every Chriſtian Reader."

I ſee now the force of your arguments and eloquence, when ſuch a pen as that of the Review, ſo uſed to ſatire, can be turned to a panegyrick in your favour, and a Diſſenter be brought to chime in with a Churchman.

At firſt, I could not well imagine how you and Mr. Bickerſtaff and the Review ſhould ever come to agree, when *they* are daily paſſing *cenſure* upon all the world, and *you* are at the ſame time declaiming againſt it. But I find you have qualified yourſelf for their company, by a paſſage in your Sermon which I obſerved to you in my laſt, " That you particularly exerciſe the talent " of *cenſure* yourſelf, and tranſgreſs the rules you ſet to others." So that now it may be ſaid there is a triumvirate of Cato's in Great Britain.

I find you have all three made yourſelves ſo far Privy Counſellors, as to adviſe her Majeſty how ſhe may beſt diſpoſe of her Hereditary Right. I ſhall not concern myſelf with the other two Gentlemen; but your reaſoning upon the point is eaſily anſwered: you ſay, that " a mighty zeal ſhewn for her Majeſty's " Hereditary Right caſts a reflection on the act of Settlement," Ded. p. 4. And is it not as true, that a mighty zeal for the act of Settlement caſts a reflection on her Majeſty's Hereditary Right? Perhaps you, that are raw in politicks, may ſee this argument in a clearer light when it is applied to yourſelf: no doubt but you have a good right and title to your Canonry, by your learning, eloquence, and other merits; you have likewiſe what one may call a Parliamentary Right. Now, if you had heard this laſt right ſo much inſiſted upon as I have done lately, you would have been apt to think that people ſuſpected your other titles.

In my laſt, I meddled with little more then your Dedication, and ſaid a word or two to your Text, which was more than you did. Give me leave now to go a little further, and lay before you ſome odd points in your main Diſcourſe.

I believe there is ſcarce any man of figure beſides yourſelf, in Great Britain, that would have dared, in a public Diſcourſe, to have uſed theſe words, " the ſudden and lamentable Revolution." Are *ſudden* and *lamentable*, at this time of day, fit epithets for a

Revolution? I verily believe, in my conſcience, that you meant them concerning Job: but, ſeeing there was no mention of a Revolution in *his* Hiſtory, as you call it, what occaſion was there for it in *your* Sermon? You meant it innocently, or may be meant nothing by it; but what then? If you were not under *ſuch* protection and in *ſuch* company as you are, this would have raiſed great ſuſpicions againſt you, and might with good *management* have been improved into a high crime againſt the Government.

I mention this only as an indiſcretion. Now let us ſee ſome of your ſtrong reaſoning againſt rebuking in publick. You lay it down, that "it has been ſeldom known that any good has been "done upon a guilty perſon, by publiſhing his crimes, and pro- "claiming his infirmities. Sharp and ſevere methods will rather "harden and confirm him in his wickedneſs, than reclaim him "from it," p. 14.

I am afraid, dear Friend, that, by theſe general propoſitions of yours, you ſeem to encounter all laws, both divine and human, eccleſiaſtical and civil. I own that I am not very well verſed in theſe Laws, nor yet in the Prophets; but I have heard that ſome of them, as Iſaiah, Jeremiah, Hoſea, and Jonah, in particular, were ordered to do ſomething contrary to theſe propoſitions; and to *publiſh* and *proclaim*, both to Prince and People, thoſe ſins which were like to bring down God's judgements upon them: and, as I remember, the King of Nineveh and his Nobles (who might probably be as great as ours) proclaimed a Faſt, and put on ſackcloth, and by their repentance ſaved that great city, which otherwiſe in forty days time had been brought to deſtruction.

Perhaps you may ſay, theſe Ninevites were Heathens; but the Jews did not repent becauſe the Prophet Jeremy *publiſhed* and *proclaimed* their iniquities; and were rather "hardened and "confirmed in their wickedneſs." It may be ſo; but I do not remember that, for theſe reproofs and cenſures, any ſcandal or revilings were thrown upon the Prophet Jeremy by any of the other Prophets, except the falſe ones. Therefore, allowing that people will harden their hearts, yet I do not find that the neceſſity of leaving off preaching can be inferred from that argument, unleſs, becauſe it is ſaid we muſt not "do evil that good may come "of it," you conclude from thence, that we muſt not do good leſt evil come of it.

Well!

Well! if reproof muſt not be in publick, and "throwing ge-"neral reflections will never do any particular man good," p. 15; how then muſt the proceeding be? Why we are told, that "a "private admonition will be more inſtrumental to his recovery!"

But, if wickedneſs may appear barefaced, and truth muſt come in diſguiſe, or under covert, I ſhould be deſirous to know how this may be done to the greateſt edification; though at preſent I hardly believe it practicable.

As, ſuppoſe there is a careful and ſuſpicious Uſurer in your Pariſh, and you muſt not reprove him out of the pulpit for his covetouſneſs; do you think he will let you into his Counting-houſe to do it?

If it be not ſo proper, notwithſtanding the act of parliament, to preach againſt the murder of King Charles the Firſt upon the Thirtieth of January, leſt ſome tender-hearted people ſhould take it amiſs, and think you meant to ſcandalize them, or reflect upon their principles, their anceſtors, or ſomebody elſe, and ſo you may give offence to weak brethren: do you think, if you went privately to the Calves-head Club, with a deſign to inſtruct them; that, upon the ſight of your Scarf, Circingle, and Caſſock, you would be able to gain admittance? May be *you* might, if you ſent in your name.

But, as far as I can find by theſe new rules, a Miniſter, upon the Fifth of November, ſhould let alone his Sermon, and at night take up his dark-lantern, go his rounds with the Watchmen, and appear more afraid of doing his duty than Guido Faux was of committing his treaſon.

After your general argument againſt "public cenſure," you come to your chief point, and ſhew of what ill conſequence it is when applied to great men. "When great men are reflected on, "what a diſcouragement is it to them to proceed in their labours "for the public good! what a continual trouble and vexation it "gives them!" p. 18. Yes, indeed! who knows but they may be ſo "diſcouraged in their great labours," that they will no longer be at the pains of receiving five, ten, or twenty thouſand pounds a quarter! who knows but they may be ſo *vexed* at laſt, that they will reſign their places! and "what ſhall we do then?" Woe be to that preacher that has ſo *vexed* them!

I was going on with my obſervations upon ſome other paſſages in your Diſcourſe; viz. "How far we may or may not reprove

" by conjecture, and romantically encounter faults that are no
" where but in our own brains: how ſpiteful adverſaries may
" remove perſons from the degree of favour they are in, &c."
p. 16. But I was interrupted by the Penny-poſt-man, who brought me the following verſes under cover. I will not rob you of the ſatisfaction of ſeeing how much you are honoured by an Author of this character:

" To Windſor Canon, his well-choſen Friend,
" The juſt Review does kindeſt greeting ſend.
" I've found the man by nature's gift deſign'd
" To pleaſe my ear and captivate my mind,
" By ſympathy the eager paſſions move,
" And ſtrike my ſoul with wonder and with love!
" Happy that place, where much leſs care is had
" To ſave the virtuous, than protect the bad;
" Where Paſtors muſt their ſtubborn Flock obey,
" Or that be thought a ſcandal which they ſay:
" For, ſhould a ſin, by ſome grand ſoul belov'd,
" Chance with an aukward zeal to be reprov'd,
" And tender conſcience meet the fatal curſe,
" Of hardening[w] by reproof, and growing worſe:
" When things to ſuch extremities[x] are brought,
" 'Tis not the Sinner's, but the Teacher's, fault.
" With Great Mens' wickedneſs[y], then, reſt content,
" And give them their own leiſure to repent;
" Whilſt their own head-ſtrong will alone muſt curb them,
" And nothing vex[z], or venture to diſturb them,
" Leſt they ſhould loſe their favour[a] in the court,
" And no one but themſelves be ſorry for't.
" Were I in panegyriek vers'd like you,
" I'd bring whole offerings to your merit due.
" You've gain'd the conqueſt; and I freely own,
" Diſſenters may by Churchmen be out-done.
" Though once we ſeem'd to be at ſuch a diſtance:
" Yet both concenter in Divine reſiſtance:
" Both teach what Kings muſt do when Subjects fight,
" And both diſclaim Hereditary Right.

[w] Goddard's Sermon, p. 14. [x] P. 16. [y] P. 12. 14.
[z] P. 18. [a] P. 12.

" By

" By Jove's command, two Eagles took their flight,
" One from the Eaſt, the ſource of infant light,
" The other from the Weſt, that bed of night :
" The birds of thunder both at Delphi meet,
" The centre of the world, and Wiſdom's ſeat.
" So, by a Power not decent here to name,
" To one fixt point our various notions came.
" Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windſor flew,
" Whilſt Shop and Meeting-houſe brought forth Review.
" Your brains fierce Eloquence and Logick tried,
" My humbler ſtrain choice Socks and Stockings cried ;
" Yet in our common principles we meet,
" You ſinking from the Head, I riſing from the Feet.
" Pardon a haſty Muſe, ambitious grown,
" T' extol a merit far beyond his own.
" For, though a moderate Painter can't command
" The ſtroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand :
" Yet their tranſcendent works his fancy raiſe,
" And there's ſome ſkill in knowing *what* to praiſe."

R. V. W.

July 14, 1710.

Unleſs I hear of you from the Review or Obſervator [b], I ſhall trouble you no more till you are commanded to print again.

I am,

Yours entirely,

TOM BOGGY.

[b] At that time written entirely by Ridpath, a Scotchman; of whom, ſee above, p. 183. Tutchin, who was his predeceſſor, began that work, April 1, 1702; and continued it till his death, Sept. 23, 1707, in the 44th year of his age. In ſome verſes on his death, he is called " Captain " Tutchin."

RUFINUS;

OR,

AN HISTORICAL ESSAY

ON

THE FAVOURITE MINISTRY[a].

IT is ſaid of Henry IV, of France, great grandfather to her preſent Majeſty of Great Britain, that he was *un grand Roi ſans Favori*, a great King without a *Favourite*. And a more glorious character cannot be given of a prince: for it ſuppoſes him ſufficient to act by his own *counſels*, and to controul his own *paſſions*; which Machiavel calls "the perfection of human wiſ-"dom;" and which only can anſwer that great end of government, "the impartial diſtribution of favour and juſtice."

But thoſe reigns have ever proved *unfortunate*, to ſay no worſe, where princes have implicitly reſigned themſelves into the hands of Favourites and Minions, the corrupters of government, and the evil genii of crowns.

The Greek and Roman Hiſtorians every where inform us, that they have been found *grievances* in all ages; and that theſe falſe friends have ſullied the glory of princes more than the rankeſt and moſt inveterate enemies of Monarchy. Some, we read, after being raiſed from nothing to the greateſt honours and riches, have had the brutality, in the midſt of favours, to attempt the murder of princes with their own hands [b]. Others have baniſhed them, from their glorious metropolis and the ſeat of univerſal empire, into little deſart iſlands. Others have impriſoned them in their own palaces, and produced them only now and then, to ſerve a particular turn, or, like pageants, to grace a mimic triumph. Others, after deceiving wild emperors into acts of tyranny, have had the inſolence to give them opprobrious language, for

[a] Written in 1711, and printed in 1712. It is evidently a ſevere ſatire on the Duke of Marlborough and his adherents.

[b] See "Original Papers, containing the Secret Hiſtory of Great Britain, "from the Reſtoration to the Acceſſion of the Houſe of Hanover, by "James Macpherſon, eſq." vol. I. p. 280.

offering

offering to debate with them, or for ſhewing any reluctance when they were compelled to ſign *ſanguinary* and unnatural edicts againſt their ſubjects. But of all the *Favourites* that are branded to poſterity by the Ancients, for I meddle not with modern inſtances, there is none, whoſe ſtory, ſome circumſtances conſidered, is better worth our preſent recollection than that of Rufinus.

It were indeed to be wiſhed that the Writers of his age had delivered down the tranſactions of it with more certainty: but the ſhort Eſſay I have here drawn from the moſt authentic of them, imperfect as it is, will furniſh more ſolid and uſeful reflections.

Rufinus then was a native of Gaul; but ſo mean and obſcure, that none of the Hiſtorians have been able to deduce his pedigree; and we find little mention of him till he was made Captain of the Guards to Theodoſius the Great. It is probable, his beginning in the *military ſervice* was much lower, and more ſuitable to his extraction; but by what ways and means he was advanced from them into this poſt, we are not told. Perhaps they were too *flagrant* to be named: however that be, he at laſt became premier Miniſter and ſole Favourite.

He had all the endowments and advantages Nature could give him, except that of birth. His perſon, according to Nicephorus, was tall and beautiful; his temper compoſed and ſedate; his addreſs ſmooth and affable; his converſation ſubtle and inſinuating; which fitted him wonderfully for the intrigues of a Court: for his elevation quite turned his head, and, inſtead of making a right uſe of it, by behaving himſelf with gratitude and acknowledgement to his prince, with regard and decency to his ſuperiors, he grew treacherous to the one, and inſolent to the other. He began to forget his original; to neglect his old friends; to ſwell with an opinion of his own ſufficiency; to talk loudly of his *ſervices* and *deſerts*; to flatter his ambition and avarice with unbounded proſpects; and, in the end, to entertain thoughts even of the Sovereign Power: in order to accompliſh which, he found it neceſſary to remove men of reſolution, worth, and probity, from the court, and fill their places with ſuch as were of more moderate, obſequious, and ductile principles.

The firſt attempt he made of this kind was upon Promotus, one of Theodoſius's Generals, who, a little before, had defeated

body

a body of Barbarians, and obtained a ſignal and wonderful victory, which greatly eclipſed the glory of Rufinus; which, had it been gained by him or any of his *creatures*, would have been diſtinguiſhed with *grants* and *titles*. But Promotus found very different effects from it: he was not only denied favour at court, but envied and traduced there, for having received the thanks and congratulations of the people on his return to Conſtantinople. All this merit could not defend a brave and ſucceſsful officer from the vile inſinuations and calumnies of a *jealous* Favourite. He was a man of a fiery enterprizing genius, forward in action, and fearleſs in danger; ſo far conſcious of his own ſervices, as to require juſtice, and to reſent injuries. Zozimus calls him, Ἄνδρα πλούτου μὲν κρείττονα, &c. a man above the temptation of money, who ſerved his country and his prince without mean and ſordid views.

Tatianus and Proclus, men in great poſts and of a conſiderable family, were the next eye-ſore to him; their juſt and impartial execution of their offices was a conſtant reflection on his evil adminiſtration. He therefore took care to miſrepreſent them too to the Emperor; and in a ſhort time, by his falſe accuſations and other perfidious artifices, accompliſhed their ruin, to the great detriment of the public, which loſt a Patriot in the one, and a General in the other.

But his malice was not confined to *ſingle perſons*: he knew how to *depopulate* whole cities, and was the adviſer of that inhuman and barbarous maſſacre of Theſſalonica, wherein not leſs than ſeven thouſand perſons were ſacrificed; for, to promote any deſign, mens lives were of little conſideration with him. It was on this occaſion St. Ambroſe excommunicated Theodoſius, and made him ſenſible of the enormous crime he had committed, in gratifying an unchriſtian revenge with the effuſion of ſo much blood. But Rufinus, who had been the cauſe of all, was hardened in impenitence, and inſulted the emperor's devout contrition; which provoked St. Ambroſe to rebuke him with the indignation he deſerved. This excellent and truly primitive Biſhop was not afraid of exerting his authority againſt the enemies of Religion, though never ſo great and powerful. And it is much to be lamented, that his glorious example ſhines at ſo great a diſtance as to have loſt all *influence* on many of his Succeſſors, who have acted with a nearer view to their *temporal advantages*

than

than to their *ſpiritual truſts*; and have not only given up the ceremonies and diſcipline of the Church, but, under a more extenſive charity, have proſtituted her *eſſential* and *fundamental* rights to *deſigning* Atheiſtical Stateſmen; and that too, ſometimes, in oppoſition to the pious intentions of Religious Princes. But, notwithſtanding all their *pretended meekneſs* and low ſubmiſſions to Laymen in authority, they have frequently betrayed their love of dominion over the Clergy, and, to gratify their revenge, have not ſcrupled to ſtretch their Viſitatorial Power into a more than Papal Tyranny. But what is moſt wonderful, and worthy our obſervation, is, Theodoſius all along retained a good opinion of Rufinus, and at his death appointed him Governor of his ſon Arcadius; which, as it is the greateſt blemiſh on his character, ſo it is a clear demonſtration, that no prince can be ſecure from the poiſon of ſuch vipers, when once admitted into his boſom: for Theodoſius, notwithſtanding the *detraction* of the Pagan Hiſtorians, who every where traduce Chriſtianity and the profeſſors of it, is juſtly recommended as a pattern of kingly virtues, and in moſt things deſerving the imitation of all Chriſtian princes, eſpecially in his great regard to the honour and diſcipline of the Church.

Rufinus, after the death of Theodoſius, was in reality emperor of the Eaſt, and Arcadius only nominally ſo, though a prince adorned with every virtue, of a ſoul truly royal, of an heart entirely Roman. He acted without controul, diſpoſed of all offices, put in and turned out, pardoned and puniſhed, at pleaſure. He was, in a word, poſſeſſed of unlimited power, and exerciſed it at large over the nobility and the populace, who were now both miſerably degenerated from the virtue and glory of their anceſtors. The dignity of the Patrician order was in a great meaſure extinguiſhed; the Plebeians rights and privileges were groſsly invaded; the laws of the Twelve Tables, the Magna Charta of the Romans, were no longer held ſacred, but openly and ſcandalouſly violated; the conſtitution, and even the Roman name itſelf, was in danger of being totally aboliſhed.

The *Senate*, that is, the majority of it, was become little better than a *collection*, or aſſembly, of Penſioners, Preferment-hunters, Boy-politicians, Sham-patriots, Petty-traitors, and Court-ſlaves, like the members of the preſent Parliament of France, being diveſted of their original Senatorian authority; had loſt all ſenſe

of

of juſtice, all freedom of voting, all that force of eloquence, that ſpirit of liberty, which animated the old Romans, and made them the terror of arbitrary and tyrannical power. No proceedings were too violent, no decrees too unjuſt, no proſecutions too ſanguinary, no reſolutions too abſurd, no actions, no managements, too profligate for them, when they were executing the commands of their great lord and maſter Rufinus. They were grown odious in the eyes of the people, and contemptible in the opinion of him they ſerved; whoſe policy was, firſt, to make men proſtitute their characters to his drudgery, that he might afterwards diſcard them at pleaſure, without apprehenſions of danger from their intereſts.

Tiberius had not more reaſon to laugh at the baſe compliances of the Senate in his time, when he cried out, *O homines ad ſervitutem paratos!* "O beaſts of burthen!" than Rufinus had at the ſlaviſh condeſcenſions of this. But it may be urged, in apology for the former, though Tacitus makes a very ſevere reflection upon them, *Scilicet etiam illum qui publicam libertatem nollet tam projectæ ſervientium patientiæ tædebat*, "Such abject "contented ſlaves were nauſeous, even to a Tyrant:" and Suetonius gives them no better character; *Precantem ſenatum, et præcumbentem ſibi ad genus, ambiguis reſponſis et callida cunctatione ſuſpendens*, "The Emperor vouchſafed not to anſwer the flatter-"ing addreſſes of the Senate, meanly begging and proſtrate at "his feet:" I ſay, it may be urged, in apology for the former, that what they did was in obedience to their ſovereign; whereas the latter acted in vile ſubmiſſion to their fellow-ſubject.

Nor was the Eccleſiaſtical polity leſs corrupt than the Civil: for, though the Church had at this time a St. Ambroſe, and ſome few more Fathers, both in the Eaſt and Weſt, who were champions, and ready to be martyrs, for her; yet the greater number of her Paſtors began to depart from the purity of her doctrines, to renounce her homilies, to relax her canons, to encourage all ſorts of erroneous opinions, to preach up the fierce and unchriſtian principles of rebellion, inſtead of the meek and pacific precepts of the Goſpel. It is eaſy to conceive what effect ſuch indulgences had, in an age inclinable to Hereſy and Schiſm. Men grew wanton in matters of faith; every one almoſt was for forming a *creed* of his own; which, however ridiculous and abſurd, blaſphemous and prophane, never wanted proſelytes.

The

The Free-thinkers, as they ſtyled themſelves, treated the Prieſthood with the utmoſt contempt, and denied the ſanction and efficacy of their office. They ridiculed the *myſteries* of Chriſtianity, as nothing but mere *conjuration* and *prieſtcraft*; and publiſhed, without the leaſt cenſure, their *undigeſted irreligious* Libels, ſtolen from old heretical Authors, and penned with more aſſurance than argument. The inferior revolting Clergy, in defiance of their duty and canonical obedience, reviled and maligned the orthodox Biſhops, and were openly rewarded and applauded for it; whilſt the true ſons of the Church were impeached and perſecuted, for detecting *the perils* of *theſe falſe brethren*[c], and aſſerting the cauſe of her with a fearleſs and primitive zeal. The Arians, and ſome of the more conſiderable ſects, as Socrates Scholaſticus informs us, were become preſumptuous enough to demand, not a *toleration* only, but a *public eſtabliſhment* of their worſhip, and hoped to raiſe themſelves on the ruins of the Church.

But Arcadius, leſt they ſhould have expectations of favour from the throne, took care to publiſh ſeveral edicts, ſtill extant in the codes, againſt them; and to declare to the world, that as he had been educated in the *true faith*, ſo he would firmly adhere to it, and countenance only thoſe of his own *perſuaſion*. However, Rufinus, knowing his wicked adminiſtration could not be ſupported without ſubduing the Church as well as the State, gave an inſolent proof of his power, ſuperſeded theſe promiſes, and forced the young emperor for a time to retract his royal word. He pretended, that "the Hereticks and Schiſmaticks were too "numerous, and conſequently too formidable, a body of men, to "be diſobliged in the preſent juncture of affairs; that a rigorous "enforcement of the laws would be called a perſecution; and "that a reign of *moderation* was more glorious than a reign of "juſtice."

Thus Rufinus every where interpoſed, every where prevailed; and his *ambition* for the preſent ſeemed fully ſatisfied; but his *avarice* knew no bounds. This was his predominant paſſion, which had for ſome time lain concealed, and now at length broke out like a flame pent-in. He made his power entirely ſubſervient to it: all preferments, *eccleſiaſtical*, *civil*, and *military*,

[c] Alluding to the title of Dr. Sacheverell's famous Sermon.

were

were publicly expoſed to ſale, and even the determinations of private property were bought and ſold. He had informers and evidences in conſtant pay, who were inſtructed, on occaſion, to *ſwear any thing*, to *accuſe any body*; to prove this man a Lunatick, and that an Ideot: by which means he had the lives and fortunes of all the ſubjects of the empire at his command. In a word, his whole adminiſtration was one continued act of rapine and plunder; and though it laſted but a few years, he had, by his *grants* from Arcadius, *contributions* from the Provinces, and *extortions* from the People, heaped together ſo immeaſurable a maſs of wealth, that he grew too bulky for a ſubject, and became dangerous to the Crown.

But, notwithſtanding his immoderate love of *money*, he had his extravagances, which appeared chiefly in the magnificence of his buildings: for he erected the moſt ſumptuous and ſtately fabrick in the whole empire; and ſo vaſt was the expence of it, that the world, with ſome reaſon, ſuſpected he had recourſe to the imperial coffers, whilſt works of greater importance ſtood ſtill for want of money. Hiſtorians have left us no particular deſcriptions of this houſe; only Sozomen ſays in general, that it was an immenſe and coſtly fabrick, built to perpetuate his name and family. But it happened to him, as it has ſince done to Wolſey [d] and others in England, that what he deſigned the monument of his greatneſs and glory proved one occaſion of his diſgrace and ruin.

He affected nothing more than a perpetual ſmoothneſs and affability in his outward behaviour; but underneath there lurked a perſecuting and revengeful ſoul: I may add alſo, the trial and impeachment of Lucianus, deſcribed by Zoſimus and others,

[d] Cardinal Wolſey poſſeſſed, for ſome years, all that power and grandeur which could be enjoyed by the greateſt favourite, and moſt abſolute miniſter, under an arbitrary prince. After he was created cardinal and conſtituted legate (Sept. 7, 1515), he exerciſed as abſolute a power in the church, as he did before in the ſtate. His abilities were equal to his great offices; but theſe were by no means equal to his ambition. He was the only man that ever had the aſcendant over Henry; but his friendſhip for him did not "exceed the love of women:" the violence of that paſſion was not only too ſtrong for the ties of friendſhip, but of every law human and divine. Had the cardinal not oppoſed it, he had perhaps been ſafe. He fell into diſgrace ſoon after the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn; and died, in his 60th year, Nov. 29, 1530.

black

black as any of his cruelties, though it proved fatal to himſelf; for it raiſed a general diſcontent and clamour throughout the empire, which was not, in all his ſubtlety, ever actually to be compoſed. The people of Antioch, where Lucianus reſided, had him in great eſteem and veneration; and when they found to what extremities Rufinus was proceeding, they committed ſeveral outrages, demanding juſtice, and threatening revenge. Rufinus was not a little ſurprized, to find his old friends the populace turned upon him; and, aſſuming a ſpirit of Patriotiſm, he endeavoured to appeaſe their rage, by pretending that Lucianus ſhould be uſed with tenderneſs and humanity, when at the ſame time he was actually deſigning his life. Such is the moderation, ſuch the mercy, of Politicians and Stateſmen! But Lucianus wanted not an advocate in the midſt of his ſufferings, which, to his immortal honour, when others meanly *ſhrunk*, dared undertake the cauſe of perſecuted innocence.

The riot on one hand was condemned, as no leſs a crime than *treaſon*; on the other, it was excuſed, as a juſt *remonſtrance* and a caſe of *neceſſity*: however, to paſs it over, he had now formed a deſign to marry his daughter to Arcadius. But Fortune, that had hitherto denied him nothing, forſook him here; and Stilico, by his agents at Conſtantinople, found means of recommending another lady, and engaged the emperor's affections before Rufinus had the leaſt ſuſpicion of it.

After this, his power began viſibly to decline: the people freely arraigned his *miſmanagements*, expoſed his *corruptions*, and called aloud for *reſtitution* and *juſtice*. Some uttered bold ſpeeches in public aſſemblies; others wrote invectives againſt him; and even his own ſlaves defended him with leſs zeal and vigour than uſual.

Stilico was too wiſe and vigilant a Stateſman, not to improve this opportunity to the beſt advantage. He was of a more extended genius, and better ſkilled in fineſſes, the ſtratagems and myſteries of a deep and intricate policy, than Rufinus himſelf: he was the man in the world moſt capable of turning his own weapons upon him, and making the means of his advancement the inſtrument of his ruin; which he the more eaſily effected by the aſſiſtance of the Lady who by his intereſt had been ſo highly preferred, and who now reigned abſolute in the heart of Arcadius. She employed her whole influence in favour of him;

and

and was abundantly convinced, that her own happineſs, as well as his, depended entirely on the ſuppreſſion of Rufinus and his family: he could expect nothing but revenge and blood from a diſgraced and *ſupplanted* Stateſman; nor ſhe any thing leſs from a female *diſappointed* Rival. Such enemies were not to be appeaſed, but deſtroyed.

All this while Rufinus obſerved their motions with a ſtrict and watchful eye: he was ſo conſcious of his own guilt, ſo jealous in his nature, that he apprehended every thing from a *Party* which was now coming into full power and authority: a *Party*, though hitherto ſmaller in number than his own, yet always more conſiderable in eſteem, being compoſed of men of the firſt rank, the largeſt properties, and the greateſt abilities; whom no motives could induce to acquieſce tamely under the grievances and calamities of their country, who could not without horror reflect on the conſequences of an endangered Church, a ſubverted conſtitution, an exhauſted treaſury, and a *perpetual* war; who preſerved the principles of religion, honour, and loyalty, in the worſt of times, even under his moſt *deteſtable Miniſtry*.

But he was not more mortified with the apprehenſions of his own ruin, than with the thoughts of Stilico's grandeur and reputation; and reſolved, if poſſible, not to part from his power, without giving ſome concuſſion to the ſtate, which he conceived would moſt naturally be effected by calling in Foreign Powers; and therefore made a ſecret league and ſtrict alliance with the Goths, Huns, and Alans. But his chief dependance was on Alaric the Goth, a prince and hero of great renown, who had commanded the Confederate Barbarians inhabiting the Banks of the Danube, in that memorable victory obtained near the Julian Alps over the uſurpers of the Weſtern Empire on the death of Valentinian. It was this Alaric who afterwards diſtinguiſhed his military virtues by many ſucceſsful triumphs in Italy, and whom the Hiſtorians have tranſmitted down to poſterity as a more than ſecond Hannibal, in conquering and demoliſhing Rome itſelf.

Matters thus ſettled abroad, he wanted not inſtruments enough at home, ready to do their part in any hardy and deſperate enterprize. Of theſe Antiochus was the chief; one more able to diſturb and annoy, than to direct and govern; and ſo naturally bent

bent on ſedition and miſchief, that he is called Πονηρίας ὄργανον, "the engine of iniquity." Rufinus had for ever engaged him to his intereſt, by making him Proconſul, or what we now call Lord Lieutenant, of Greece; where he ravaged and plundered all before him. There were many, particularly Gerontius, whom he had alſo obliged, by putting under his care the Streights of Thermopylæ, which, lying on the Gulph of Ziton, gave him the command of the ſea. Gerontius was a man of leſs abilities than Antiochus, but equally zealous to promote all pernicious and treaſonable practices.

This *attempt* not only rouzed Stilico's indignation, who had conſtant intelligence of the moſt minute ſprings and progreſſes of it; but, with good reaſon, gave great offence to thoſe who had any regards to the *common ſafety*. And what a deplorable circumſtance is a nation in, when its chief Miniſters fly to Foreigners on every approach of danger; betray their truſts, barter away the conſtitution of their country, and, in defiance of their natural prince, enter into raſh and rebellious treaties!

Here I may, without much digreſſion, obſerve, that, where Foreigners have been too freely admitted into any ſettled government, they have ſeldom failed to alter the manners and religion of the people, and the nature and frame of the conſtitution; which is the greater argument againſt *general* naturalizations, when we conſider that the ſcum and dregs, the vagabonds and beggars of other countries generally take the benefit of ſuch laws. Methods that are proper to advance a ſtate in its beginning and infancy are often pernicious to it in its full growth and perfection. Rome owed its riſe to the admiſſion of the Sabines, and its ruin to the admiſſion of the Goths.

But Rufinus was now tranſported with the hopes he entertained of ſupplanting Stilico, and dreamed of nothing leſs than a crown: for he was not content to oppoſe him only, but, according to the uſual *gratitude* of Favourites, he had of late endeavoured to leſſen Arcadius in the opinion of his people; to repreſent him as a poor weak prince, unqualified for the buſineſs of empire; and, by ſcattering vaſt ſums of money, had drawn ſome brave troops and perſons of diſtinction into his Faction, who were to join Alaric, depoſe Arcadius, and proclaim him emperor: the conſequence of which was to be, a military go-

vernment, the conſtant ſupport of uſurpation, and one of the greateſt calamities a kingdom can labour under.

Thus the condition of princes is more unhappy than that of private men. Their high ſtation renders them incapable of receiving the returns of friendſhip, or of knowing the hearts of thoſe that profeſs it to them. Their power of doing good and conferring benefits excites *ambition* and *envy*, where it ſhould produce *duty* and *gratitude*. Nor are we to account for this, upon the vile notions Hobbes and his admirers have of human nature in general; but rather to impute it to the particular misfortune of kings in the choice of their Favourites, or to the corruptions that are too often contracted in Court-education.

But to return to Rufinus. After he had projected this black treaſon againſt the beſt of maſters and moſt indulgent of princes, he was infatuated into a ſecurity of ſucceſs; inſomuch, that he had actually prepared the donative, the purple, and all the enſigns of majeſty, for his inveſtiture.

But Gaines, a celebrated general, and a friend to Stilico, reſolved to prevent the ruin of his country, by the deſtruction of Rufinus; and he accordingly accompliſhed it, on the very day that he had intended to dethrone and murder Arcadius.

After the ſoldiers, who were his willing executioners, had killed him, there was no vile or contemptuous treatment wanting, to inſult his dead body. His head was fixed on the point of a lance, and his mangled carcaſe lay expoſed in the ſtreets to the fury of the multitude. A common ſoldier cut off his right-hand; and had ſo contrived it, that, by drawing the ſinews which moved the fingers, he could make it graſp any thing at pleaſure. With this hand he uſed to receive bribes; he went about begging alms, and crying at every door, Δότε τῷ ἀπλήστῳ, "Remember a poor inſatiable wretch." The people, pleaſed with any thing that ridiculed and expoſed the memory of Rufinus, applauded the fellow for his ingenuity, and beſtowed their mock-charity upon him.

Such was the end of this *mighty* Favourite: and it may be of inſtruction to others, that covetouſneſs can never amaſs riches ſufficient, nor policy form alliances ſtrong enough, to ſecure them at laſt from the reſentments of an injured and oppreſſed nation: they may ſee the fatal effects of ambition and avarice, and the natural inſtability of *new* and *ſudden* greatneſs; they

may

may learn, that the favours of good princes are not longer to be relied on by their miniſters, than they give ſatisfaction and do juſtice to their ſubjects.

Arcadius, after he came to reflect fully on the iniquity of Rufinus's actions, expreſſed an utter deteſtation of his memory, attainted his blood, ſeized his houſe, and confiſcated his eſtate: but he permitted his Wife and Daughter, objects below his royal vengeance, to ſteal into ſanctuary; where with difficulty they were preſerved from the rage of the people, to whom they had made themſelves obnoxious and hateful, by their exceſſive covetouſneſs, pride, and inſolence.

Now Stilico directed the councils of the Eaſtern and Weſtern empire without a rival; and ſhewed the good diſpoſition of his Miniſtry, by endeavouring to compoſe wars and tumults, and to reſtore peace and happineſs to the Romans.

From this ſingle inſtance, it would be eaſy to demonſtrate, that a Favourite Miniſtry is fundamentally deſtructive of good government, and equally pernicious to the Prince and to the People: to the Prince, in that it endangers his crown, diveſts him of his ſovereignty, betrays him into a neglect of his beſt friends, gives a low idea of his abilities, begets a contempt of his perſon; and, in a word, makes him the tool Tacitus deſcribes Claudius Cæſar, *Princeps cui non judicium non odium eſt, niſi inditum ac juſſum*, "a prince that is neither allowed the uſe of his "reaſon nor the freedom of his paſſions, but is taught even to "*love* and *hate*:" to the People, in that it ſhuts up all acceſs to the throne, deſtroys their fundamental rights, delivers them over to the tyranny of their fellow-ſubjects, renders the whole adminiſtration partial, and conſequently unjuſt and oppreſſive.

Conſtantine the Great was ſo convinced of theſe truths, and ſo ſkilled in the policies of government, that, upon the firſt murmurs and remonſtrances of the people againſt his Miniſters and Favourites, for their inſatiable avarice and miſapplication of the public money, he iſſued out the following *edict*, which Baronius calls *Sanctio ſanctiſſima, digna ſane quæ ad velum cujuſque principis præ foribus affigatur, cum ſæpe contingat bonos principes aulicorum, miniſtrorum, et magiſtratuum perperam geſtis rebus enormiter infamaria*; "a moſt righteous law, and worthy to be "engraven on the gates of all royal palaces; for it too often "happens, that the beſt princes ſuffer grievouſly in their cha-

" racter by the mal-adminiſtration of their courtiers, miniſters, " and magiſtrates."

" To all our Subjects throughout the Provinces.

" If there be any perſon, of what place, condition, or quality " ſoever, that can truly and fully prove any of our Judges, " Generals, Favourites, or Courtiers, guilty of undue and cor- " rupt practices in the execution of their reſpective truſts; let " him with all freedom and ſecurity approach the throne, and " appeal to us. We ourſelves will hear and take care of all; " and, if the facts be proved, will do ourſelves juſtice. Let him " accuſe them with all freedom and ſecurity; for, as we ſaid, if " he make good his allegations, we will not fail to do ourſelves " juſtice on the man that ſhall be found to have impoſed on us " with ſpecious but deceitful counſels. And, for his encourage- " ment that ſhall make ſuch diſcovery, we will amply reward " him with honours and riches. So may the divine Providence " ever protect our royal perſon, and make us happy in the " flouriſhing condition of the empire!"

Here, the prerogative of the Prince, and the liberty of the Subject, which ſome Republican ſchemes make incompatible, are vindicated in the ſame breath; and, no doubt, when righly underſtood, they will be owned to be the beſt guardian of each other. Prerogative, if it were not bounded by Liberty, would be apt to grow into Tyranny; and Liberty, if it were not reſtrained by Prerogative, would as naturally run into Anarchy. *Intrepidus et ſecurus accedat, interpellat me, ipſe audiam omnia*, expreſſes a very tender ſenſe of the *ſalus populi*, and is what a ſubject will only aſk of his prince. *Ipſe me vindicabo de eo, qui me uſque ad hoc tempus ſimulatâ integritate deceperit*, is the voice of majeſty, and what a prince ought to ſay and do, in aſſertion of himſelf and his ſacred authority.

When this edict was publiſhed, the Romans were in no very free ſtate; and yet we ſee what ample ſatisfaction they received from an abſolute and unlimited prince. Nor did he think it any diminution of his ſovereignty, to deliver up his chief Favourites to the juſt complaints of his people: for they could not, with all their ſubtlety and influence, impoſe upon him, " that " an inquiry into public miſmanagements was affrontive to " Majeſty."

"Majeſty." On the contrary, he knew ſuch doctrines were advanced by thoſe only who meant their own ſecurity more than his ſervice, and who would make princes accountable for the actions of their miniſters; which is a ſtate of bondage inconſiſtent with the principles and nature of Monarchy.

Now, whether this law is a pattern for ſucceeding ages, leſs abſolute than Conſtantine; whether, when their Favourites become perfidious and inſolent, when their Judges give falſe and illegal judgements, when their Treaſurers ſquander and miſapply the public money, when their Viceroys plunder the Provinces they ſhould protect, when their Generals for mean and ſordid ends protract bloody and expenſive wars; whether, in ſuch circumſtances, Mercy ſhould not prevail over Juſtice, is, with deference, ſubmitted to thoſe whoſe duty and buſineſs it is to aſſiſt Princes with their counſels, and to redreſs National grievances.

But to diſcuſs the topicks above named at large would require a volume; and that is not intended here. Beſides, they might be illuſtrated with *examples* more modern than this of Ruſinus; which, as they are of nearer concernment to us, may hereafter deſerve our inquiry and examination[c].

[c] A Poem, originally annexed to this Treatiſe, under the title of "Ruſinus, or the Favourite," is printed in vol. III. p. 218. In both, the Author profeſſed to render the meaning of his Original with as little variation as poſſible; and conſequently thought himſelf "not obliged to "account for any *applications*, or *parallels*, his Readers might pleaſe to "make;" which were however too glaringly pointed to be overlooked.

AN ESSAY ON CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

Inſcribed to Sir WILLIAM WITHERS[f].

AS to a Body Politic, it ought to be governed by its charter, whether it be a city or otherwiſe. Now, if it be a city, wherein there is a mayor and aldermen, a common-council and freemen, there, I ſay again, every one of them, in their reſpective capacities, have the right of electing of officers in that city; and though I know the ſuperior governors do uſurp a tyrannical power over the poor freemen, as we do in our inferior adminiſtrations, where the inhabitants of every little village are forced to ſubmit to the abſolute government of the headborough, churchwardens, conſtables, or tithing-men, of the ſaid villages; I ſpeak of my own knowledge, having had long experience of rule and dominion, as I may ſo call it, without controul: yet, notwithſtanding all this, I muſt beg leave to ſay, it it a falſe ſtep we magiſtrates make, when we thus endeavour to enſlave the liberties of the people committed to our care.

In ancient times, the mayor, aldermen, and community, were all ſummoned to the electing of ſuch officers as were to govern their reſpective cities; and the community was then not ſuppoſed to be repreſented by the common-council, but by ſome ſelect, honeſt, diſcreet, and wiſe men, choſen by the citizens as their repreſentatives, or the whole body of the commons, for theſe following reaſons, which I ſhall humbly offer to your conſideration.

1. That the juriſdiction of a mayor, or aldermen, ſheriffs, &c, extends to a local juriſdiction; and therefore ought to be choſen by thoſe who live under their power, free of their city, and none elſe.

2. Becauſe freemen of the city pay ſcot and lot, and are bound to aſſiſt the chief officers of the city.

3. Becauſe queſt-men, jury-men, conſtables, and ſcavengers, are all choſen by the community of every ward; and it is as equally neceſſary and juſt for the well-government of the city, that the ſheriff's officers ſhould be choſen by the ſame.

[f] Lord Mayor of London in 1708.

4. If

4. If there be any miſmanagement in government, the citizens living in the city muſt be taxed, and pay fines for miſgovernment; and therefore it is moſt fit they ſhould have their vote in election. And farther, if any accident happen by fire, or the miſcarriage of one or more of the chief officers, if it ſo fall out that the treaſure ſhould be exhauſted and miſapplied, I would fain know who muſt be reſponſible for it; the ſeveral ſocieties of the whole city, or the community, and every particular member thereof?

And here give me leave to expreſs with ſorrow, what I am ſure is the whiſpering, nay the report of many, and, I fear, too true, that the cry of the widow and the orphans doth ſolicit for vengeance againſt ſome magiſtrates; but I hope your Worſhip and I may with ſafe conſciences waſh our hands from ſuch guilt and oppreſſion: it is true, they wear *chains* of *gold*, but they are *chains* as well as *gold*; and though their *gowns* are *honourable*, they are very *burthenſome*.

I ſhall proceed to enforce the argument for the freemen of cities and corporations; and ſhall conſider, once for all, whether the companies of the ſeveral miſteries, or the freemen of London, for example, have a right to chuſe mayors, aldermen, and ſheriffs: and I do aſſert this for a truth, that the freemen only, or their repreſentatives who ſhall be actually choſen to repreſent the freemen (excepting the lord-mayor, aldermen, and common-council), have a right to this election. It is plain that the very city and common-council in all things do acknowledge this to be the people's right; for, upon their election of repreſentatives in parliament, the commiſſions they give them run in the name of the whole commonalty of the city: and it is generally admitted to be the people's right, in all acts of common-council, and other public acts, which run in the name of the commonalty of the city. They are therefore ſuppoſed to do thoſe acts themſelves, or by their deputies.

But I will waive this, leſt your Worſhip ſhould think I would reduce all government to an uncertainty, by diſſolving it into the firſt principles, and ſo ſeem, at laſt, to run upon that rock of confuſion, which ſome people would have us ſplit ourſelves upon. Now I crave leave to inform you, that the firſt records that ſhould make out the people's right, in moſt corporations of England, are either embezzled, burnt, or loſt: but, the liberties

of London being confirmed by Magna Charta, it is plain that they not only exiſted before that time, but that thoſe common liberties were grounded upon right reaſon, ſo are confirmed by common law, and by conſequence are unalterable; and any law made againſt thoſe liberties of London, either by a power within the city or without the city, is *null* of itſelf. Now to make it appear, that it was one of the city liberties, before the Great Charter, that the freemen ſhould chuſe their chief officers, we can go no farther than their charter granted by king John, which is the firſt charter the city of London hath extant: and by that charter it is ſaid to be granted to the barons of London, yearly to elect a mayor and ſheriffs. The word *barons* doth import no more than the *freemen* of London; for then the *freemen* of every *port* were called *barons*, though at this time it is a title of nobility.

Now every body muſt allow, that this very charter was not the original of thoſe liberties of London, which are mentioned to be granted; but that it was only declarative, ſhewing what the liberties of the city were. And here I muſt infer, that this charter, declaring that the barons of the city, wherein every particular citizen is included, ſhould chuſe the mayor, ſheriffs, &c.; this, I ſay, doth but declare what was the common right of all the citizens of London before this charter. Whence we may conclude, that, before the Great Charter, it was the right of the citizens of London, none excluded, that they ſhould chuſe the mayor, &c. and ſuch a right as I aſk leave to affirm to be unalterable; that is, juſtly ſo: for, being a right by the law of Nature, it is ſuperior to all other laws; and other laws are only ſo far right as they agree with *this*. However, I may more boldly ſay, that this liberty of the citizens of London, being confirmed by the Great Charter, cannot be *null* by any act of common-council; and, in my poor country opinion, I think it was not in the common-council's power to make an act that might debar all but the liverymen of the ſeveral companies to come to the election of mayor and ſheriffs; for they could not take away the right of the citizens declared by their charter. And in the firſt charter, and all others, it is ſaid to be granted to the citizens indefinitely to chuſe of themſelves a mayor; and the charter ought to be conſtrued in favour of right; and ſo it is to be taken, that it is granted to *all* the citizens; and this their right is apparently

parently the uſe of it here mentioned. And in the 20th year of Edward the Third, 1347, there is an act of a common hall recorded, wherein it is ſaid, "That there gathered together, on "Simon and Jude's day, the whole commonalty into Guildhall, "London; ſo that the whole hall was full with the com-"monalty."

The words of the act were theſe: "And it is agreed, that "from henceforth there ſhall come the mayor, the aldermen, and "alſo out of every ward of the city of London twelve, eight, or "ſix, according as the ward ſhall be great or ſmall, of the richeſt "and wiſeſt of every ward; and ſuch numbers, with the mayor "and aldermen, ſhall intermeddle and chuſe a mayor and ſheriffs "for the year following." This is a ſufficient proof, I think, that it is the right of the citizens to elect; for accordingly they did meet together, the whole body of the freemen; and, finding it inconvenient, the commonalty did agree, at a full hall, that ſuch a ſelect number ſhould be choſen by every ward, and ſent to the election of a mayor and ſheriffs. And it is probable this was not the firſt time that ſuch an agreement was made; but that this was made after the commonalty had, upon ſome occaſion, re-aſſumed the power of electing to themſelves: for, according to this agreement, it was the practice of the city for ſome ages before it was put into the hands of the liverymen of each company.

It is apparent, that it was the conſtant practice for the lord mayor, ſheriffs, aldermen, and the whole commonalty, to elect every year: ſo that the Records make it plainly appear, that the whole commonalty was either by themſelves or their deputies, which were ſelected men of their ſeveral wards, wherein is underſtood the ſame thing as the commonalty. And, if it were needful to ſtrengthen this, I could prove that parliament-men were choſen by the lord mayor, aldermen, and the repreſentative of the whole commonalty of the city; which admits that they were all there in their perſons, or in their deputies, to chuſe them, and give them their commiſſions; elſe the commonalty is abuſed, in having their names uſed in the commiſſions.

Now I ſhall conclude from all this evidence, that, it being the liberty of all the freemen of London, by themſelves or deputies, to chuſe the lord mayor and ſheriffs; and this being confirmed to them by Magna Charta, as unalterable; I aſſert, it was

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not in the power of the common-council to take away the freemens right; nor to ſay who ſhould be the peoples deputies, themſelves being deputed to another power. So that I conclude it was the ancient undoubted right of the citizens of London, by themſelves or their deputies, to make their election of their mayor and ſheriffs, and other chief officers of the city; and I conceive the right of the freemen of the city of London, to be the common right of moſt corporations and freemen of the kingdom of England.

But, from theſe particular points, relating to ourſelves and ſeveral corporations, let me paſs to the communication of my thoughts concerning the ſtate of the nation, and the preſent poſture of affairs in Europe.

I cannot but tell you, Worſhipful Sir, that *ſome people* are wiſer than *ſome*, though I do not boaſt of my own wiſdom. There is a great deal of diſcretion in the choice of *men*, *time*, and *place*: ſo that "one man's meat may become another's poiſon." Some ages ago, our anceſtors of Gotham endeavoured "to hedge "in the Cuckow," with ſome effect: about two years ago we made the like attempt to "hedge in a High-flyer;" but our *Managers* were Owls, and he got the better of us. So, about ſixty or ſeventy years ſince, an honeſt lad ſang a ſong of "The "King ſhall have his own again;" and every body liked it; but a certain fellow ſang the ſame words the other day, and was carried before the juſtice for it. This puts me in mind of a * *

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Cætera deſunt.

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The LIFE of WILLIAM Earl of FLANDERS, Son to ROBERT [h] Duke of NORMANDY.

ROBERT duke of Normandy, in his return from the Holy Land, in the year eleven hundred, took to wife the lady Sibilla, ſiſter to William earl of Flanders [i]. She was a woman of great virtue and wiſdom, as well as beauty; and managed affairs, both public and private, in the abſence of her huſband, with as much conduct as he could have done if preſent; and ſome perſons went ſo far as to give her the preference. But ſhe lived not long in Normandy, being deceived by the envy and faction of ſome noblemens ladies [k]: however, ſhe had one ſon there, who was named William.

Duke Robert being defeated in the fight at Tenechebray [l], 1106, and taken priſoner, and afterwards, upon his endeavouring to eſcape, having his eyes put out, 1107, and being more cloſely confined, could not but leave his infant ſon in a deſolate and miſerable condition. However, the young prince found ſafety and protection in the court of France; where, by good education, added to an ingenuous and tractable diſpoſition, he gave extraordinary hopes of his future virtues. It was not only an act of charity and friendſhip in the French king to breed up this prince; but he had his title to the dukedom of Normandy at leaſt, if not to the crown of England, as a perpetual curb to king Henry, whoſe power, wiſdom, and riches, began to grow formidable to his neighbours.

It was not many years before there was an occaſion to make uſe of it [m]; for, in the year 1116, ſome diſcords ariſing between

[h] Eldeſt ſon of William the Conqueror.

[i] Gemiticenſis, lib. vii. c. 14. Matthew Paris, p. 56.

[k] Gemit. ibid. "Vixit autem in Normannia parvo tempore, invidia "et factione quorundam nobilium fœminarum decepta."

[l] Gemit. lib. vii. c. 13. Matt. Paris, p. 62, calls it *Herchebray*; p. 79, *Tenechebray*. Walſingham, Hiſt. Neuſtr. p. 44, *Tenerchebray*. Gemiticenſis ſays, the fight was 20 cal. Oct. Matt. Paris, 8 cal. Maii.

[m] Matt. Paris, p. 66.

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the two kings; and Lewis of France, receiving many damages from the ſubjects of king Henry, called to his aſſiſtance the earls of Anjou and Flanders, who both ſwore that they would take Normandy from king Henry, and give it to William, the ſon of duke Robert, to whom of right it more juſtly belonged. But the king of England, being a wiſe and fore-ſeeing man, had gathered a great force, and made ſtrong confederacies, and, being thus prepared, waited for his coming. King Lewis, with a numerous army, accompanied with thoſe earls who had threatened ſuch mighty things, came into Normandy, where he ſcarce ſtaid above a night, before, upon better conſideration, fearing the coming of the king of England, he retired into his own territories [n].

But by this means the battle between theſe two powerful kings was only delayed for ſome time; and it ſeemed to have happened on purpoſe that prince William might arrive to ſuch an age as he might be able to vindicate his own right, and to ſuch a degree of valour and conduct, that he might be fit to appear at the head of an army [o]: for, in the year 1119, the two kings came to a pitched battle, after this manner: The king of France diſpoſed his men into two armies; the command of the firſt he gave to prince William; and the ſecond, in which his greateſt ſtrength conſiſted, was led by himſelf in perſon. On the other ſide, king Henry made three diviſions; in the firſt, he placed the nobility of Normandy; in the ſecond, he was himſelf with the troops of England; in the third were his ſons, with the main ſtrength of the infantry. The fight being begun, prince William charged bravely thorough the Norman nobility, and ſoon diſmounted and diſperſed them. Then, breaking into the army commanded by king Henry, he with a mighty force diſordered them; but the king raillying his troops, and getting time to breathe, there began a moſt bloody battle; and their ſpears being broken, they fought hand to hand with their cutlaſſes. William Criſpin earl of Ebroicenſis (Evreux), having been ſome ſmall time before proſcribed by king Henry, made up furiouſly to him, and ſtruck him twice upon the head; but his

[n] Matt. Paris, p. 67. "Cum, in ea vix pernoctâſſet, Regis Anglorum formidans adventum, imbellis ad propria remeavit."

[o] Matt. Paris, p. 68.

helmet

helmet was impenetrable: yet by the force of the blows, it was ſo bruiſed and dented, that the blood iſſued from him in great quantity. This ſo enraged the king, that, with one blow, he brought both his enemy and his horſe to the ground; and the earl was immediately taken from before the king's feet, and made priſoner. Then the foot, with the king's ſons, coming up, and being freſh, as not having yet engaged, bore in upon the enemy with their lances, and made ſo heavy an impreſſion on them, that they forced the French to give back, and afterward to fly with all the ſpeed they could poſſibly. So the entire victory remained to king Henry, who ſtaid in the field till the chief commanders and nobility (for king Lewis himſelf had eſcaped by flight) were taken and preſented to the conqueror. Baldwin earl of Flanders was carried off mortally wounded [p]. King Henry returned to Rouen, where he was received with much devotion by the clergy, and great triumph by all his other ſubjects.

The behaviour of prince William in this battle could not but make his merits valuable in the court of France; and many years did not paſs before there was an opportunity given of ſhewing what eſteem they had for him [q]. Charles earl of Flanders, who had ſucceeded Baldwin his kinſman, was treacherouſly murdered, in 1126, by ſome of his nobles, as he was at his devotion in a church at Bruges, and died without leaving any iſſue. Nothing could ſeem more proper, than that prince William, who had deſert without any honour, and a ſoul fit for government though without a territory, ſhould ſucceed in this vacancy. He had not only received much favour, and aſſiſtance, and friendſhip, from the ſeveral preceding earls of Flanders; but they had a nearer tye of blood, they being both deſcended from one ſtock; that is to ſay, they ſprang from Baldwin with

[p] Gemit. c. 6. Walſingham, Hyp. Neuſtr. p. 443.—It may not be improper for the curious in hiſtory to remark two very groſs errors in Walſingham. He ſeems to divide the battle between king Henry and king Lewis, and to make two of it. He places the death of Baldwin earl of Flanders under the year 1118, and the combat between king Henry and Criſpin in the year 1119; and then, 1129, ſome years after the death of Charles earl of Flanders, he makes king Henry ſucceed him. "Anno 1129, Mortuo Flandrenſi Comite Carolo, Henricus Rex Anglia "de beneplacito Regis Franciæ ſucceſſit jure conſanguinitatis." KING.

[q] Matt. Paris, p. 70.

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the Beard, earl of Flanders; and prince William came from his ſiſter queen Maud, who was his grandmother, and wife to William the Conqueror [r]. For this reaſon, the queen of France thought he might not be unacceptable to the people of Flanders; and, as a more particular favour to him, married him to her ſiſter, by which ſhe might the more earneſtly engage her huſband king Lewis, not only in his preſent promotion, but likewiſe in his future aſſiſtance. Lewis ſoon complied with the requeſt of his queen, and put him in poſſeſſion of Flanders; where the firſt act of his juſtice was, to inflict ſevere puniſhments upon the murderers of his predeceſſor [s]. King Henry was keeping his Chriſtmas at Windſor (Windleſhoram), 1127, when the news was brought him, that his moſt beloved friend Charles was murdered, and that he was ſucceeded by William, who, having received ſuch an increaſe of ſtrength, threatened not only the recovery of Normandy, but likewiſe of the crown of England.

The kindneſs which king Lewis ſhewed, and the aſſiſtance which he gave to the earl of Flanders, became not only very much ſuſpected by king Henry, but made him gather a great force together, and the next year, 1128, invade the kingdom of France, upon pretence that he protected his enemies. He continued eight days at Heſpard (Heſpardum), with as much ſecurity as he might have done in his own country; and till ſuch time as he made king Lewis promiſe that he would give no ſuccours to the earl of Flanders. King Henry, not content to deprive the earl of a friend, raiſed him likewiſe up an enemy of Germany, a certain duke called Theodorick; who entered Flanders in a hoſtile manner, and joined ſeveral of the nobility, who were prepared for a revolt. But earl William came to meet them with a few troops, but well-diſciplined. They fought gallantly on both ſides; and particularly the earl's ſoldiers ſupplied their want of number by their invincible valour; whilſt he himſelf appeared in the moſt bloody part of the battle, cutting through the thickeſt ranks of his enemies, and ſtriking ſuch terror into them with his ſword and the fierceneſs of youth and vigour, that they were forced to betake themſelves to flight in a moſt horrid diſtraction.

[r] Gemit. c. 14, 15, 16.
[s] Matt. Paris, p. 70.

Great

Great part of this victory was owing to the bravery of the commander; but he did not long enjoy the fruits of his conqueſt, or his dukedom; for, ſhortly after, as he was beſieging the caſtle of Angi, which belonged to king Henry, and had reduced it to ſuch extremity that it was to be ſurrendered the day following, he received a ſmall wound with a lance upon his hand, which however proved mortal to him[t]. He was buried in the church of St. Bertin the Confeſſor, and was ſucceeded by Tericus de Auſeis, who was a relation to the former earls of Flanders.

Thus died this unfortunate prince, leaving his father blind and in priſon, to prolong a miſerable life for about ſix years afterwards. He was certainly worthy of a better fate, according to the character which our Hiſtorians give of him: that he was a man of great probity, ſtoutneſs, and bravery; and a perſon whoſe memory ought to be continued down to all future ages[u].

[t] 6 cal. Aug. 1128. Matt. Paris, p. 71. Gemit. l. vii. c. 16.—He received a wound in his wriſt, which, by the unſkilfulneſs of a ſurgeon, coſt him his life. This one ſlight inconſiderable accident did, in all probability, put a ſtop to very great events: for, if that young prince had ſurvived his victory, it is hardly to be doubted but, through the juſtneſs of his cauſe, the reputation of his valour, and the aſſiſtance of the king of France, he would in a little time have recovered Normandy, and perhaps his father's liberty, which were the two deſigns he had in agitation; nor could he well have miſſed the crown of England after the king's death, who was now in his decline, when he had ſo fair a title, and no competitors in view but a woman and an infant. SWIFT.

[u] Matt. Paris, Gemiticenſis, ubi ſupra.

The

The ANALOGY between PHYSICIANS, COOKS, and PLAYWRIGHTS[a].

"When ſhall we Three meet again?" SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGH I ſeldom eat out of my own lodgings, I was prevailed on the other day to dine with ſome friends at the Rummer in Queen-ſtreet. A Phyſician, who was engaged to be of the party, ſtaying ſomewhat beyond the time, Sam Truſty would needs have me go with him into the kitchen, and ſee how matters went there. I would have excuſed myſelf, fearing leſt the heat of the place, and the ſteam of the ſeveral diſhes, ſhould have taken away my ſtomach; but he aſſured me, that Mr. Brawn[b] had an art (beyond other Cooks) of making his cuſtomers more hungry by the ſight of his kitchen. I was indeed very much pleaſed and ſurprized with the extraordinary ſplendor and œconomy I obſerved there; but, above all, with the great readineſs and dexterity of the man himſelf. His motions were quick, but not precipitate: he in an inſtant applied himſelf from one ſtove to another without the leaſt appearance of a hurry, and in the midſt of ſmoak and fire preſerved an incredible ſerenity of countenance. By this time the Doctor was come, and made a thouſand apologies for being ſo late. He aſſured us, by the great powers above, that nothing ſhould have kept him but the

[a] First printed in The Tatler, vol. V. No 22.—Dr. King's natural fund of humour and ready flow of wit were perpetually exerted to the entertainment of his friends, either in perſon or by his pen. From modeſt diffidence, the inſeparable companion of real merit, his lucubrations in general appeared without a name; many of them in detached eſſays were haſtened to the preſs the moment they were written; others were conveyed to the public in various periodical publications. Conjecture might lead us to a few of the latter ſort in The Examiner; and to many in The Tatler. Though no friend to the political character of Mr. Steele, he readily aſſiſted him on occaſion as an Eſſayiſt; and, when the *fifth* volume of Tatlers was begun by Mr. Harriſon, Dr. King was a regular aſſociate in that work. The eſſay we have ſelected will be a ſufficient clue to the Reader who has curioſity to ſearch for more.

[b] Celebrated in "The Art of Cookery," ver. 684.

extreme

extreme danger of two or three of his patients. We eaſily believed him, knowing his uncommon tenderneſs for thoſe under his care, and at the ſame time the multiplicity of his practice, without the leaſt affectation to make a ſhew of it [c]. This gentleman, after we had dined, was obliged to give audience to ſeveral Apothecaries that came to him, with different caſes, from all parts of the town. Having ſome knowledge of Phyſick, I took the liberty of looking over his bills as he wrote them, which he did with wonderful quickneſs and ſeeming inadvertency, entertaining us all the while with an incoherent but agreeable converſation. Notwithſtanding the great number of diſtempers, the infinite variety of their ſymptoms, and the ignorance of thoſe who repreſented them, he entered into them all with an incredible penetration, and, without omitting one drug that was proper, or inſerting one that was otherwiſe, diſpatched more preſcriptions to the purpoſe in three quarters of an hour, than Dr. Ebony has done in twenty years of his life.

It being now towards ſix of the clock, it was propoſed that we ſhould go and ſee "Love for Love," which was to be played that night in Drury Lane. I cannot ſay but this excellent Comedy was tolerably well performed; but I ſhall be very cautious for the future how I beſtow any commendations on this or that particular Player, ſince I find by experience they have not judgement enough to ſupport the weight of them: one, whom I allowed to be an admirable Buffoon, having upon that foot ſet up for a Critick; and another, from being encouraged by me to attempt the part of Othello, having ever ſince conſidered himſelf, and very lately acted, in the capacity of a Hero. I ſat with great attention during the whole entertainment; and could not but obſerve, notwithſtanding the great diverſity of characters that are blended in it, how exactly the diſtinctions of each were preſerved through the whole; and that no one perſon, from the beginning to the end, ſpoke a ſentence that could properly have been put into the mouth of any other.

As ſoon as the Play was over, I wrapped myſelf warm in my cloak, and walked directly to my lodgings. As I was recollecting how I had ſpent the day, it came into my head that there was a very great analogy or reſemblance between the neceſſary qualifications of a Phyſician, a Cook, and thoſe of a Dramatic Writer.

[c] Dr. John Freind. See the obſervations at the end of vol. III.

For the firſt of theſe, if we conſider him in the hurry of his buſineſs, with his head full of *materia medica*, hard names of diſtempers, and unſpeakable terms of anatomy—in theſe whimſical circumſtances, I ſay, of what fatal conſequence might the leaſt overſight prove! For inſtance, ſhould he chance to preſcribe *catechu*, *calaminaris*, and *oſtiocolla*, inſtead of *fenugreek ſeed* and *treacle of andromachus*, to one in an *eriſipetalous fever*; inſtead of *compound bryony water* and *Langius's anti-epileptick*, *a decoction of biſtort* or *an eruthropapaverous cataplaſm*, in the *paroxyſm* of an *apoplexy*; the patient is loſt, and, what is much worſe, his reputation ruined for ever.—The province of a Cook is no leſs difficult and perplexing; heated as he is, and confounded with the manifold demands of thoſe about him, he muſt be ſure not to miſtake his ingredients, or the exact proportion of them. Now he muſt dip in *pepper*, now in *ſliced pippins*, then in *pittaches*, *trouſles*, *morelles*, *gooſeberries*, *ſpinage*, or *barberries*; one moment he attends on *olio*, the next on *oyſters in ſtaffado*, *eggs à-la-Huguenotte*; and, in the midſt of all theſe affairs, muſt be at leiſure to give proper and direct anſwers to fifty queſtions at once. It is no leſs neceſſary that he ſhould have a great command of the terms of his art: he "breaks a Deer, rears a Gooſe, untaches a Curlew, "allays a Pheaſant, ſplays a Bream, ſides a Haddock, tuſks a "Barbel, tranchies a Sturgeon, barbs a Lobſter," &c.—The Poet remains to be conſidered: he indeed compoſes at leiſure, and is leſs open to frequent interruptions than either of the former. But then the taſtes and conſtitutions he is to conſult are no leſs difficult, and his work of a more refined and delicate nature. The infinite variety of his own thoughts is to him what a crowd of people are to the others. He finds himſelf engaged, perhaps, with a dozen or fourteen perſons, in a great meaſure the creatures of his own imagination, each of which he is to furniſh with what is exactly proper to their character, and no more; and to conduct them, in the ſame figure and ſtation, to the end of his deſign. This requires a ready genius and a cloſe attention; otherwiſe he will fall into groſs errors, and often apply his wit and humour in the wrong place. It is for this reaſon, that I, for my own part, would as ſoon propoſe to eat luxuriouſly in a cellar, or apply myſelf for a cure to Dr. Ebony in a dangerous illneſs, as hope to be entertained to my ſatisfaction by moſt of our modern dramatic performances.

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